Don Quixote de la MANCHA in Contemporary English,

Volumes 1 and 2.

by

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

A new Translation and Edition

by

Laurent Paul Sueur

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in Contemporary English, Volumes 1 and 2.
by Laurent Sueur

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l.sueur@yahoo.com

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Edited by Laurent Sueur.

Laurent Sueur
1 B rue Alfred Duthil,
76160 Darnétal.
France.

PART ONE

Prologue

Idle reader, you can believe me when I tell you that I wanted this book, which is the child of reason, to be the most beautiful, the most stylish and the most intelligent that could be imagined, but I have not been able to contravene the laws of Nature which compel things to engender what resembles them. Hence, what could have imagined my barren, uneducated mind but the story of a capricious thin strong creature filled with one-of-a-kind ideas that could have been conceived in a prison inhabited by annoyance and distressing sounds? Quietness, a peaceful place, a pleasant countryside, the serene skies, the whispering springs and inner peace are important things that can lead the most sterile muses to give birth to marvels that will enrapture the world.

At times, the love of a father who begets an ugly, graceless son puts a blindfold over his eyes, which forbids him to see his son's defects. They even become qualities and original traits when he refers to them in front of his male friends. Although I seem to be Don Quixote's father, I am only his stepfather; that's why I don't want to follow the custom of asking you, my dear reader, almost with tears in my eyes, like others do, to forgive and forget the mistakes you may find in this book, all the more so because you are neither a relative nor a friend. Moreover, you are the owner of your soul and free will, which you consider to be outstanding, and you are in your own house where you are the lord of the manor: no king would dare to raise taxes on your estate, for you are you own overlord. Hence, you can do whatever you want and express freely your opinion about this story: you will neither be rewarded nor punished!

In fact, I wanted to tell it to you as simple as it is, without the decorative prologue, the endless sonnets, epigrams and eulogies you commonly find at the beginning of books. Nevertheless, although it was a bit difficult to write the introduction you are reading, it was a very good idea to compose it. Many times, I took up my pen and many times, I laid it down again because I did not know what to write. On one occasion, when I was lost in thought, a paper before me, my quill pen behind

my ear, resting an elbow on the desk, holding my chin and pondering on what I had to write, a friend of mine, who is witty and clever, beheld my hesitations. He asked me why I was so pensive. Since I did not want to conceal anything from him, I told him that I was thinking of the prologue I had to write for the history of Don Quixote, which worried me. Actually, I did not want to publish yet the deeds of so noble a knight because...

… But how could I not be confused about what the ancient lawmaker we call the public will say when it discovers that, after a prolonged slumber rocked by silent oblivion, the old man awakens now in order to tell a story that is as dry as esparto, dull, tacky, superficial, unscientific and without footnotes or annotations at the end, although other books that are profane and entertaining are so full of citations from Aristotle, Plato and many other philosophers, which turn the highly praised writers into well-read, learned and eloquent authors? What should I say about those who refer to the Bible? Some people will say that there are new St. Thomases; other people will regard them as doctors of the Church; the formalism they share allow them to describe a lubricious lover and then compose a short Christian sermon that is a joy and a privilege to hear and read. You won't find this here, for I have nothing to write in the footnotes nor at the end of the book; I don't even know if I have been influenced by authors. There is thus no need to follow the example of all the others by listing them alphabetically at the beginning, starting with Aristotle and closing with Xenophon, or, perhaps, with Zoilus or Zeuxis, although one was a gossip and the other a painter. My book will also lack sonnets at the beginning – I mean sonnets composed by dukes, marquises, earls, bishops, ladies, and famous poets. I feel certain that if I were to ask two or three friends who are ordinary poets for help, they would provide me with sonnets that could surpass those of the most celebrated Spanish authors.

In short, my dear friend, I have decided that my book should remain buried in the archives of La Mancha until Heaven sends someone to deck it out with all the ornaments it lacks, for I cannot remedy the situation, since I am incompetent, ignorant and lazy, too lazy to search for authors who will say what I can say without their help. This is the origin of the idleness and lack of interest in which you found me: two very good reasons indeed.

When he heard this, my friend struck his forehead, burst into laughter and said to me: "Good heavens, brother! You have just deprived me of an illusion. I have known you for a long time, and I have always regarded you as being clever and prudent in all your actions, but I now understand that you are as far from all that as the sky from the earth. How trivial details that are so easy to remedy can upset a mind as mature as yours and that is used to overcoming greater difficulties? I swear this does not come from any lack of competence, but from excess of laziness and lack of imagination. Do you want to know whether this is true or not? Then pay attention: in the blink of an eye, I am going to solve all the problems that upset and frighten you in order to publish the history of your famous Don Quixote, the epitome of knight-errantry."

"Tell me, then", I replied, listening to what he was saying to me, "how could you overcome my fear and enlighten me?"

He answered: "At first, you must solve the problem of the introductory sonnets, epigrams, or eulogies that should be written by important people with a title. You should compose them yourself and, then, set any name on it, like Prester John of the

Indies or the Emperor of Trebizond, for it is said that they were famous poets. Should this authorship be questioned by a few pedants and students holding a high school diploma, you would not have to be upset, for that kind of thing does not lead the executioner to cut off the hand that put these lies down on paper. As for the footnotes filled with the books that were the source of the maxims and sayings you put in your story, you only have to make the citation written in Latin look natural. So you must know them by heart or, at least, you must find them rapidly. For instance, if yo were to deal with liberty and captivity you would write:

Freedom cannot be bought for gold.

And then, in the footnote, you would cite Horace or the person who said it. Should the subject be the power of death, you would declaim:

Pale death comes both to the cabins of the poor and the palaces of the kings.

As for the friendship and love God commands us to show to our enemies, good manners will compel you to open the Bible and repeat what God said:

I tell you to love your enemies.

If you want to speak of evil thoughts, turn to this section of the Gospels: evil thoughts come from the heart. As for the instability of friendship, Cato's couplet states:

So long as you are happy, you will have many friends;
When the skies darken, those friends will vanish into thin air.

Thanks to these short sentences written in Latin, people will consider you to be at least a grammarian, which is a sought-after position nowadays.

With regard to the notes at the end of the book, you can follow this idea: when you speak of a giant, it will have to be Goliath because it won't cause you any trouble. Actually, you will easily find the reference, which will enable you to write a long annotation that may resemble this: the giant Golias or Goliath was a Philistine whom the shepherd David killed with a stone thrown by his slingshot in the valley of Terebinth, according to what we read in the *Book of Kings.*

Then, in order to show that you are a learned man, an intellectual, and a cosmographer, you will have to refer to the River Tagus; thus you will soon discover this beautiful annotation: 'The River Tagus was named after a king of Spain. It originates in some place and flows to the ocean, licking the walls of the famous city of Lisbon. It is believed that the sand it carries is made of gold, etc'. If you were to mention thieves, I would tell you the story of Cacus, which I know by heart. As for the prostitutes, the Bishop of Mondoñedo is an authority on this subject; he would certainly lend you Lamia, Lais, and Flora. Should you refer to cruelty, Ovid would supply you with Medea. Of course, you would borrow Calypso and Circe, the witches, from Homer and Vergil, Julius Caesar, the valiant captain, from himself in his *Commentaries*, and a thousand Alexanders from Plutarch. Love and two ounces of

Tuscan should lead you to befriend Leon the Hebrew, who is a bottomless source of information. Should you hate journeys, you would have to stop at Fonseca's *Of the Love of God,* which is a beautiful Spanish landscape that summarizes everything that you and the Ingenious Don Quixote might want to know about the subject. In short, all you have to do is to cite those writers or what they published; it is I who will handle the rest: I swear I will fill the footnotes and add four whole sheets at the end of the book.

Now, let's speak of the thing the other authors never forget: the bibliography we don't find in your work yet. The solution is very simple: you only have to find a comprehensive catalog of writers organized alphabetically. Then you will put this catalog in your book. Though the trick is obvious, it doesn't matter, since you will hardly use those references. A simple-minded reader may believe that you have consulted all those books to compose your nice story. If it serves no other purpose, this lengthy catalog will at least make people believe that your work was done in a serious way. It is self-evident that nobody will try to determine whether you used the bibliography or not, for there is nothing to gain from that. Moreover, your *Don Quixote* does not need this erudition, since your work is an attack on the books of chivalry, which did not exist in ancient times. Hence, Aristotle never dreamed of them, St. Basil never spoke of them and Cicero never had to understand them. What they consider to be true does not depend on astrological observations, geometrical measurements, or the refutation of arguments used in rhetoric. One must not mix religion with profane matters and then preach a sermon, for the mixture you will pour into the chalice is a wine no Christian intelligence should drink. All you have to do is make good use of imitation when you write; the more perfect the imitation, the better the writing. Since you just aim to undermine the authority and prestige that books of chivalry have in the world and among ordinary people, there is no need for you to beg for maxims from philosophers, advice from the Bible, tales from poets, speeches from rhetoricians, or miracles from saints. You need to use meaningful, honest and well-placed words so that your style may become cheerful and musical. As far as it is possible, you must make your ideas clear. Moreover, your story should make depressed people laugh, increase the joy of the cheerful, not irritate the righteous, fill the clever with admiration for its originality, not give the serious reason to scorn it, and enable the prudent to praise it. In fact, you must never forget that you aim to destroy the ill-founded structure made of books of chivalry, which are abhorred by many and admired by many more. Should you do this, it would be a great achievement."

I carefully Listened to what my friend told me. His ideas were good; I did not try to question them. So I resolved to compose this prologue. Here, dear reader, you will perceive my friend's intelligence, my good fortune in finding such a good adviser at a time when I needed him so badly, and the relief you will feel when you read the sincere, straightforward story of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha. The inhabitants of the *Campo de Montiel* region say he was the chastest lover and the most valiant knight in the neighborhood when he was alive. I don't want you to thank me for introducing you to so noble and respected a gentleman, but I want you to thank me for enabling you to befriend the famous Sancho Panza, his squire, in whom, in my opinion, I have summarized all the funny things said by squires, which are scattered throughout the numerous pages of those stupid books of chivalry. That being said, may God grant you health and not forget me. Take care.

Urganda the unknown.
To the book *Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

My dear book, if you want to reach the good readers,
You will have to be careful.
This way, the young guns will not tell you
That you are just an apprentice.
When people are impatient,
Impatience being a stupid thing,
In a short period of time,
Without trying to understand the very meaning of things,
Those people end up reading the whole book
In order to show they are intelligent.

Experience shows
That he who approaches a tree
Can benefit from its shade.
In Béjar, providence
Will offer you a stunning tree
That bears princes.
Once someone saw a duke bloom;
He was the new Alexander the Great.
You should go and stand underneath its shade,
For it brings good fortune.

You will tell the story
Of a gentleman who lived in La Mancha
And whose leisurely reading
Turned him into a lunatic.
Ladies, weapons and knights
Led him to become
A kind of Orlando Furioso,
A chaste lover
Who stubbornly tried
To meet Dulcinea del Toboso.

You will not print on the first page
Those tactless arms
That always defeat the little people
When they play cards.
If you abase yourself in the dedication,
They will note dare to laugh at you.
Did Álvaro de Luna,

Hannibal of Carthage
And King François imprisoned in Spain
Ventured to complain about their fates?

Heaven does not want you
To be as cunning as
Juan Latino, the black man,
Nor does He want you to speak Latin.
Do not patronize me!
Do not speak ill of me!
For the man who can read,
Twisting his mouth,
Will make the palm tree ask you:
Why do we bloom at the same time?

Don't complicate everything!
Hence, you must not pretend to know unknown people
Because it is wise to flee from
What you don't know:
Unknown people, hiding themselves underneath their hats,
Keep playing tricks.
Moreover, you have worked a lot,
Even to be respected;
Those who publish stupid things
Are always mistreated by posterity.

I am telling you that it is stupid
To live beneath a roof of glass,
Pick stones up
And throw them at you neighbor.
Intelligent men,
When they write books,
Do not hurry.
The writers who aim
To entertain maidens
End up writing stupid things for stupid girls.

Amadís of Gaul.
To Don Quixote de la Mancha.

A sonnet.

You imitated the sad life I lived:
Lonely and disdained by man,

On the cliffs of my island,
My joy became despair.
Your eyes poured rivers
Of salted water in your chalice;
Mankind deprived you of your silverware, pewterware and copperware
So that the Earth might be compelled to put your food on the ground.
You believe that fair-haired Apollo,
Illumined by the sun,
Will everlastingly make his horses go faster,
And, thanks to your famed courage,
You fell certain that your country will be the best
And your wise author the most celebrated in the world.

Don Belianís of Greece.
To Don Quixote de la Mancha.

A sonnet.

I broke, I cut, I dented and decided so many things,
More than anybody in knight-errantry.
I was skillful, valiant and arrogant;
I avenged a thousand wrongs and settled 100.000 arguments.
Exploits always force fame to last for ever;
I was a courteous, gentle suitor;
The giants used to become dwarfs
When I dueled.
Fortune bowed to me
And, all of a sudden,
Sanity left my head.
Even though the moon sounds the gold trumpet
That covers my destiny with glory,
I envy you, O great Quixote.

Lady Oriana.
To Dulcinea del Toboso

A sonnet.

Because it is more convenient,
We should, lovely Dulcinea,
Set Miraflores upon El Toboso
And swap London for your hamlet!

Your body clad in your uniform
And inhabited by your desire
And the famous knight you turned into a virtuous man
Should gaze at an outstanding battle.
I would like to escape from
Lord Amadís' embrace
As you did with the gentle Don Quixote.
This way, they would envy the one who used to envy them.
I would thus swap my former sadness for happiness
And could freely enjoy the simplest pleasures.

Gandalín, Squire of Amadís of Gaul.
To Sancho Panza, Don Quixote's squire.

A sonnet.

Hail, famous man.
Destiny made you become a squire;
It acted smoothly and thoroughly,
Which did not displease you.
You use the hoe and the sickle
To weed the fields.
Your plebeian wisdom counterbalances the pride of the conceited man
Who mocks you as he promises you the moon.
I envy you your donkey,
Your name and your saddlebags.
They reveal your foresight.
Hail once again, Sancho.
Ovid, our Spaniard, bows to you humorously,
For he knows that you are a good man.

Donoso, the messy Poet.
To Sancho Panza and Rocinante.

To Sancho Panza.

I am Sancho Panza, the squire
Of Don Quixote, the Manchegan.
I took to my heels
In order to live according to my desires.
Villadiego, a quiet man,

With his reason of state,
Summarized a book
Called La Celestina,
Which, according to me,
Could have been more religious
If many human characteristics had been removed.

To Rocinante.

I am Rocinante, the famous horse,
Babieca's great grandson;
Because of my weak constitution,
A man called Don Quixote became my master.
I did not run fast.
My hooves used to dig
In order to find barley.
I showed my trick to Lazarillo
As I gave him a straw
To steal wine from the blind man.

Orlando Furioso.
To Don Quixote de la Mancha

A sonnet.

You are not a peer because you were not able to catch him.
Invincible victor, you cannot stand out
From a group of one thousand people who resemble you
If you don't capture him in the place where you are.
Don Quixote, I am Orlando.
Doomed because of Angelica, I saw foreign seas
And, upon the altar of fame,
I laid qualities respected by oblivion.
I cannot be your equal for this decor
Comes from your deeds and fame,
Although, like me, you lost your mind.
Should you tame the haughty Moor and the cruel Scythian,
You would become my equal.
For the time being, we are equal because we are both unhappy lovers.

The Knight of the Sun.
To Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Spanish Phoebus, educated courtier,
My sword cannot challenge yours,
Nor can my hand equal your glory,
Which illumines the world.
I despised some empires;
I even ignored the red Orient
That monarchy once offered me
In order to see Claridiana's imperious visage glimmer at daybreak.
My arm tamed this ominous girl
Who can mimic the bees and make honey;
The Devil, absent from his kingdom, started to fear me.
Famous, bright Don Quixote, descendant of the Goths,
And Dulcinea del Toboso, you will be everlastingly
Remembered as good, honest and wise people.

Solisdan.
To Don Quixote de la Mancha.

A sonnet.

Don Quixote, although your diseased brain
Compels you to rave,
Nobody will dare to criticize you
For having done things that are vile and obscene.
The judges will defend you,
For you undid wrongs
While braggarts and rascals
Were mistreating you.
Should your sweet Dulcinea
Be rude to you
And disdain your sorrow,
You would console yourself with the thought that
Sancho Panza was a bad go-between,
That she was mean and that you were not in love.

Dialogue Between *Babieca* and Rocinante.

A sonnet.

Rocinante, why are you so thin?
Because I never eat although I work a lot.

What about oats and hay?
My master doesn't allow me to eat a mouthful of food.
Sir, you are really ill-mannered,
For your ass's tongue is insulting your master.
It is he who is the ass;
Do you want proof? Look at him! He is in love.
Is it stupid to love somebody? It's not too smart.
You must be a metaphysician! I just don't eat!
Do you complain about the squire? Not enough!
Although I suffer great pain, I cannot complain,
For master, squire and groom
Are as skinny as I.

CHAPTER I.

The character and occupation of Don Quixote de la Mancha,
the famous gentleman.

Somewhere in La Mancha, a village whose name I do not remember, lived, not so long ago, one of those gentlemen who always have a lance in the rack, a big old leather shield, a skinny nag and a greyhound. A stew with poor-quality beef, chopped meat with vinaigrette for dinner, fried eggs on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a small pigeon as a special delicacy on Sundays accounted for three-fourths of his income. The rest was spent on a light woolen jacket, velvet trousers for feast days, gaiters and a dark suit he used to wear on weekdays. He had a housekeeper in her forties, a niece who was not yet twenty and a male servant who saddled the nag, pruned the trees and would do a few other things. Our gentleman was almost fifty years old. He had a sound constitution. He was slim; his face was bony. He was an early riser and liked to hunt. It is said that his surname was Quijada or Quesada: there is some difference among the authors who raised this issue. However, according to the most likely conjectures, we are to understand that his surname was really Quijana. But it doesn't matter, since there will be no deviation from the truth in the story I am about to tell.

When the aforesaid gentleman did not work, which happened most of the time, he used to read books of chivalry, which absorbed him and led him to forget hunting and even the administration of his estate. He was so obsessed with this occupation that he had sold many acres of arable land in order to buy those books of chivalry. So he brought as many of them as he could to his house. He thought that none was as fine as the ones that had been composed by the famous Feliciano de Silva: he was bedazzled by the clarity of his arguments and by his lively stories. Besides, he loved to read the chapters dealing with love and chivalry, where he could often find this kind of idea: "The origin of the nonsense that is besieging my reason is weakening my reason, which is the reason why I complain about your beauty". He could also read: "… the empyrean of Your Holiness helped by the stars divinely forties you and enables you to *desert the desert Your Highness does not deserve*."

Because of this nonsense, the poor gentleman lost his mind; he would try to decipher and disentangle oddities Aristotle himself would not understand if he were to come back to life. He did not like to see Don Belianís harm or be wounded by someone because he thought that no surgeon would be able to cure him: his face and body would thus be covered with marks and scars. Nevertheless, he would praise the author when, at the end, he made the readers believe there would be other adventures to come. He often felt like taking up his pen to finish the tale as it had been promised in the prologue; he would have done so if other important thoughts had not obsessed him. He often chatted with the village priest who was a learned man, a graduate of Siguenza; they talked about who had been the better knight: Palmerín of England or Amadís of Gaul. Master Nicolás, the barber of this village, would say that no one could equal the Knight of Phoebus; he would add that if anyone could be compared to him, it would be Don Galaor, the brother of Amadís of Gaul, because he was competent, more courageous and less ridiculous and sissy than his brother.

In short, he was so absorbed in reading that he did not sleep at night, what worsened his condition: his brain dried up and he lost his mind. He had filled his imagination with what he had read: enchantments, contests, battles, challenges, wounds, flirtatious remarks, love affairs, turmoil and all sorts of improbable things. He had come to believe that all these famous tales were true; they were more real to him than anything else in the world. He used to remark that the Cid Ruy Diaz had been a very good knight, but there was no comparison between him and the Knight of the Flaming Sword who, with a single backward stroke, had cut in half two fierce, one-of-a-kind giants. He preferred Bernardo del Carpio because he had killed the enchanted Roland in Roncesvalles by using the stratagem Hercules had employed when he had choked Antaeus, the son of Earth, in his arms. He spoke highly of Morgante, a giant who, although he belonged to a family whose members were haughty and vulgar, was friendly and polite. Most of all, he liked Rinaldo of Montalbán, all the more so because his adventures said that he would emerge from his castle to rob the people he met; he had also crossed the sea and stolen a statue of Muhammad, which was made of gold, according to them. He would have traded his housekeeper and his niece for the pleasure of giving Guenelon a hiding, for he was a traitor.

When he completely lost his mind, he came to conceive the strangest idea that ever occurred to any madman in the world. He started to believe that, in order to become more famous and serve his country, he had to become a knight-errant and roam the world on horseback, in a suit of armor; he would thus seek adventures and engage in what he had read in his books; he would right all types of wrongs: this would imperil his life, but the resolution of the disputes would win him eternal glory. The poor man already pictured his head wearing, at least, the crown, won by the might of his arm, of the empire of Trebizond. These heavenly thoughts, a rapturous feeling, led him to make his dream become a reality swiftly.

The first thing he did was to clean some forgotten old pieces of armor which had belonged to his great-grandfather; they had been lying on the floor, in a corner, for ages; they were covered with rust and mould. He polished and adjusted them as best he could. He then noticed there was a big problem: there was no close helm, but only a helmet. So, his ingenuity led him to use cardboard in order to fashion a kind of half-helmet, which, when attached to the helmet, looked like a close helm. Then he tested it

to see if it was strong enough to withstand a blow; he drew his sword and struck it twice: the first blow destroyed a whole week's labor. The ease with which he had broken it to pieces disturbed him. Since he did not want to end up being crushed like his helmet, he decided to make it over. This time, he placed a few strips of iron on the inside. Convinced that it was strong enough, he did not put it to the test again: he considered that it was a high-quality helmet now.

Then he went to look at his nag. Though its hooves had more cracks than a worn-out penny and it was skinnier than Gonela's horse, it seemed to him that Alexander's Bucephalus and El Cid's Babieca could not surpass it. He spent four days thinking about the name he would give it, for, as he said to himself, the great horse of a great knight had to bear a famous name. The kind of name he wanted was one that would indicate what the nag had been before it came to belong to a knight-errant and what its present status was, for it stood to reason that both the master and the horse had to change names at the same time: a person of quality could only ride a horse with a high-sounding sobriquet, one that mirrored his master's new position, which he had already taken up. Hence, his imagination invented, erased, added, discarded and reinvented a lot of names. He finally called it "Rocinante," a name he found sophisticated and melodious. It also showed what the horse was before [ante], when it was just a poor nag [rocín]; before, it was the best nag in the world.

Having given a name he adored to his horse, he wanted to find one for himself, which took another eight days. By the end of that period, he resolved to call himself Don Quixote, which, as has been stated, has led the authors of this true history to assume that his real name was Quijada, not Quesada as others have said. He remembered that the valiant Amadís did not like to be called by his first name, which is why he had added the name of his kingdom and fatherland in order to make it famous. He assumed a new name: Amadís of Gaul. So this good knight chose to add his birthplace to his first name and became "Don Quixote de la Mancha"; he linked his lineage to his fatherland, which, according to him, was a way to pay homage to his country.

He had cleaned his armor, turned his helmet into a close helm, and given himself and his horse names, but one thing was missing: a lady to love, for a knight-errant without a love quest is a tree without leaves or fruit, a body without a soul. He said to himself: "Should I, luckily or unluckily for me, meet a giant somewhere, a thing that commonly happens to knights-errant, Should I beat him up, or defeat him, I would have to force him to fall upon his knees in front of my sweet lady and say in a humble, submissive tone of voice: 'Madam, I am Caraculiambro, the giant who is the lord of the Isle of Malindrania. I was defeated in a combat by Don Quixote de la Mancha, a knight never sufficiently praised who sent me to present myself before Your Ladyship so that I might serve Your Highness'".

This speech entranced our good knight. He was even more overjoyed when he found the lady whom he would call his sweetheart. It is believed that there was a very attractive peasant girl who lived nearby, with whom he had once been in love, although she apparently never knew or noticed it. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo: he thought it was a good idea to bestow the title of Lady Paramour upon her. He wanted a name that would not differ significantly from his, a name inlaid with royal or baronial pride. He thus decided to call her Dulcinea del Toboso because she came from El

Toboso, a name he regarded as musical, original and meaningful, as were all the others he had given to himself and the things that belonged to his world.

CHAPTER II.

The first journey of
the ingenious Don Quixote.

Having completed these preparations, he did not want to wait any longer to implement his plan, for it was an emergency: there were many grievances to undo, wrongs to right, injustices to settle, superstitions to amend and debts to pay. Accordingly, without informing anyone of his intention and hiding from everybody, one morning before daybreak, on one of those scorching days of July, he donned his armor, mounted Rocinante, put on his poorly constructed helmet, grasped his shield and took his lance; he opened the gate of the courtyard and left his house, happy to see that it was an easy task to give birth to the fulfillment of his dream.

As soon as he was out on the plain, a terrible thought assailed him, one that could have made him give up his mission. Actually, he suddenly remembered that he had never been knighted: according to the laws of chivalry, he was not allowed to fight with a knight. Even if he had been knighted, as a novice knight, he would have been compelled to use a blank shield: the motto depends on the effort made to win it. He hesitated. Madness prevailing over everything, he resolved to have himself knighted by the first person he would meet, as many others had done, if what is written in the books that influenced him is to be believed. As for his blank armor, he planned to clean it as soon as possible so that it might become whiter than ermine. His anxiety quietened. He continued on his way, following the path his horse wanted to take, believing that this would enable him to live breathtaking adventures.

As our new adventurer traveled along the road, he said to himself: “In times to come, when the book about my famous exploits is published, the knowledgeable author will certainly recount the beginning of my journey, so early in the morning, in this way: ‘No sooner had the rubicund Apollo spread over the face of the broad, spacious Earth the gilded filaments of his beautiful mane and no sooner had the little colorfully-feathered birds greeted, with their melodious tongues sounding the gentle trumpet of harmony, the arrival of the rosy Dawn, who, leaving the soft bed of her jealous husband, displayed her beauty to mortals through the doors and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, than the famous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, abandoning his lazy couch and mounting his famous horse, Rocinante, started to cross the famous ancient fields of Montiel.’”

This was true: he was crossing the region of Montiel; he added: “O happy time, O happy century that will witness the publication of that book! My exploits deserve to be carved in bronze, shaped out of marble and painted on canvas so that the future generations may remember them. O wise magician, whoever you may be, you will have to record this exceptional history. I beg you not to forget my good Rocinante, my faithful traveling companion.”

Then he resumed speaking as if he truly were in love: “O Princess Dulcinea, owner of this captive heart! You disdained me, scolded me and commanded me not to

bother your virginal beauty: you almost broke my heart! Please, madam, remember it, for it is bleeding for the love of you."

He kept stringing pieces of nonsense together; he followed what his books had taught him, imitating their language as much as he could. The pace of his horse was very slow. The sun was so hot that it would have melted his brain if he had had any.

He rode almost the entire day and nothing interesting happened. He was on the verge of despair because he wanted to meet someone at once in order to put his strong arm to the test. Some authors say his first adventure was the one in the mountain pass of Lapice, others say it was the adventure of the windmills, but I have checked the information in the annals of La Mancha and I have discovered that he rode all that day until nightfall, when he and his hack got tired and very hungry. He scanned the place in order to find a castle or shepherd's hut where he might take shelter, eat and sleep. He caught sight of an inn located near the road he was following; it was as if he had seen a star guiding him not to the gates of a city, but to the fortress of redemption. Quickening his pace, he came up to it just as the night was falling.

Two young women were standing in the doorway; people call them cocottes. They were on their way to Seville and were accompanied by mule drivers who were spending the night at the inn. Since everything our adventurer imagined, saw, or pictured seemed to happen according to what he had read, when he caught sight of the inn, it turned into a castle with four towers and spires of gleaming silver, with a drawbridge, a moat and all the other features of a castle. He rode toward what he had mistaken for a fortress and, when he was a short distance away, he reined in Rocinante and waited for a dwarf to appear upon the battlements to blow his trumpet and announce the arrival of a knight. The dwarf was slow to come and Rocinante was anxious to reach the stable: Don Quixote rode toward the door of the inn and saw the two absent-minded girls who were standing there. He thought they were two beautiful damsels or gracious ladies getting some fresh air in front of the castle gate. At that moment, a swineherd who was driving his swine (an ugly word for an ugly creature) away from a field where they used to find food, blew his horn to bring them together. Don Quixote heard what he wanted to hear: a dwarf sounding a horn to announce his arrival; strangely happy, he presented himself at the door. The two ladies beheld a man in full armor, carrying a lance and a shield: they panicked and started to head for the entrance hall. Don Quixote realized that they were afraid; he raised his cardboard visor, revealed his dirty bony face, and, in a low voice, he courteously said to them:

"Do not flee, Your Ladyships; there is no need to fear an outrage, for the laws of chivalry, which I follow, prevent knights from behaving badly, especially in the presence of highborn maidens such as yourselves."

The girls looked at him; they tried to distinguish his face, which was concealed by his ill-made visor. No one had ever called women of their profession damsels; they were unable to restrain their laughter, which offended Don Quixote and led him to say:

"Pretty ladies cultivate good manners, which is stupid. Moreover, laughter comes from trifles. I do not say this to hurt your feelings; my only desire is to serve you."

The weird language and the accoutrements of our knight intensified their laughter, which increased his annoyance. If the innkeeper had not come out, Don Quixote would have become very upset. Although he was very fat, he was very

peaceful. When he saw this toy soldier clad in bits of armor including a bridle, a lance, a shield and a corselet, he desperately tried to refrain from laughing. Fearing what was hidden behind this paraphernalia, he decided to be very polite and said to him:

"Your Lordship, if you are looking for accommodation, you will find what you need and even more, but I cannot provide you with a bed because there is none in this inn".

When Don Quixote saw how humble the lord of the manor was, for he took the innkeeper for a sort of governor, he replied:

"For me, Castilian warden, anything will do:

My weapons are my clothes,
War is my slumber..."

The landlord thought that the knight had called him a Castilian warden because he took him for an inhabitant of Castile, but he was an Andalusian from the beach of Sanlucar, no less a thief than Cacus himself and as unkind as a young male servant who can read and write. He responded:

"In that case, Your Lordship's bed will be made of solid rock: you will keep watch all night. You can dismount and sleep here, for you will find, tonight and all year round, a good reason not to sleep here!"

Having said this, he went to hold the stirrup for Don Quixote; he dismounted with extreme difficulty, like a man who had not broken his fast all day long. Then the knight told his host to take care of his horse since it was the best barley eater in the world. The innkeeper looked at it; he was not impressed: it was not even half as good as Don Quixote had said it was. He led it to the stable and came back to see what his guest was ordering. The girls were reconciled with Don Quixote by now; they were relieving him of his armor. They had already removed his breastplate and back-piece, but they did not know how they were going to unfasten his gorget or take his counterfeit helmet off. That piece of armor had been tied with green ribbons; they had to cut them because it was impossible to untie them. Since he refused to consent to this, he spent the rest of that night with his helmet on his head, which gave him the weirdest and funniest appearance that could be imagined. Don Quixote believed that the worn-out virgins who were assisting him were the ladies of the manor. Hence, his beguiling voice declaimed:

"Never was a knight
So well-served by ladies
As was Don Quixote
When he came from his village.
The damsels took care of him
While the princesses tended his horse.

Dear ladies, its name is Rocinante; mine is Don Quixote de la Mancha. I did not want to disclose my name until my exploits done to serve you would reveal it, but the necessity of adapting the old ballad of Lanzarote to present circumstances has led you

to know it ahead of time. However, a day will come when Your Ladyships will be in charge: I will thus obey you. My strong arm will discover how eager I am to serve you."

The young women were not used to listening to flowery speeches; they did not utter a word; they only asked him whether he desired to eat anything.

"Yes, a bite of something", replied Don Quixote. "I think that some food would suit me."

It was Friday: there was nothing to eat in the inn but a few portions of cod, which is called abadejo in Castile, bacalao in Andalusia, curadillo in some places and truchuella elsewhere. They asked if the Gentleman wanted to eat pieces of cod, for there was no other fish to serve him.

"Little pieces or a big one," replied Don Quixote, "it is the same to me: a big coin of eight reales equals eight small coins of one real each. Moreover, these pieces of cod may taste like veal, which is better than beef... and kid tastes better than goat. That being said, bring me the food at once, for military affairs rely on full stomachs."

They set the table at the door of the inn to benefit from cooler air; the host brought Don Quixote a portion of cod that was badly soaked and cooked even worse; the bread was as black and dirty as his armor. It was a funny scene: since he was wearing his helmet and holding up the visor with his hands, he could not put anything in his mouth unless someone helped him; one of the girls fed him! As for giving him something to drink, it would have been impossible if the innkeeper had not drilled a hole in a reed; he placed one end in Don Quixote's mouth and poured the wine in the other end. The gentleman accepted this patiently because he did not want the cords of his helmet to be cut.

At this moment, a pig gelder approached the inn. He sounded his reed pipe four or five times, which confirmed Don Quixote in the belief that this was a famous castle, for they were entertaining him with music. The cod was trout, the pumpernickel was white bread, the prostitutes were ladies, and the innkeeper was a Castilian warden: he had made a very good decision indeed. Nonetheless, something distressed him: he was not a genuine knight. Hence, he could not legitimately engage in any adventure if he was not knighted.

CHAPTER III.

The funny way
Don Quixote was knighted.

Upset by this thought, Don Quixote hurried to finish off his frugal meal. Then he summoned the landlord, took him to the stable, closed the door, kneeled before him and said:

"Valiant knight, I will never rise up from this place unless you do me a favor for your glory and the sake of the human race."

The innkeeper saw his guest at his feet and heard his words; he looked puzzled and did not know what to answer. He entreated him to rise, but Don Quixote refused to do so until his request had been granted.

"I expected nothing less of your great generosity, my lord", replied Don Quixote. "The boon I asked and which you have so generously conceded to me consists in

dubbing me a knight tomorrow. Until that time, wearing my armor, I will pray in the chapel of your castle. When morning comes, as I have said, what I do desire will be done so that I may lawfully go to the four corners of the Earth in search of adventures on behalf of those in need, which is the duty of all knights-errant such as I who long to follow chivalric ideals."

The innkeeper, as I have said, was a joker. He already had an inkling of his guest's derangement, which was confirmed when he heard him say these words. In order to have something to laugh about that night, he decided to humor him. Hence, he told him he was convinced that his desire and purpose were genuine, that distinguished gentlemen like him used to share the same ideals, and that it was evidenced by his presence and elegance. The landlord added that he had followed the same honorable path when he was a young man. He had traveled the world seeking adventures; he had visited the Percheles of Málaga, the Isles of Riarán, the Compás of Seville, the Azoguejo of Segovia, the Olivera of Valencia, the Rondilla of Granada, the beaches of Sanlúcar, the Potro of Córdoba, the Ventillas of Toledo and many other places where his light feet and subtle fingers had exercised. He had committed many offences, amused himself with widows, seduced a few maidens and deceived several orphans. Almost all the courts of Spain knew him. At last, he had retired to his castle where he earned money thanks to his work and the work of his employees. He received all knights-errant of whatever quality and condition simply because he liked them and the money they gave him for his hospitality. He also told him that he could not pray in the chapel because it had been demolished in order to rebuild it, but it was not a major issue, since, in urgent cases, he knew that vigils could be kept anywhere; this night he could pray in a courtyard of the castle; in the morning, please God, the requisite ceremony could be performed and his guest would be dubbed a knight. His knighthood could not be questioned by anybody in the world.

He then inquired if Don Quixote had any money; the latter replied that he did not carry copper coins because, in all the books he had read about knights-errant, none of them carried money. According to the innkeeper, he was mistaken on this point. Actually, it was not written in the books because it was not necessary to speak of things as indispensable as money and clean shirts. Hence, all the knights-errant who fill so many books carried purses that were replete with gold so that they might handle any situation. They also carried shirts and a small box filled with ointments to cure the wounds they received, for, in the isolated places where they used to fight their enemies and were wounded, there was not always someone at hand to treat them, unless they had some knowledgeable enchanter for a friend, who would rescue them, bringing to them, through the air, upon a cloud, some damsel or a dwarf bearing a flask of magic water. In that case, they would swallow a single drop and, at once, their wounds would heal. They would be as healthy as if they had never been wounded. Moreover, everybody knows that their squires were well provided with money and other necessities such as bandages and ointments to heal their wound. If they had no squires, which happened very rarely, they themselves used to carry these objects in a pair of saddlebags so finely made that they could barely be seen on the haunches of their horses, as if they were something of greater significance, for, among the knights-errant, carrying saddlebags was not a habit, except in cases like these. Since Don Quixote would become the innkeeper's godson soon, the latter dared to advise him to

always carry money and the aforementioned supplies, for he would always find them useful.

Don Quixote promised to follow his host's advice punctiliously. Then he decided to keep vigil in a large farmyard facing one side of the inn. He gathered all the pieces of his armor together, placed them in a trough that stood near a well, grasped his shield, took up his lance and proudly started to pace up and down in front of the trough.

Night was closing in. The innkeeper told everyone in the inn about his guest's madness, the vigil and the ceremony. They marveled at this strange kind of madness. They turned their heads: in the distance, they saw a quiet figure walk up and down and then lean on a lance in order to stare at pieces of armor.

It was night now, but the moon was so bright that it could compete with the sun; everything the new knight did was seen clearly by everybody. One of the mule drivers who were accommodated in the inn exited from the entrance hall to water his animals. In order to do this, it was necessary to remove the armor from the trough. As he saw the man approaching, Don Quixote thundered:

"Impertinent knight, whoever you are, how dare you lay your hands upon the armor of the most valiant knight-errant that ever grasped a sword? You'd better think twice and not touch it if you don't want to pay for your insolence and die!"

The muleteer ignored this imprecation, which was a fairly bad idea. He picked up the armor by the straps and threw it a good distance away. When he beheld this, Don Quixote looked up, apparently remembered Dulcinea and exclaimed:

"Help me, my lady! I offer this first combat to your submissive heart. Your love and protection must sustain me in this critical situation."

He uttered these phrases and others of the same kind, dropped his shield, raised his lance in both hands and gave the muleteer a heavy blow on the head that made him fall down. The man was so wounded that if the first blow had been followed by a second, a physician would have been unable to save him. Having done this, Don Quixote picked up his armor and began to calmly pace again. A short while late, unaware of what had happened, for the man was still lying there unconscious, another muleteer approached with the same intention of watering the mules. He was about to remove the armor from the trough when Don Quixote, without uttering a word or referring to anybody, once more dropped his shield and raised his lance. He did not smash the second mule driver's head to smithereens, but he made more than three pieces of it since he divided it into quarters! When they heard the noise, the innkeeper and his guests rushed out of the entrance hall. Don Quixote beheld them, grasped his shield, laid his hand on his sword and said:

"O beautiful lady, strength and vigor of my crippled heart! I am going to compel Your Highness' eyes to gaze at your captive knight, who is waiting for a great adventure to happen."

This cheered him up. If all the mule drivers in the world had attacked him, he wouldn't have taken a single step backward. The friends of the wounded men, seeing their friends on the ground, started to hurl stones at Don Quixote from afar. He tried to protect himself with his shield; he did not dare to move away from the trough and leave his armor unprotected. The landlord told them to stop. He had already revealed his madness: since he was crazy, he would be absolved even if he killed them all. Don Quixote shouted louder; he called them cheaters and traitors. He said that the lord of

the manor, who allowed knights-errant to be mistreated, was a fraud and a villain; if he had been a genuine knight, he would have made him pay for his treachery.

"As for you, obscene, vile rabble, I don't care about you. Should you stone me, attack me or offend me, you would have to pay dearly for your insolence."

He said this with so much verve and courage that he frightened his attackers. His fierce determination along with the compelling arguments of the innkeeper led them to stop throwing stones at him. He then allowed them to carry away the wounded and resumed his vigil with the same tranquility and detachment as before.

The landlord did not like his guest's jokes. So he determined to bestow the accursed knighthood upon him before something else happened. He approached Don Quixote and apologized for the insolence shown by the rabble; he added that he did not know their intentions and concluded by saying that they had been rightfully punished for their audacity. As he had said, there was no chapel in this castle, but it was not necessary to have one, since, according to what he had read, the ceremony consisted in being struck on the neck and shoulders, which could be performed anywhere. With regard to praying, the applicant had to pray for two hours to satisfy the requirements, and he had spent more than four hours. Don Quixote believed everything. He was ready to obey him and receive the knighthood as soon as possible because, if he were to be attacked again, as a genuine knight, he would not leave a single person alive in the castle except the people the lord of the manor would ask him not to kill, which he would respectfully do.

Thus warned, the fearful overlord brought the book in which he kept a record of the hay and barley he sold to the mule drivers. Accompanied by a lad holding the butt of a candle and the two aforesaid damsels, he came up to where Don Quixote stood and commanded him to kneel. Reading from this handbook as if he were chanting, he raised his hand in the middle of the prayer, slapped him on the neck, grasped his guest's sword and, murmuring between his teeth as if he were praying, he gently struck him on the shoulders. He then ordered one of the ladies to gird Don Quixote with his sword, which she did with competence and diplomacy, for she had to concentrate on each point of the ceremony in order to avoid laughing, but the new knight's exploits prevented them from laughing. As she fastened the sword, the good lady said:

"May God bestow good fortune upon Your Lordship so that you may become a victorious knight."

Don Quixote asked her name so that he might know the identity of the lady to whom he was indebted for her help. He wanted to offer her a part of the honor he would gain by the strength of his sword. She replied very humbly that her name was Tolosa and that she was the daughter of a cobbler, a native of Toledo who lived next to the market of Sancho Bienaya; she added that, wherever she might be, she would serve him and regard him as her master. Don Quixote replied that he wanted her to change her name and call herself Lady Tolosa. She promised to do so. Then the other girl attached his spurs to his heels. He had almost the same conversation with her as with the one who had fastened his sword. When he asked her name, she answered that it was Molinera. She was the daughter of a respectable miller of Antequera. Don Quixote also asked her to call herself Lady Molinera; he offered to help her in the future.

This uncommon ceremony had been performed in less than an hour. Don Quixote could hardly wait to look for adventure. He saddled and mounted Rocinante. He said goodbye to his host, thanking him for having dubbed him a knight. He said such strange things that it would be impossible to tell them here. The innkeeper, in order to get rid of him, replied with short but flowery sentences, without asking him to pay for the accommodation. He allowed him to leave and was pleased no to see him any longer.

CHAPTER IV.

Of what happened to our knight
when he left the inn.

Day was dawning when Don Quixote left the inn. He was so happy, so proud, so overjoyed to be a knight that the girths of his horse almost broke. Remembering the advice of his host regarding the important items he had to carry with him, especially money and shirts, he resolved to return to his house in order to take what he needed, including a squire. According to him, one of his neighbors, a poor peasant who had children, could become a very good squire. With this thought in mind, he led Rocinante to its hamlet. The horse, happy to go back home, started to trot: its hooves did not seem to touch the ground.

He had not gone very far when it seemed to him that, from a wood on his right, emerged the sound of faint moans resembling those of a person in distress. At once he exclaimed:

"Merciful Heaven, thank you for giving me an opportunity to fulfill the obligations I owe to my profession, which will enable me to pick the fruit of my legitimate wishes on the spot. Those, undoubtedly, are the cries of a man or a woman who requires my help."

Pulling on the reins, he directed Rocinante to the place where he thought the cries were coming from. He took a few steps into the wood; he saw a mare attached to an oak and a boy about fifteen years old who was tied to another tree; he was naked from the waist up. It was he who was crying out, which was logical since a lusty farmer was whipping him with a buckled belt. Each lash was accompanied by a reprimand and a piece of advice. He said:

"Hold your tongue and keep your eyes open."

The lad replied:

"I won't do it again, sir; by God's Passion, I won't do it again. I promise that I'll take better care of the flock now."

When he saw what was going on, Don Quixote said in an angry voice:

"Discourteous knight, how dare you fight an unarmed boy? Mount your horse and take your lance in hand (there was a lance leaning against the oak to which the mare was tied); I am going to make you understand that what you are doing is just a cowardly act of violence."

The peasant saw a threatening figure raising a lance that hid a part of his face. Fearing for is life, he gently replied:

"My lord, the lad I am punishing here is my servant. His job is to watch over a flock of sheep that are used to grazing in this area. He is so careless that I lose one every day. When I punish him for his carelessness or his wickedness, he says it is just because I am a miser and I do not want to give him the money that I owe him, but I swear to God and upon my soul that he is a liar."

"Rude miser, you are telling me he is a liar," retorted Don Quixote. "By the sun that gives us light, I am going to run you through with this lance. Pay him and shut up! By the God who governs us, should you disobey me, I would slay you at once. Free him!"

The peasant lowered his head and, without uttering a word, he untied his servant. Don Quixote asked the boy how much his master owed him. He said wages for nine months, at seven reales a month. The knight did a little reckoning and found that it amounted to sixty-three reales. He ordered the farmer to pay off his debt immediately unless he wanted to die. The fearful villager replied that, according to the dreadful circumstances and the oath he had taken (so far he had not sworn to do anything), it was not a big amount of money, since he had to deduct three pairs of shoes that he had given to the lad and a real for the two blood-lettings done by the barber when he was sick.

"Fair enough", said Don Quixote, "but if he has damaged the leather shoes you paid for, you have damaged his skin, and if the barber has drawn blood when he was sick, you have drawn some when he was healthy. Hence, you can forget the amount of money paid for the shoes and the blood-lettings: he doesn't owe you anything!"

"My lord, the trouble is that I have no money with me. Come with me to my house, Andres, I will give you the sixty-three reales."

"I can't go with him", said the boy. "I am doomed! No, sir, don't even think of it; as soon as we are alone he will skin me alive like St. Bartholomew."

"No, he won't, for he is a knight", replied Don Quixote. "I just have to command him to do it so that he may obey me out of sheer respect. Were he to swear to do something, the laws of chivalry would forbid him to break his promise. So I am going to let him go: I feel certain that you will be paid."

"But look, Your Lordship", said the lad, "my master is not a knight; he has never been knighted. His name is Juan Haldudo; he is a wealthy man and lives in Quintanar."

"That makes little difference", replied Don Quixote, "for knights are allowed to be called Haldudo, all the more so because every man is the fruit of his deeds."

"That's true", said Andres, "but my master is no fruit: he refuses to pay my wages and he keeps saying that I am lazy."

"I don't refuse to pay your wages, dear Andres", answered the farmer. "Please, come with me. I swear by all the orders of chivalry in the world that I'll pay what I owe you. As I have said, I will give you all the money at the same time and even a bit more."

"I don't care about the extra bits", said Don Quixote, "just give him all the silver coins and I will be satisfied. Make sure that you keep your promise. Should you break it, I swear on the same holy rules of chivalry that I would return to find and punish you; should you hide yourself in a cracked wall like a lizard, I would find you. If you want to know the identity of the man who commands you to do this, so that you may believe me, allow me to introduce myself: I am the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha,

righter of wrongs and injustices. God be with you! Do not forget what you have promised; do not forget the penalty that I have mentioned either."

Having said this, he spurred Rocinante and left them behind. The farmer watched him go. When he saw that Don Quixote was out of the wood and out of sight, he turned to Andres, his servant, and said to him:

"Come here, my son, I want to give you the sum of money I owe you, as that righter of wrongs has ordered me to do."

"I think", said Andres, "that Your Lordship should obey the commands of that good knight, may he live a thousand years, for, Heaven be praised, he is a valiant man and a fair judge: if you don't pay your debt, he will come back and do what he said!"

"I agree with you", said the farmer, "but I love you so much that I want to increase the debt so that I may increase the wages."

He caught the arm of the lad, tied him to the oak again and hit him so many times that he almost killed him.

"Now, Mr. Andres", said the farmer, "you can call the righter of wrongs; you will see that he cannot undo this one. Besides, I don't think it's over yet, for, as you feared it, I feel like skinning you alive!"

Finally, he untied the ropes and allowed him to fetch his judge so that he might carry out the sentence. Andres was a bit sad. He swore that he would find the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha in order to tell him, in minute detail, what had happened. He added that his master would have to pay a big fine. That being said, the boy began to cry and went away; his master started to laugh.

The valiant Don Quixote righted this particular wrong in this manner. He was overjoyed to see what had happened. It seemed to him that, thanks to him, the beginning of his chivalric life was happy and grand. Full of pride, he headed to his village. He said to himself in a low voice:

"O Dulcinea del Toboso, epitome of beauty! You can consider yourself to be the most fortunate lady in the world. You must be delighted to have a servant who bows to your willpower. This valiant, famous knight will be everlastingly known as Don Quixote de la Mancha. He was knighted yesterday and today he righted the greatest wrong and grievance that injustice ever conceived or cruelty ever perpetrated: he removed a belt from the hand of a merciless enemy who, without reason, was whipping a sensitive child."

He reached a road that forked in four directions. He thought of those crossroads where knights-errant pause in order to consider which path they should follow. He imitated them and froze. He ruminated on the issue for a while. Then he loosened Rocinante's reins and yielded to his horse's volition. The animal pursued its first motive, which was to return to its stable.

After two miles or so, Don Quixote caught sight of a group of people composed of merchants from Toledo on their way to Murcia to purchase silk, as he discovered afterwards. Six of them were holding parasols. They were accompanied by four servants on horseback and three mule drivers on foot. No sooner had he seen them than he thought that he was on the brink of a new adventure. He was eager to imitate the exploits he had read in his books; it seemed clear that he had to perform one he had in mind. Hence, with bold and aristocratic bearing, he set his feet firmly in the stirrups, grasped his lance, brought the shield up to his chest and, standing in the

middle of the road, began to wait for the arrival of those knights-errant, for he considered them to be noble warriors. When they had come close enough to see and hear him, Don Quixote made a haughty gesture and cried:

"Don't move! Unless all of you confess that there is no fairest damsel in the world than the empress of La Mancha: the magnificent Dulcinea del Toboso."

The merchants stopped when they heard these words and saw the strange appearance of the one who said them. His weird mien and speech made them realize that this man was mad, but they were curious about the nature of the confession he was demanding. One of them, who was a clown, said:

"Your Lordship, we do not know the good lady you have mentioned. You should show her to us, for if she is as beautiful as you say, we will be happy to freely confess what you are asking us!"

"If I were to show her to you", replied Don Quixote, "what merit would there be in your confessing something so obvious? Actually, without seeing her, you must believe, confess, ascertain, swear and defend something; otherwise, threatening and arrogant creatures, you would have to fight with me. Should you come one by one, as the order of chivalry prescribes, or all at once, in the malicious manner of the people of your kind, you would find a man who would be waiting for you and who would believe in the fairness of his claim."

"Your Lordship", responded the merchant, "we are Spanish princes. So that our consciences may not bear the burden of confessing a thing we have neither seen nor heard, something so prejudicial to the empresses and queens of Alcarria and Estremadura, I beg you to show us a portrait of this lady, even if it is no larger than a grain of wheat, for a detail is always a part of the truth. This way, we would be happy and convinced that everything is true. As for you, you would be happy and satisfied with the result. I believe that we almost believe you. Should her portrait show us that she is blind in one eye and that blood and sulfur flow from the other, we would praise her, just to please you."

"Nothing flows from her, infamous rabble", growled Don Quixote. "Nothing flows from her, nothing but amber and musk, and she is neither blind nor humpbacked but as upright as a beech tree of the Guadarrama mountains. You are going to pay dearly for this blasphemy which belittles the extraordinary beauty of my beloved lady."

Having said this, he lowered his lance and started to gallop toward the man who had spoken. He was so furious that if fortune had not made Rocinante stumble and fall in the middle of the race, the merchant would have regretted his insolence. When Rocinante fell, his master rolled some distance on the field. When the latter tried to get up, he was unable to do so: he was too encumbered by his lance, shield, spurs, helmet and the weight of his old armor. As he struggled to stand up, he said:

"Do not flee, cowards. Stay here, enemies; I am lying on the ground because of my horse, not because of me!"

One of the muleteers, who was not really kind, heard the insolent statements of the poor man who was lying on the ground. He could not refrain from answering him with knocks in the ribs. He walked up to him, seized the lance, broke it into pieces and, with one of them, he started to beat him so furiously that, although Don Quixote was wearing his armor, he turned him into flour. His masters shouted and asked him to stop. He was so upset that he did not want to leave the game until he had vented his

anger. He gathered the broken pieces of the lance together and began to hurl them at the poor victim. Sticks were raining on him, but he did not hold his tongue: he kept threatening Heaven, all the creatures on Earth and these ruffians who were mistreating him.

The lad grew tired and the merchants continued on their way with a good story about a beaten man, which they would tell to the people they would meet during their journey. When he was alone, the knight endeavored to rise. Since it was a risky enterprise when he was healthy, how could he achieve this when he had been crushed? Nonetheless, he considered himself fortunate, for it seemed to him that knight-errantry was characterized by misfortunes such as this. He put all the blame on his horse. He was not able to rise because his body was painful.

CHAPTER V.

The rest of the story
about our knight's misfortune.

He realized that he could not move, which is why he resolved to use his favorite remedy: think of a passage from one of his books. His madness made him recall the story of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him in the highlands, although he was wounded, a story known to children, acknowledged by youngsters and celebrated and believed by old people, but not truer than the miracles of Muhammad. He thought it was well suited to the current situation. Accordingly, he started to roll theatrically on the ground. Remembering what people think that the wounded knight of the wood is supposed to have said, he declaimed in a low voice:

Where are you, my lady?
Why don't you pity me?
Perhaps you are ignorant of my misfortune;
Perhaps you are a liar and a cheat.

He went on reciting the old ballad until the following verse:

"O noble Marquis of Mantua,
My uncle and my overlord!"

Fortunately, when he reached this line, a farmer who lived in the same village came down the road. He was a neighbor of his. He had been to the mill with a load of wheat. Seeing a man lying there, he approached him and inquired about his identity and the origin of the trouble that made him groan with pain. Don Quixote mistook the man for his uncle, the Marquis of Mantua. He did not answer; he just went on with his recitation, giving an account of his misfortunes and the love affair of the emperor's son for his wife, as it is told in the ballad.

The farmer was surprised to hear this nonsense. He removed the knight's visor, which had been smashed to smithereens by the blows it had received. Then he wiped

the victim's face, which was covered with dust, and discovered that he knew him very well.

"Mr. Quijana", said he, for they used to call him Quijana when he was a sane, peaceful gentleman, not a knight-errant, "who has done this to you?"

Don Quixote went on reciting his ballad in response to every question. Seeing this, the good man carefully relieved him of his breastplate and backpiece to see if he was wounded, but there were no grazes or cuts. He tried to lift him from the ground. With a great deal of effort, he put him on a donkey, which appeared to be the safest mount for him. He gathered the weapons, the armor and the broken pieces of the lance together. Then he tied them together to set them on Rocinante's back. He grasped the reins of the horse and the halter of the donkey and began to walk toward his village. Don Quixote's talkative madness was getting on his nerves.

Because of his bruises and soreness, our knight-errant was unable to sit upright on the donkey. He kept sighing to heaven, which led the farmer to ask him again to tell him what was wrong. It seems that the Devil himself enabled him to remember the tales that mirrored his own case, for, at this point, he forgot all about Baldwin and recalled the Moor Abindarráez, when the governor of Antequera, Rodrigo de Narváez, captured him and took him to his castle, where he was imprisoned. Hence, when the farmer asked him again how he felt and what was wrong, Don Quixote used the words and arguments that a prisoner, a certain Lord Abencerraje, used when he answered Don Rodrigo. In fact, he quoted what he had read in *La Diana* by Jorge de Montemayor. His accurate citations and all this nonsense upset him very much. Realizing that his neighbor was mad, he hastened his pace in order to control his anger, which was provoked by Don Quixote's endless quotation. Don Quixote finished it and added:

"Lord Rodrigo de Narváez, you must know that the beautiful Jarifa whom I mentioned is now the adorable Dulcinea del Toboso. In order to honor her, I have performed, I am performing and I will perform the greatest military exploits the world has seen, sees now and will ever see."

"But, sir", replied the farmer, "I am neither Don Rodrigo de Narváez nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso, your neighbor. Besides, you are neither Valdovinos nor Abindarráez, but a respectable gentleman named Quijana."

"I know who I am", said Don Quixote, "and who I may be. I could be the people I have mentioned, the Twelve Peers of France and the Nine Famous Grandees, for my exploits will surpass what each of them and all of them performed."

They kept talking like that and reached their destination just as night was falling. The farmer decided to wait until it was a little darker so that the exhausted, dirty gentleman might not be seen by his neighbors. When he thought the proper time had come, they entered the village and proceeded to Don Quixote's house, which was in disarray. The priest and the barber were there, for they were good friends; the house-keeper was saying to them in a loud voice:

"Father Pero Pérez", this was the priest's name, "what's your opinion about my master's misfortune? Three days and no information about him, or his horse, or his shield, or his lance, or his armor. Ah, poor me! I think, and this is as true as the obviousness that states that I was born to die, that it is those cursed books of chivalry he keeps reading that have driven him crazy. I remember that I have often heard him say to himself, in a low voice, that he wanted to become a knight-errant in order to

travel the world and seek adventures. Those books should be sent to Satan and Barabbas, for they have destroyed the most refined mind in all of La Mancha."

The niece shared her opinion. She added:

"I must say, Master Nicolás", this was the barber's name, "that, many times, I saw my uncle read those cruel tales full of misadventure for two whole days and nights at a stretch. When he was finished, he used to lay his book aside, grasp his sword and slash at the walls. When he was completely exhausted, he would tell us that he had just killed four giants as big as towers. He considered his sweat to be blood from the wounds that he had received in battle. Then he would drink a big jug of cold water, which calmed his nerves. He said that this liquid was the most precious one: a gift from Esquife the Wise, a great magician and his friend. I blame myself for everything. I should have advised you of my uncle's idiosyncrasies. You would have done something about it. It would not have gone this far. You would have burned those heathen books. He possesses so many of that kind. All of them should be burned like those that are written by heretics."

"I agree with you", said the priest. "I can assure you that tomorrow there will be a public ceremony: those books will be burned so that they may not lead the people who read them to follow the example of my good friend."

Don Quixote and the farmer were listening to them; the latter fully understood the nature of his neighbor's disease. The good man cried:

"Open the door! Here are Lord Valdovinos, the Marquis of Mantua, who is badly wounded, and Lord Abindarráez, the Moor, who has been captured by Rodrigo de Narváez, governor of Antequera."

At the sound of his voice, they all came out. Some recognized their friend; others recognized their master and uncle. He had not dismounted from the donkey because he could not. They ran to embrace him. He said:

"Hold on! I have been seriously wounded because of my horse. Take me to my bed and call Uganda the Wise if possible. She will treat my injuries."

"Disgraceful time!", exclaimed the housekeeper. "I would like to know the very nature of my master's disease. Your Lordship, one day, without the help of Urganda, we will know how to cure you. Those books of chivalry are wicked, for they have mistreated you dearly."

They led him to his bed. When they examined his body, they did not find any wound. He told them that the pain came from a bad fall from Rocinante's back while he was fighting with ten giants, the biggest and most daring giants in the world.

"Tut, tut", said the priest. "So giants are involved in your adventure! I swear that I will have them burned before nightfall tomorrow."

They asked Don Quixote a thousand questions. He only answered that he wanted to eat and sleep, which were the most important things at this moment. They gave him what he asked for. Then the priest questioned the farmer at length regarding how he had found Don Quixote. The peasant told him everything, including his ravings, which made the priest more anxious than ever to do what he did the following day, when he summoned Master Nicolás and went with him to Don Quixote's house.

CHAPTER VI.

The extensive and amusing inquiry
that the priest and the barber carried out
in the library of our ingenious gentleman.

Don Quixote was still sleeping. The priest asked the niece for the keys to the room where those books responsible for all the trouble were. She was happy to give them to him. The housekeeper and the others went in. They found more than a hundred large-sized volumes, very well bound, and a number of smaller ones. When the housekeeper caught sight of them, she left the room to return shortly with a basin of holy water and a sprinkling-pot.

"Here, Father", said she, "take this and don't be mean with the holy water! We don't want the enchanters who haunt the pages of these books to put a spell on us in order to take revenge on us because we want to defeat them."

Her simplicity made the priest laugh. He asked the barber to hand him the volumes, one by one, in order to check what they contained, for he might find a few that did not deserve to be burned.

"No", said the niece, "you mustn't save any of them because they are all dangerous. We should toss them out the window into the courtyard, make a heap of them and set fire to it. We could also take them to the corral and light the fire there: the smoke would not bother anybody."

The housekeeper said the same thing; the two women were eager to witness the death of these innocents. Nevertheless, the priest did not want to do that without even reading the titles first. Master Nicolás handed him *The Four Books of Amadís of Gaul*.

"There's something weird here", said the priest. "Look, according to what I have heard, this volume was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain; all the others are inspired by it. So I think that we must condemn it to the flames because it is the false prophet of a wicked sect."

"No, Father", said the barber, "because I have also heard that it is the best of all the books of this kind: we should save it since it is a masterpiece."

"That's true", said the priest. "For this reason, we will spare its life for now. Let's see the one next to it."

"It's", said the barber, "*The good deeds of Esplandián*; he was the legitimate son of Amadís of Gaul."

"Actually", replied the priest, "his father's kindness will not help him. Madam Housekeeper, open that window and throw it into the courtyard; it will be the first element of our pile of books."

The housekeeper was happy to comply: the worthy Esplandián went flying into the courtyard, where he began to patiently await the fire that would threaten him.

"Let's have some more", said the priest.

"This one", said the barber, "is Amadís of Greece. I believe that all these on this side belong to Amadís of Greece's lineage."

"Fling them all into the courtyard", uttered the priest; "I am going to burn Queen Pintiquiniestra, the shepherd Darinel, his poems and the author's devilish and

mixed-up ideas. Should the man who fathered me appear in front of me dressed as a knight-errant, I would also burn him!"

"I agree with you", said the barber.

"I agree with you too", added the niece.

"So give me these books", said the housekeeper, "I am going to pile up that rubbish in the courtyard".

They handed them to her; there were a good many of them. Instead of going downstairs, she dumped them out the window into the courtyard below.

"What is that big thing?", inquired the priest.

''That big thing is *Don Olivante de Laura*", replied the barber.

"The author of this book", observed the priest, "also composed *The Garden of Flowers.* In truth, I can't decide which of the two is truer, or rather, less filled with lies. I can only say that this one is going out into the courtyard, for it is stupid and arrogant."

"The next", announced the barber, "is Florimorte of Hircania."

"So Lord Florimorte of Hircania honors us with his presence!", exclaimed the priest. "Although he was born in a foreign country and had various famous adventures, take him to the courtyard immediately. The stiffness and dryness of his style deserve nothing better. To the courtyard with him and this other one, Madam Housekeeper."

"With pleasure, Father", she replied, and she carried out the order cheerfully.

"This one is *The Knight Platir*", said the barber.

"It's an old book", added the priest. "I don't find anything in it that could save it. Let it join the others right now."

That's what happened. They opened another volume and saw that its title was *The Knight of the Cross*. The priest went on:

"This holy title could compel us to excuse the author's stupidity, but, as the saying goes: 'the Devil always hide behind the cross.' Into the fire!"

"And this one", said the barber, taking up another volume, "is *The Mirror of Chivalry*".

"I am acquainted with His Lordship!", said the priest. "Here you will meet Lord Reinaldos of Montalbá, his friends, who are bigger thieves than Cacus, and the Twelve Peers of France who are accompanied by Turpin, a good historian. To tell you the truth, I feel like sentencing them to perpetual banishment. A part of their adventures comes from the famous writer Mateo Boyardo, who also influenced Ludovico Ariosto, the Christian poet. Should Ariosto's book be written in any tongue other than his own, I would become quite unpleasant. Should it be written in his native tongue, I would treat it well."

"Well, I have a copy written in Italian", said the barber, "but I don't understand Italian."

"Fortunately, you can't read it", said the priest, "which is why we pardon the captain who did not bring it to Spain in order to publish it in Spanish, which would have taken away a good deal of its original value. The writers who translate poetry into a foreign language, even the skilled ones, can never achieve the quality of the original version. In short, this book and all those that deal with these French heroes should be thrown into a dry well and kept there until we can agree on what should be done with them, with the exception of *Bernardo del Carpio* and *Roncesvalles*. Should I

find them, I would give them to the housekeeper who would immediately set them on the pile."

The barber thoroughly approved of everything, being convinced that the priest was a good Christian and an ardent defender of the truth. Opening another book, he saw that it was *Palmerín de Oliva.* Next to it, there was one entitled *Palmerín of England*. He gazed at them and said:

"Let this olive tree be cut up and burned until there's nothing left but ashes. As for the English palm tree, it should be kept and preserved as something unique. A chest should be made for it, like the one Alexander found among the spoils of Darius and which he used to protect the works of Homer, the poet. This book, my good friend, is important for two reasons. Firstly, because it is very good. Secondly, because we know that it was composed by an intelligent man who was king of Portugal. All the adventures that take place in the castle of Miraguarda are very good and well-composed. The dialogue is clear, intelligent, appropriate and polished, for the person who speaks is treated with respect and decorum. Well, Master Nicolás, you may disagree with me, but I believe that this book and *Amadís of Gaul* should not be burned and that all the others, without further investigation, should perish."

"No, my friend", replied the barber, "not the one I am holding: it is the famous *Don Belianís*."

"Well", said the priest, "the second, third and fourth parts need a bit of rhubarb to purge them of an excess of anger. We should also remove the chapters about the Castle of Fame and the ones that are even stupider. We could give them a lot of time to erase those passages. Should they mend their ways, we would be merciful. Meanwhile, my friend, keep them in your house and forbid everybody to read them."

"I will be glad to do so", replied the barber.

Reading those books of chivalry tired him, which is why he told the housekeeper to take the big ones in order to throw them into the courtyard. This woman was neither deaf nor stupid. In fact, she preferred book burning to embroidery. She seized eight books and headed toward the window; one of them fall at the barber's feet. He picked it up. It was *The History of Tirante el Blanco, the Famous Knight*.

"God help me!", exclaimed the priest. "Here is Tirante el Blanco! Give it to me, my friend. I must confess I have found a treasure of contentment and a mine of recreation in it. Here we have Don Quirieleisón de Montalbán, a valiant knight, his brother, Tomas de Montalbán, the knight Fonseca, the fight between the brave Tirante and the mastiff, miss Joyofmylife's witticisms, the love affairs and lies of the widow Reposada, and the story of the Empress who was in love with Hipólito, her squire. My friend, I tell you the truth when I say that because of its style, this is the best book in the world. Here knights eat food, sleep and die in their beds and write their wills before they die. Since the author did not put the oddities all the other books of this kind like to display, his book does not deserve to die. Let us sentence the author to the galleys for the rest of his life. Take this book home and read it; you will notice that what I have said is true."

"I will do so", answered the barber; "but what are we going to do with these smaller books?"

"Those ones", replied the priest, "are not chivalry novels; they must be poetry books."

He opened one of them and saw that it was *Diana* by Jorge de Montemayor. Believing that all the others were of the same kind, he added:

"These do not deserve to be burned like the others, for they have never done harm to anybody: they are entertaining, which is not a dangerous characteristic."

"Ah, sir!", exclaimed the niece. "You should burn them like the others, for, if my uncle recovered his sanity, he could read one of these books and feel like becoming a shepherd. So he would want to wander through the woods and meadows; he would sing and play… the castanets! To be a poet is a bad situation: it is an incurable disease, and it is contagious!"

"The young lady is right", said the priest. "It would be a good idea to remove this tempting mistake that keeps winking at him. Let's begin with Montemayor's *Diana*. I think that it should not be burned. I'd rather take some passages out: the scenes dealing with the enchantress Felicia and her magic potion and almost all the long verses. It would keep its prose and the honor of being the best book of its kind."

"The next one", said the barber, "is *The Second Part of La Diana* by Salmantino; here is another one with the same name, whose author is Gil Polo."

"The book by Salmantino", said the priest, "must join those condemned in the courtyard; the one by Gil Polo should be kept as if it were by Apollo himself. Move on, my friend; let's hurry: it's growing late."

"This book", said the barber as he opened another volume, "is entitled *The Ten Books of the Fortunes of Love.* It was written by Antonio de Lofraso, a Sardinian poet."

"By the holy orders that I have received", exclaimed the priest, "since Apollo, the Muses and the first poets were born, no book as funny or crazy as this one has ever been written. In its own way, it is a one-of-a-kind volume that surpasses all the others: he who has not read it does not know what he has missed. My friend, give it to me, for I am happy to have found it. I prefer this to a cassock made of Florentine cloth."

He was happy to set the book aside. The barber went on:

"The following books are: *The Shepherd of Iberia, The Nymphs of Henares* and *The Disenchantment of Jealousy*".

"Well", said the priest, "there is nothing to do but turn them over to the housekeeper's secular arm. Don't ask me why, for there's an ocean of good reasons."

"This one is *The Shepherd of Filida*."

"He isn't a shepherd", said the priest, "but a polished courtier. Keep it as if it were a precious jewel."

"The big one that I am handing over to you now is called *Treasury of Various Poem*."

"If there were not so many of them", remarked the priest, "they would be held in greater esteem. We must weed and wash this book, which is full of trivialities, so that the best passages may stand out. We are going to keep it because its author is my friend and because he has published lofty, heroic volumes that deserve to be respected."

"This one", went on the barber, "is López Maldonado's *Songbook*."

"Another great friend of mine", replied the priest; "when he declaims the verses, people are bedazzled; when his gentle voice sings them, people are mesmerized. His

eclogues are a bit lengthy: what is good is always rare! Put it with the others we have laid aside. What's that one next to it?"

"*La Galatea* by Miguel de Cervantes", replied the barber.

"Cervantes has been a good friend of mine for many years. I know that he is more versed in misfortunes than in verses. His book has a fairly good plot; it displays arguments and never draws a conclusion. We will have to wait for the second part he has promised us; perhaps the corrections will grant it the mercy we don't want to show now. In the meantime, keep it in our house, and don't forget to lock it up, my friend."

"That's a very good idea", replied the barber. "Here is a set of novels: *La Araucana*, by Don Alonso de Ercilla, *La Austríada*, by Juan Rufo, a civil servant from Cordoba, and *El Monserrate*, by Cristóbal de Virués, a poet from Valencia."

"These volumes", said the priest, "are the best examples of heroic literature written in the Castilian language; they compare favorably with the most famous Italian books. Keep them, for they are the jewel in the crown of Spanish poetry."

The priest felt tired: there were so many books. Accordingly, he resolved to burn the rest. However, the barber had already opened one called *The Tears of Angelica*.

"It is I who would have shed tears", murmured the priest when he heard the title, "if I had burned it, for its author was one of the most famous poets in the world and not in Spain alone. Besides, his translation of some fables by Ovid is a masterpiece."

CHAPTER VII.

The second journey of our good knight
Don Quixote de la Mancha.

At this point, Don Quixote began to shout:

"look! Look, valiant knights. Look, you must show the strength of your mighty arms, for the courtiers are in the lead!"

Don Quixote called them out this way. Hence, they could not continue to examine the remaining books, which is why I think that, without being seen or heard, *La Carolea* and *The lion of Spain* went to the fire, along with *The Deeds of the Emperor*, written by Don Luis de Ávila, which were certainly among the remaining books. Perhaps they would not have been punished so severely if the priest had seen them.

When they came up to Don Quixote, he had already risen from his bed. After a good night's sleep, he was as fresh as a daisy. He was shouting, raving and slashing the air with his sword. They seized him and pushed him onto his bed. After he had calmed down, he started to speak again and said to the priest:

"Most certainly, Monsignor Turpín, it is a great pity that we, the Twelve Peers of France, carelessly allow the knights of the court win this tournament, all the more so because we, adventurers, have carried off the prize for three days running."

"Be quiet, my friend", said the priest. "God commands luck to change sides: what is lost today will be won tomorrow. For the present, Your Lordship, you should look after your health, for you must be very tired or badly wounded, maybe."

“I am not wounded”, said Don Quixote, “but exhausted, there is no doubt about that. I was given a beating with the branch of an oak tree by the wicked Don Orlando because he envies me: he knows that I am the only person who can compete with him in terms of courage. I would not dare to say that I am Reinaldos de Montalbán if, upon rising from this bed, I did not try to take revenge on him in spite of all his magic spells. For now, bring me something to eat: I think that it will help me to recover. I will avenge myself later.”

Hence, they gave him food, and he went back to sleep. They marveled at his madness.

That night, the housekeeper burned all the books that were in the courtyard and in the house. I guess that some that should have been kept everlastingly in the archives went up in flames because of the laziness of the censor and bad luck. The fate foreseen by the old saying happened: the innocent paid for the sins of the guilty.

One of the remedies that the priest and the barber figured out was to seal off the room where the books were stored so that, when he got up, he would not find them: they thought they would destroy the effect by removing the cause. They would explain this by telling him that an enchanter had taken the books and the room away! They hurried to implement their plan. Two days later, when Don Quixote rose from his bed, the first thing he did was to go and see his books. Since he did not find the room, he started to search the house. He reached the place where the door had been; he felt the wall and rolled his eyes without saying a word. After a while, he inquired about the location of his study. The housekeeper knew what to tell him; she said:

“What a weird question! What are you looking for? There’s no more study and no more books in this house: the Devil took them away!”

“It was not the Devil”, said the niece, “but an enchanter who came on a cloud one night, the day after Your Lordship left the house. He dismounted from the serpent he was riding and entered your study. I don’t know what he did there, but, after a while, he flew through the roof and left the house full of smoke. Then we resolved to take a look: the books and the room had disappeared! We do remember that as the wicked old fellow was leaving, he shouted: ‘I hate the person who owns those books and that study, which is why I have just destroyed them; you will soon discover the damage.’ He added that his name was Muñatón the Wise.’’

“He must have said Frestón”, remarked Don Quixote.

“I don’t know”, replied the housekeeper, “if it was Frestón or Fritón; all I know is that his name ended in tón.”

“Yes, it does”, said Don Quixote. “He is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine. He hates me because, thanks to magic, he has foreseen that one day I will fight a knight he favors and that he won’t be able to prevent me from winning. For this reason, he keeps annoying me, but I can assure you that he won’t be able to oppose or avoid what Heaven has ordained.”

“Who can doubt it?”, said the niece. “But who has involved you in those quarrels? Wouldn’t it be better to remain peacefully in your house and not travel the world in search of fantasies? Many people go looking for wool and come back shorn!

“My dear niece”, replied Don Quixote, “how little you understand! Before I am shorn, I will have shaved those who think that they can touch even a single hair of mine.”

The niece and the housekeeper did not wish to continue talking, for they saw that he was becoming furious.

After that, he spent two weeks at home: he was very quiet and did not show that he wanted to resume his crazy quest. During that time, he had the most pleasant conversations with his two old friends: the priest and the barber. He used to tell them that the world needed knights-errant in order to establish knight-errantry again. At times, the priest contradicted him; at times, he nodded in agreement, for if he had not done so, he would not have been able to communicate with him.

In the meantime, Don Quixote sought his neighbor's help. He was a farmer and a person of quality: not an aristocrat, just a man who had qualities. Unfortunately, he was not very intelligent. In short, Don Quixote made him believe that the grass is greener elsewhere: the poor peasant resolved to go with him and become his squire. Among other things, Don Quixote said that his neighbor had made a very good choice because, one day, he would certainly have an adventure that would lead him to discover an island effortlessly; thus he would become its governor. With these promises and others like them, Sancho Panza (that was the farmer's name) left his wife and children and agreed to become his neighbor's squire.

Then Don Quixote tried to find some money. He sold one thing; he pawned another; he lowered the price of everything; he ended up gathering a significant amount of money. A friend of his lent him a small round shield. He repaired his broken helmet as best he could. Then he informed his squire of the day and time he wanted to set off so that Sancho might supply himself with what he needed. He insisted on bringing along the saddlebags. Sancho replied that he would not forget them; he added that he had planned to bring along a good donkey that belonged to him, for he wasn't used to walking a lot. As for the donkey, Don Quixote was dubious about it at first; he tried to recall if any knight-errant had ever had a squire who rode on an ass. None came to mind. Nevertheless, he decided to allow Sancho and his ass to come with him. He would provide him with a nobler animal as soon as possible: he would appropriate the horse of the first discourteous knight he would meet.

Following the innkeeper's advice, he took some shirts and a few other things and packed his bag. One night, he and Panza set off. Nobody saw them. Sancho did not say goodbye to his wife or his children; Don Quixote did not say goodbye to the housekeeper or his niece. They went so far that by dawn they were certain they would not be found even if all the villagers searched for them.

Sancho Panza rode on his donkey like a patriarch, with his saddlebags, his flask and his dreams. He kept thinking of what his master had promised him: the governorship of a promised island. Don Quixote followed the same road he had followed on his first journey, which was the one through the countryside of Montiel. It was less difficult than the last time because, at that hour of the morning, the sun's rays fell obliquely and did not tire them. Sancho Panza said to his master:

"Look, Your Lordship. You must not forget the island you promised me; no matter how big it is, I will be able to govern."

"You must know, my dear friend", replied Don Quixote, "that, back then, the knights-errant used to make their squires governors of the Islands or the kingdoms they won. I have decided to follow this very good custom. I plan to improve on it. In fact, very often, perhaps most of the time, the knights waited until their squires were

old men. After years of hard work, bad days and worse nights, they granted them a title of count, or marquis at most, with the ownership of a valley or a very small province. However, should we live, within a week, I would conquer a kingdom with its dependencies, which would enable me to crown you king of one of these countries. But don't be amazed: all sorts of exceptional things happen to knights like me. You see, I could give you even more than I have promised."

"In that case", said Sancho Panza, "if by one of those miracles of which Your Lordship was speaking I became king, Juana Gutiérrez, my Consort, would become a queen and my children would become princes."

"There is no doubt about it", Don Quixote assured him confidently.

"Well, I doubt it", said Sancho, "for I think that even if God rained kingdoms on the Earth's surface, no crown would fit Mari Gutiérrez. You see, she is not worth two maravedis as a queen. In contrast, she would be a decent countess with God's help."

"Sancho, you must rely on God", said Don Quixote, "he will give her the most appropriate things. Don't lower your expectations; I don't want you to be less than a viceroy."

"But I don't want to be a viceroy", said Sancho Panza, "all the more so because a powerful master like you will give me all that is good for me and all that I can manage."

CHAPTER VIII.

The good fortune which the valorous Don Quixote had in the terrifying, exceptional adventure of the windmills,
along with other events that deserve to be remembered.

They caught sight of thirty or forty windmills which were standing on the plain. The knight turned to his squire and said:

"Good fortune is guiding our affairs better than we could have wished, for, my dear friend, you are facing thirty or more vociferous giants with whom I want to do battle. I am going to kill them. The spoils of the battle will be the beginning of our fortune. That kind of war is fair: it is God who compels us to remove so evil a breed from the Earth's surface."

"What giants?", inquired Sancho Panza.

"Those you see over there", replied his master, "with the long arms; some are almost two leagues long."

"Take a closer look, sir", responded Sancho; "those are not giants but windmills, and what resemble arms are their wings. The wind whirls them around, which makes the grindstone move."

"Obviously", said Don Quixote, "you are not a dedicated adventurer. They are giants. If you are afraid, move aside and say your prayers while I am preparing to fight in an unprecedented war."

Having said this, he spurred his horse, paying no attention to the shouts of his squire, who tried to tell him that the things he was about to attack were windmills and not giants. He was so convinced they were giants that he did not hear the shouts of his

squire, nor did he try to find out what they really were, though he was very close. He charged and shouted:

"Don't flee, cowards and vile creatures, for it is a single knight who challenges you to a fight."

The breeze started to blow; the big wings began to turn. Don Quixote saw this and said:

You are going to pay for your insolence though you move more arms than Briareus, the giant."

Saying this, he entrusted his safety to his lady Dulcinea. Protected by his shield and his lance at rest, he bore down on them at a full gallop and attacked the first mill that stood in his way. As he ran his lance through the sail, the wind moved it with so much force that it broke the lance into pieces. The horse and the horseman went rolling over the plain. They were not able to rise from the ground. Sancho hurried his donkey to this spot. When he reached it, the knight was unable to move, so great was the shock with which he and Rocinante had hit the ground.

"God, help me!", exclaimed Sancho, "didn't I tell you to watch out? Those things are nothing but windmills. Nobody can deny this, except a man with a head filled with windmills."

"Be quiet, Sancho", said Don Quixote. "Such are the fortunes of war: more than anything else, they keep changing directions. The more I think of it, the more I believe that it is the magician Frestón, the one who stole my study and my books, who has turned the giants into windmills in order to deprive me of the glory of defeating them. He hates me. In the end, his monkey tricks will not prevail over the kindness of my sword."

''May God's will be done", answered Sancho Panza.

He helped him to stand. Don Quixote remounted Rocinante, whose back was painful. Talking about their recent adventure, they followed the road to Puerto Lápice, for, according to Don Quixote, they could not fail to be involved in lots of different adventures, since this was a busy road. However, our knight was a bit sad because he did not have his lance, which is why he said to his squire:

"I once read that a Spanish knight named Diego Pérez de Vargas, who had broken his sword in battle, tore a heavy bough or branch from an oak tree, made a lance, accomplished great things tanks to it, and, that day, crushed so many Moorish platoons that he was nicknamed The Crusher. From that day onward, he and his descendants were called De Vargas The Crusher. I am telling you this because I am trying to find an oak tree in order to rip out a bough as good as the one I have in mind. With it, I will accomplish miracles. You will soon understand that I have granted you an outstanding privilege: the right to come with me to see and witness things that can hardly be believed."

"It's in God's hands", said Sancho. "I believe everything Your Lordship said, but you should straighten up, for it seems that you are slipping down on one side, owing, no doubt, to the bruises you got in your fall."

"Ah, that's true", replied Don Quixote; "if I do not complain of the pain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound, even when the flesh spills out."

“If that is true, I have nothing to say”, responded Sancho, “but God knows I would be happy if you complained of the pain. As for me, I can say that I complain of the smallest pain, although what you said about the knights may apply to their squires.”

Don Quixote could not help laughing at Sancho’s naivety. He told him that he could complain as much as he liked, even for no reason, for he had read nothing in the laws of chivalry that prohibited this.

Then Sancho said that it was time to eat. His master replied that he did not feel like eating at the moment, but Sancho could eat whenever he wished. Hence, Sancho made himself as comfortable as he could on his donkey. He opened the saddlebags and took what he had put into them. He rode behind his master at a leisurely pace, eating and, from time to time, sipping from the flask with gusto: the tavern-keeper with the most extensive wine cellar of Málaga might have envied him. The sips of wine made him forget the appealing promises of his master. Besides, he considered his current occupations to be amusements rather than work, although seeking adventures was dangerous.

In short, they spent the night in a wood. Don Quixote tore a dry branch from a tree in order to turn it into a lance: he placed on it the iron head he had taken from the one that had been broken. Don Quixote did not sleep at all that nigh. He thought of his lady Dulcinea in order to conform to what he had read in his books, which said that knights-errant spent many sleepless nights in forests and meadows, dreaming of their beloved ladies. Sancho’s night was different since his stomach had been filled with food, not with digestive chicory water. He fell into a dreamless slumber. If his master had not called him, he would not have been awakened either by the rays of the sun in his face or by the many birds who greeted the coming of the new day with their merry song. When he woke up, he took another sip of wine and discovered that his flask was emptier than it had been the night before, a circumstance which annoyed him because they were not likely to remedy the situation very soon. Don Quixote did not want to have breakfast because, as has been stated, he lived on sweet memories. They continued on the road to Puerto Lápice, and, around three in the afternoon, they beheld this mountain pass.

“Here, my brother”, said Don Quixote when he saw it, “we can embrace what they call adventures. I must tell you that you are not allowed to help me anymore: if the greatest danger in the world threatened me, you would not draw your sword to defend me. Of course, you can rescue me when the attackers are scoundrels and ordinary people. As for the gentlemen, the laws of chivalry stipulate that people like you cannot help people like me until they are knighted.”

“This must be true, sir”, replied Sancho. “Your Lordship will be obeyed without question, all the more so because I am a peaceful man: I don’t argue with people. However, when it comes to protecting myself, I won’t pay much attention to those laws, since laws, both human and divine, allow each man to protect himself against anyone who tries to offend him.”

“You are right”, responded Don Quixote, “but as for helping me when a gentleman defies me, you will have to restrain your impulses.”

“I will do so”, said Sancho. “I will observe this precept as faithfully as I keep the Sabbath holy.”

As they were speaking, two Benedictine friars appeared on the road. They were riding two tall mules; Don Quixote mistook them for dromedaries! They wore traveling spectacles and carried parasols. Behind them came a coach followed by four or five men on horseback and two muleteers on foot. In the coach, as was discovered later, was a lady from Biscay on her way to Seville in order to bid farewell to her husband, who was preparing to journey to the Indies in order to take up an important post. The friars were not traveling with her, although their route was the same. As soon as Don Quixote saw them, he said to his squire:

"Either I am mistaken or this is going to be the most famous adventure ever seen, for those black figures you see over there must be, without a doubt, enchanters who are traveling in a coach with a princess they have captured. I must do all I can to right this wrong."

"This will be worse than the windmills", murmured Sancho. "Sir, those people are Benedictine friars and the coach must belong to a traveler. You must believe me, for the Devil is about to fool you."

"Sancho, I have already told you", replied Don Quixote, "that you're just an apprentice in the field of adventures. What I say is true; you are going to see it."

Having said this, he rode forward and stopped in the middle of the road along which the friars were coming. When they were close enough to be almost heard, he shouted:

"You devilish, monstrous creatures, release at once the highborn princesses whom you detain in that coach, or else prepare to get the punishment your evil deeds imply: immediate death."

The friars pulled on the reins. They were surprised at Don Quixote's appearance and statement. One of them said:

"Sir, we are neither devilish nor monstrous; we are two holy men belonging to the Benedictine order of monks; we are traveling. We don't know whether there are captive princesses in that coach or not."

"I don't believe your honeyed words", said Don Quixote. "I know who you are, perfidious scoundrels!"

Without waiting for any further reply, he spurred Rocinante, lowered his lance, and attacked the first friar with so much ferocity and courage that if he had not jumped from the mule above the ground, he would have been thrown to the ground and seriously injured or even killed. The second religious, seeing how his companion had been treated, pressed his legs against the flanks of his tall mule and began to gallop across the fields: the animal, lighter than the wind, seemed to fly.

Sancho Panza, who saw the man on the ground, dismounted nimbly, rushed over to the friar and began to remove his habit. The two mule drivers who accompanied the holy men came over and asked why he was taking off the monk's garments. Sancho replied that the friar's garments belonged to him as legitimate spoils of the battle that his master Don Quixote had just won. However, the muleteers had no sense of humor, nor did they know anything about spoils or battles. Seeing that Don Quixote had moved away and was talking to the occupants of the coach, they pounced on Sancho, threw him to the ground and, without allowing him to justify himself to them, they hit him many times. Sancho found himself lying on the ground; he had passed out. All of a sudden, the friar remounted. He looked pale and was trembling

with fear. He soon reached the place where his companion was. The latter was waiting for him a good distance away, wondering what the outcome of the attack would be. They did not want to wait for the end of the fray; they resumed their journey, crossing themselves more than if the Devil was chasing them.

Don Quixote, as has been said, was talking to a lady in the coach. He said:

"Madam, your beauty can now allow you to do whatever you want, for the arrogance of your abductors lies on the ground, overthrown by my strong arm. In order that you may not have trouble finding the name of your liberator, I am going to introduce myself to you: I am don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, adventurer and captive of the peerless Lady Toboso. As a reward for my help, I only ask you to return to El Toboso so that, on my behalf, you may pay your respects to Her Ladyship and tell her that it was I who set you free."

One of the squires of the caravan, a Biscayan, was listening to Don Quixote's words. When he understood that he would not allow the coach to move forward, since he had said it would have to go to El Toboso, he approached Don Quixote, rose his lance, and, in bad Castilian and even worse Basque, he said:

"Move apart, wicked knight, for, by the God who raised me, I swear that if you do not let this coach pass, this Biscayan will kill you. This is as sure as you are here."

Don Quixote understood him very well and quietly replied:

"You are not a knight, but if you had been one, I would already have punished your foolishness and audacity, vicious creature."

To which the Biscayan replied:

"I am not a knight? As a Christian, I swear to God that you lie like the Devil. The Biscayan is a lord on earth and at sea; the one who would dare to say the opposite would be a liar. Throw away the lance and draw the sword so that we may establish the truth."

"'You are going to see it', said Agrajes!", declaimed Don Quixote.

He threw his lance to the ground, drew his sword, grasped his shield and attacked the Biscayan in order to slay him. The latter saw his adversary approach. He would have liked to dismount from his mule, for he mistrusted it since it was a low-quality animal for hire. There was no time for this. So he had no choice but to draw his sword. Fortunately, he was next to the coach: he snatched a cushion and used it as a shield. Then they began to duel as if they were arch-enemies. The rest of the people tried to settle the dispute between the two warriors, but could not, for the Biscayan said in his patois that if they did not let him finish his fight, he would kill his own servant and everyone else who would get in his way. The lady in the coach, amazed and fearful, had the coachman drive some distance away. From there, she watched the deadly duel, in the course of which the Biscayan stabbed Don Quixote in the shoulder, over the top of the latter's shield. If the knight had not been clad in armor, the blow would have split him to the waist.

Don Quixote felt the pain of that big blow and cried:

"O Dulcinea, owner of my soul, flower of beauty, come and help your champion, who finds himself in this perilous situation because he wants to fulfill all your wishes!"

He uttered this; then he grasped his sword, protected himself with his shield and attacked the Biscayan. He was determined to risk everything on a single stroke. The Biscayan saw Don Quixote approach. He knew that this man was really

courageous, which led him to imitate him. He waited for him, shielded by his cushion. He could not ride his mule anymore because the beast was exhausted and did not stand this childish demeanor. It was just unable to take a single step.

As has been stated, Don Quixote was charging towards the wary Biscayan, his sword raised, with the firm resolve to cut him in half. The Biscayan, hiding behind his pillow, his sword also raised, was waiting for him. All the onlookers were trembling with fear. They were wondering what would happen as a result of the terrible blows they threatened to deliver to each other. The lady in the coach and her maids were making a thousand vows and offerings to all the holy images and shrines in Spain so that God might save them all, including the squire, from the great danger that was threatening them.

Unfortunately, at this very point, the author of this book breaks off and leaves the battle pending. He apologizes because he has found nothing else written about the adventures of Don Quixote other than what he has already recounted. Obviously, the second author of this book does not want to believe that so unusual a chronicle should respect the laws of oblivion. He believes that the scholars of La Mancha are thorough: they hold in their archives or writing tables documents that substantiate the story of this famous knight. Hence, with this thought in mind, he does not despair of discovering the end of this interesting story. With Heaven's help, he will find it and will recount it in the second part of this book.

PART TWO

CHAPTER IX.

The end of the stupendous battle between
the courageous Biscayan and the valiant Manchegan.

In the first part of this story we left the valorous Biscayan and the famous Don Quixote with their swords unsheathed and raised. They were about to deliver two furious blows which would have split the opponents in two and opened them from top to bottom like pomegranates if they had been delivered. At that moment, which was full of uncertainty, this interesting story stopped, and the author did not inform us of the place where the rest was hiding.

I felt very upset; the pleasure of having read a small part of his charming adventures was turning into disgust since I knew how difficult it would be to come upon the larger part which, in my opinion, was missing. It seemed that it was impossible and unorthodox. A worthy knight like him deserved to have his exceptional deeds recorded by an historian, for that was something that had happened to none of the knights-errant who, as people say, look for adventure. Each of them had one or two chroniclers who not only recorded their deeds, but depicted their most trivial thoughts and childish actions, no matter how secret they might be; so good a knight could not be so unfortunate as to lack what Platir and others like him had in

abundance. So I did not dare to believe that this interesting story could have remained incomplete. I blamed the malignity of Time: an ogre who devours all things and who had either hidden it away or consumed it.

On the other hand, I thought that since they had found in his house books as modern as *The Disenchantment of Jealousy* and *The Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares*, his history also had to be modern so that, although it was not written down, the people from his village and from other villages nearby might remember it. This confusing thought led me to search for the true story, the whole story of the life and miracles of our famous Spaniard, Don Quixote de la Mancha, light and mirror of the chivalry of La Mancha, the first in our age and in these calamitous times to devote himself to knight-errantry in order to right wrongs, help widows and protect virgins who, on horseback and with a riding whip in hand, used to go from mountain to mountain and from valley to valley. Of course, at times, an idler, or a peasant, or a gigantic giant used to rape them. However, in times past, there were maidens who never slept under a roof and who, aged eighty, were buried in the state of purity they possessed when their mothers had given birth to them.

For these and many other reasons, I say that our gallant don Quixote is deserving of endless praise. I invested a lot of time and energy in the discovery of the other parts of this pleasing story. However, if Heaven, good fortune and circumstances had not helped me, the attentive readers would have been deprived of almost two hours of entertainment and pleasure. I discovered the rest of this story as follows...

One day when I was walking along the street of Alcaná in Toledo, a lad came up to sell some big old folders and other papers to a silk merchant who was there. As I like to read anything, including pieces of paper I find on the ground, I followed my natural inclination and grasped one of the big folders the boy was selling. At once I noticed it contained a book written in Arabic. I recognized the letters, but I was unable to read them. So I looked around to see if there was any Spanish-speaking Morisco who would be able to read them. It was not very difficult to find this kind of interpreter here. If I had needed a Hebrew translator, it would have been very easy to find one too. In short, fortune provided me with an Arabic-speaking convert to Roman Catholicism. I told him what I wanted and placed the book in his hands. He opened it in the middle, read a few pages and started to laugh. I asked him why he was laughing; he replied that there was something funny written in a footnote. I asked him to tell me what it was, and, still laughing, he said:

"As I told you, it is something written in this footnote: 'It is said that Dulcinea del Toboso, a name that appears a lot in this book, is the women who makes the best ham in La Mancha; no other woman can surpass her.'"

When I heard him say Dulcinea del Toboso, I stopped breathing: those folders contained the history of Don Quixote! With this thought in mind, I urged him to read the beginning, which he did, translating from Arabic into Castilian with ease. He thus said: *History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, written by Cid Hamete Benengeli, Arab historian.

I hid the joy I felt when I heard the title. Acting more quickly than the silk merchant, I bought all the papers and folders from the boy for half a real. If he had been cleverer and had known how much I wanted them, he certainly would have asked and received more than six reales for the lot. Then I went with the lad to the

cloister of the cathedral and asked him to translate the papers that were in these big folders, especially the pages that dealt with Don Quixote. I stipulated that I did not want him to change the original text. I offered him whatever payment he might desire. He was satisfied with 11 kg of raisins and 100 kg of wheat. He promised to translate them well, faithfully and quickly. However, in order to facilitate the process and keep an eye on him, I took the lad home with me, where, in a little more than a month and a half, he translated the entire story just as it is recounted here.

In the first folder, there was a realistic description of the battle between Don Quixote and the Biscayan, the two being in the same posture as recounted in the story: their swords raised, one protected by his shield, the other hiding behind his cushion. The description of the Biscayan's mule was so accurate that everybody could understand it was an animal for hire. There was a picture of the Biscayan at the bottom of which his name appeared: Don Sancho de Azpeitia. Underneath the picture of Rocinante was another inscription: "Don Quixote". The horse was well painted; one could see its short stature, its thinness, its prominent backbone and its week constitution. Everybody could understand why it had been named Rocinante. Next to him was the picture of Sancho Panza. He was holding the halter of his ass. Below was a caption that said: "Sancho Zancas [shanks]". The image showed that he had a big belly, a short body and long shanks, which is why he was named Panza and Zancas. From time to time, this story calls him by both these surnames. There are other small details that could be mentioned, but they are of little importance and have nothing to do with the veracity of the story; no story is bad so long as it is true.

If any objection can be raised regarding its veracity, it can only be that its author was an Arab: the people who belongs to that nation are liars. Since they are great enemies of ours, we can assume that he removed details rather than add ones. Hence, I think that where he should have detailed the exploits performed by hour good knights, he maliciously passed over them, which is stupid since what historians write must be accurate, true and serene. Neither interest, nor fear, no rancor, nor passion should make them deviate from the truth, whose mother is history, the enemy of time, repository of great deeds, witness to the past, example and adviser to the present and a warning given to the future. In the second part of this book, I know you will find what you want to find in a pleasant tale. Should there be an omission, it would be the fault of the wicked author rather than that of the subject. In short, the second part, according to the translation, began as follows.

The two valiant, sulky warriors had raised their sharp swords; they seemed to threaten the sky, the earth and the abyss: such was their boldness and bearing. The first to strike a blow was the angry Biscayan. It was delivered with so much force and fury that if his sword had not been deflected in mid-air, that single movement would have put an end to this fierce combat and all the adventures of our knight. However, good fortune, which wanted him to achieve greater goals, twisted the sword of his adversary: it struck his left shoulder, but it only crushed the armor, broke a part of the helmet and cut half an ear. All this fell to the ground; this amazing fall revealed a pitiful warrior.

Lord Jesus, please help me! Who could accurately describe the rage that streamed into the heart of our Manchegan when he saw himself so mistreated? I shouldn't tell you this, but he stood again in the stirrups, grabbed hold of his sword

with both hands and struck his opponent with ire. He hit the cushion and his head. The parry was useless; it was as if a mountain had fallen upon him. The Biscayan began to bleed from the nose, mouth and ears. It seemed that he was about to fall from his mule. He would have undoubtedly fallen if he had not seized the animal's neck. Nonetheless, his feet slipped out of the stirrups, his grip loosened and the mule, frightened by the terrible blow, started to run across the fields, bucked a few times and threw his rider to the ground.

Don Quixote watched the scene very calmly. When he saw his enemy fall, he jumped from his horse above the ground, ran over to him and pointed his sword at his face. He ordered him to surrender, or else he would cut his head off. The Biscayan was so bewildered that he was unable to utter a word. Don Quixote's uncontrolled ire would have led to a catastrophe if the ladies in the coach, who had watched the battle and were filled with horror, had not approached him and begged him with many blandishments to spare their squire's life. To which Don Quixote replied with haughtiness and gravity:

"Of course, lovely ladies, I will be very happy to do as you ask, but on condition that this man promise to go to El Toboso in order to present himself, on my behalf, before the peerless Dulcinea so that he may be at her disposal."

The frightened, distressed ladies did not understand what he was talking about. Without asking who Dulcinea was, they promised that the squire would do everything she would ask him to do.

"Since I believe what you said, I will do him no more harm, although he does deserve it", concluded don Quixote.

CHAPTER X.

The amusing conversation between
Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, his squire.

By this time Sancho Panza had regained consciousness; he had been slightly beaten by the servants of the friars. He had watched the battle attentively and said prayers so that God might allow his master to win, which would win him an island where he would become a governor, as our knight had promised. Seeing that the combat was over and the knight was about to remount Rocinante, he came to hold the stirrups for him, but before Don Quixote mounted, Sancho fell to his knees before him, grasped his hand, kissed it and said:

"May it please Your Lordship to grant me the governorship of the island you have won in this fierce combat. Its size won't be a problem, for I know I am strong enough to govern it as well as anyone else who has ever governed islands in this world."

To which Don Quixote replied:

"I can tell you, Sancho, that this adventure and other similar ones have nothing to do with islands: they deal with crossroads! Here you gain nothing but a broken head or a missing ear. Be patient, for there will be other adventures in the course of which you will become a governor and even more!"

Sancho thanked him profusely. After kissing his hand again and the skirt of his armor, he helped him to mount Rocinante. Then he mounted his donkey and began to follow his master, who neither spoke nor said goodbye to the people in the coach. Our knight trotted across the fields and went into a nearby wood. Sancho followed him as fast as his beast could, but Rocinante moved so quickly that the ass and its rider were left behind. Sancho shouted across to Don Quixote to tell him to wait for him. Don Quixote did so, pulling on Rocinante's reins until his weary squire had reached him.

"Sir, I think", said Sancho, "that we should take refuge in some church. In fact, your opponent was so badly injured that it won't be long before they tell the Holy Brotherhood what happened. They might arrest us. Should they do this, we would have to sweat blood to get out of prison."

"Be quiet", said Don Quixote. "I don't know where you have heard or read such nonsense, but I can assure you that knights-errant are never brought to justice no matter how many *homicides* they have committed?"

"I don't know anything about *mycids*", replied Sancho. "You see, I have never hated anybody. All I know is that the Holy Brotherhood takes care of people who fight in the countryside, which is not my cup of tea."

"Don't panic!", exclaimed Don Quixote, "for I will free you from the Chaldeans and the policemen of the Holy Brotherhood. By the way, have you ever seen a more valorous knight than I anywhere on Earth? Have you read in books of chivalry the story of any other knight who was more spirited when he attacked, more inflexible when he attacked again, more dexterous when he injured opponents, or more skilled when he crushed them?

"In truth", replied Sancho, "I have never read any book of chivalry whatsoever, for I do not know how to read or write, but I swear that, in all the days of my life, I have never served a more courageous master than Your Lordship. I only hope that your courage will not land you in prison. Allow me to do something for that ear, for there is a lot of blood coming out of it. In my saddlebags, there are bandages and a bit of white ointment."

"We don't need that", said Don Quixote. "It's a pity that I have forgotten to bring along a vial of Fierabrás' balm: one drop saves both time and medicines."

"What vial and what balm?", inquired Sancho Panza.

"It's a medicine", replied Don Quixote. "I know the recipe by heart. Thanks to it, there's no need to fear death or injuries. I am going to make some of it and give it to you. When you see, in any battle, my body cut in two, which often happens, you will have to take the part that will be lying on the ground, before the blood dries up, and fit it very neatly and with great care to the other part that will remain in the saddle; you will have to adjust it evenly and exactly. Then you will give me only two mouthfuls of the balm I have mentioned, and I will be as healthy as an apple."

"In that case", said Sancho, "I renounce my claim to the governorship of the island you promised me. I want nothing else in payment for my many good services but the recipe for the great liquor of Your Lordship. I think that an ounce of it will bring more than two reales anywhere, and I don't need more than that to live an easy, honorable life. May I ask you how much it costs to make it?"

Don Quixote said to him: "for less than three reales you can make two liters."

"Sinner that I am!", exclaimed Sancho. "Your Lordship, why don't you make some at once and show me how you make it?"

"Hush, my friend", responded don Quixote, "I will tell you greater secrets that will be more useful. For now, let us treat these wounds, for my ear hurts a lot.

Sancho took the bandages and the ointment from his saddlebags. When Don Quixote saw that his helmet had been broken, he almost had hysterics. He grasped his sword and, looking up, he cried:

"I promise to the Creator of all things and to the four holy Gospels where the events are recorded in minute detail that I will live the life of the great Marquis of Mantua. He wanted to avenge the death of his nephew Valdovinos and swore that he would stop eating meals around a table, lying with his wife and doing a few other things I don't remember, but which are included in my statement. I swear I will behave in this way until this great wrong is righted."

When he heard these words, Sancho said:

"May I remind Your Lordship that if the knight fulfills what you commanded him to do, which is to present himself before lady Dulcinea del Toboso, then the dispute will be settled. He won't deserve to be punished unless he commits another crime."

"You have made your point!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "Thus, I revoke the part of the vow that deals with punishing him more. Nonetheless, I confirm what I said about living the life of the Marquis of Mantua until I take by force the helmet of a knight, which will be as good as this one. You know, I do this on purpose. I want to imitate someone: the same thing happened, in the same way, to Mambrino, which cost Sacripante dearly."

"Send your vows to Hell!", said Sancho. "They endanger health and conscience. Tell me, what will we do if, for many days, we don't meet a man wearing a helmet? Will we have to keep our vow and stand all the inconveniences and discomforts, like sleeping in our clothes in the open air and a thousand other acts of penance contained in the vow of that crazy old man the Marquis of Mantua, which you want to renew now? You see, no armed men travel along these roads. They are only mule drivers and wagon drivers. They don't wear helmets; they don't even know what a helmet is."

"You are mistaken", said Don Quixote, "for, in less than two hours' time at these crossroads, we will see more armed men than those who witnessed the siege of Albraca, when Angelica the Fair was defeated."

"Very well, then", said Sancho. "I hope God will bless us so that I may, at last, win that island that is costing me dearly. It would be a great relief."

"Sancho, I have already told you not to worry about that. Should there be no island, you would get the kingdom of Denmark or that of Sobradisa, which would fit like a glove. Besides, you should be happy to be on terra firma. But let us forget this for now. Open the saddlebags to see if there is something to eat. After dinner, we will go in search of some castle where we may spend the night and prepare the balm I mentioned, for I swear to God that my ear hurts a lot."

"I have found an onion, a bit of cheese and a few crusts of bread", said Sancho, "but this kind of food cannot suit a knight as valiant as Your Lordship."

"You are so ignorant!", replied Don Quixote. "Sancho, allow me to tell you that pride compels knights-errant to fast for a month. When they stop fasting, they eat

whatever they find near at hand. You would certainly know that if you had read as many books of chivalry as I. However, in many of them, I haven't found any mention of knights eating unless it was by chance or at some sumptuous banquet offered in their honor; the rest of the time they did not eat a lot. Obviously, they had to eat and follow the laws of nature because they were people like us. Most of the time, they were outdoors, in isolated areas, without a cook. Hence, they would eat simple food, like what you offer me now. Sancho, my friend, you don't have to worry about my taste. You must not try to make the world over again or change the nature of knight-errantry."

"I beg your pardon", said Sancho. "Since I don't know how to read or write, as I told you before, I therefore pay no attention to the rules of the chivalric profession. From now on, I will stuff my saddlebags with all types of dried fruit for Your Lordship, because you are a knight. Since I am not a gentleman, I'll fill them with poultry and more substantial food."

"Sancho, I am not saying", replied Don Quixote, "that knights-errant must eat only the food you mentioned; what I am saying is that their ordinary sustenance must include dried fruit and a few plants that grow in the fields and with which they are well acquainted, as am I myself."

"It is a good idea", said Sancho, "to know those plants, for I think that one day we will have to use that knowledge."

He took out the things he had mentioned, and the two friends ate peacefully. They still wanted to find accommodation for the night; they quickly finished their humble dry meal. They then mounted and hurried to reach a village before nightfall. Unfortunately, the sun failed them: the hope of achieving their goal dissolved in sunset. As the day ended, they found themselves beside some goatherds' huts. So they decided to spend the night there. Sancho was disappointed not to reach a town; his master was happy to sleep outdoors, for it seemed to him that each time this occurred, it was another certificate that helped to prove his claim to knighthood.

CHAPTER XI.

What happened to Don Quixote
when he met a few goatherds.

He was welcomed cheerfully by the goatherds. Sancho did his best to tend to the needs of Rocinante and his donkey. He followed the aroma coming from the pieces of goat meat that were cooking in a pot set in the fireplace. He would have liked to see if they were ready to be transferred from the pot to a stomach. He did not try to taste the food because the goatherds removed the pot from the fire, spread a few sheepskins on the ground, hastily laid their rustic table and, in a friendly manner, invited them both to share what they had. After they had urged Don Quixote, with rustic politeness, to seat himself upon a small trough which they had turned upside down for the purpose, the six men who composed this flock sat down around the skins. Then Don Quixote sat down. Sancho remained standing to serve him and fill his cup, which was made of horn. His master saw him standing. He said:

"So that you may see, Sancho, the qualities of knight-errantry and how its members, no matter what they do, are highly respected after a short period of time, I

want you to sit beside me and these good people. You will resemble I, who am your master and natural lord. You will use my plate and my glass because knight-errantry looks like love: it makes all things equal."

"Thank you very much", said Sancho, "but I can tell Your Lordship that if I ate something good, I would eat just as well or better standing up and alone as I would seated beside an emperor. In truth, what I eat, even if it's bread and onion, tastes better when I eat it in my bedroom, without decorum. I prefer this to a delicious turkey served in a banquet where I would have to chew slowly, not drink too much, wipe my mouth a lot, not sneeze or cough, or do other things solitude and freedom permit. So, my lord, the privilege you want to grant me for being a servant and a member of knight-errantry, which I am since I am your squire, should turn into other things that would be more convenient and enjoyable. Consequently, I thank you for this privilege, but I renounce it now and forever."

"Despite all that", said Don Quixote, "you must sit down, for God praises the man who humbles himself."

Seizing his squire's arm, he compelled him to sit beside him.

The goatherds did not understand all this chivalric jargon. They ate, kept silent and look at their guests, who, with elegance and appetite, were devouring pieces of goat meat as big as their fists. When the meat course was finished, they laid out, upon the sheepskins, a great quantity of dried acorns and half a cheese, which was as hard as mortar. The drinking horn was not asleep: it kept going round, sometimes full, sometimes empty, like the bucket of a water wheel. In the blink of an eye, they emptied one of the two wineskins that were next to them. After Don Quixote had filled his stomach, he picked up a handful of acorns and, gazing at them, declaimed:

"Happy the age and happy those centuries called golden by the ancients, not because gold, which, in our age of iron, is so highly esteemed, could be found with no effort, but because those who lived in that time did not know these two words: yours and mine! In that blessed age, all things belonged to the community. No man, for his daily sustenance, needed to do more than raise his hand and touch the oak tree that beckoned him to pick its delicious sweet acorns. The transparent springs and rushing streams used to offer him palatable crystal-clear water in abundance. The diligent, clever bees established their colonies in the cracks of the rocks and the hollows of the trees. They freely offered to any hand the fertile harvest of their sweet labor. The strong cork trees undressed of their own volition to cover the villagers' dwellings with their rags and protect them from the inclement skies. Peace, concord and friendship reigned over the Earth. The crooked plow had not yet dared to open or violate the pious bowels of our primeval mother, for, without being forced to do it, she opened the gates of her wide fertile garden in order to feed, water and delight the sons who possessed her. Back then, the simple beautiful young ladies, with their plain coiffure, would roam from valley to valley and hillock to hillock. They wore the garments fashioned by chastity, which chastely covered what had to be covered. Their adornments were not those that are used today: silk fabric tortured by imperial dye. They wore a few green burdock leaves and entwined ivy vines. Nonetheless, they were as sophisticated and elegant as our female courtiers, who favor rare exotic clothes designed by idle curiosity. In those days, the amorous thoughts of the simple souls expressed themselves in the manner that they had been conceived: without verbose

trickery that is aimed at increasing their value. Fraud, deceit, and malice had not yet come to mingle with truth and frankness. Justice stood on her own ground: favor and self-interest did not dare to disturb or offend her. Subjectivity had not yet bewildered the mind of the judges, for there was nothing to judge, and nobody was judged. Young ladies and chastity, as I have said, would go wherever they wanted to go. They were alone and free to do whatever they wished to do. They did not have to fear dishonor because of men's boldness and lascivious conduct. It was their volition and desires that led them to be on the road to perdition. In our detestable age, no girl is safe, even if she hides and shuts herself in a new labyrinth looking like the one in Crete. Actually, her prison does not protect her from the amorous pestilence and its accursed love affairs, which enter this fortress through the cracks in the walls or thanks to the wind. Then she falls from grace. As time went on and wickedness increased, knight-errantry was instituted in order to protect those girls, all the damsels, the widows, the orphans and the needy. Brothers, this is the order to which I belong, and my squire and I thank you for your kindness and hospitality. Natural law compels all men to help knights-errant, but I know that you did not know this rule. However, you received and entertained me, which is why my volition wants to thank your volition."

This useless long speech was delivered by our knight because the acorns they had given him made him remember the Golden Age. Hence, he felt like making it. Stupefied and perplexed, the goatherds listened without uttering a word. Sancho was silent too. He was eating acorns and kept drinking from the second wineskin, which had been hung from a cork tree to cool the wine.

Don Quixote spent more time speaking than it took to finish supper, but when it was finished, one of the goatherds said:

"So that you may insistently say that we welcomed you with unquestioning goodwill, we would like to please you and introduce you to one of our friends, a singer who will be here soon. He is a smart young fellow who is very much in love. Moreover, he knows how to read and write, and he can play the rebec, which is the cherry on the cake."

No sooner had the goatherd said this than the sound of the rebec reached their ears; a short while later, the musician appeared: he was a good-looking boy around twenty-two years of age. His companions asked him if he had eaten; when he replied that he had, the one who had spoken to Don Quixote said to him:

"That means, Antonio, that you are going to delight us with a few songs so that this gentleman, who is our guest, may see that in the forests and on the mountains there are people who can play music. We told him that you are an educated boy; now we want you to show him that we told the truth. So I beg you to sit down and sing the ballad about your love affair, the one the villagers like so much and which was composed for you by your uncle, the priest.

"With great pleasure", replied the lad.

He did not wait to be asked a second time; he sat on the trunk of a fallen oak tree, tuned his instrument and happily began to sing.

ANTONIO'S SONG.

I know, Olalla, that you adore me,

Although you haven't told it to me,
Not even with your eyes
Which speak the language of love.

l know that you are discreet
And that you adore me;
When love shows
It is never unhappy.

It is true that, at times, Olalla,
You revealed that
Your soul was made of bronze
And that your heart was a white boulder.

Behind your reproaches
And your honest indifference,
Hope hardly conceals
The edge of her gown.

My faith lunges at the bait.
Yet it has not been able to decrease,
For it has never been called;
It has not been able to grow, for it has never been noticed.

I guess that
If Love is courteous,
The conclusion of my hopes
Will resemble what I had imagined.

If devotion can tame
A heart of stone,
Mine will
Plead my cause.

For, if you have examined it,
More than once you have noticed that
What illumines my Sundays
Clothes my Mondays:

Love and clothes
Follow the same pathway;
I always wanted to be well-dressed
Each time I met you.

Let's forget the dances
l have danced before you

And the serenades I have sung
Until daybreak.

I am not going to repeat the good things
I said about your beauty;
Although they are true,
They led many girls to hate me.

Once I praise you and
Teresa del Berrocal said to me:
“You think you love an angel,
But she is just a she-monkey.

Thanks to all her trinkets,
Her wigs
And her deceitful beauty tricks,
She fools love."

I said she lied; she grew angry;
Her cousin came to help her.
Then he provoked me:
You know what he and I did.

I do love you,
Which is why I don’t want you
To become my paramour;
My goal is nobler:

The chains of marriage
Are everlasting bonds;
Place your head underneath this yoke,
For I want to place mine.

Should you reject my proposal,
I would leave these mountains
To become a Capuchin friar.
I swear on the holiest saint that I would do this.

The goatherd ended his song here. Although Don Quixote asked him to sing something else, Sancho Panza did not accept it because he wanted to sleep, not to hear songs. So he said to his master:

“Your Lordship, you ought to decide now where you’re going to spend the night; the work these good men do all day doesn’t allow them to spend their nights singing.”

“I understand, Sancho”, replied Don Quixote. “I know that the visits you paid to the wineskin call for sleep rather than music.”

“For God’s sake, we all need to sleep”, exclaimed Sancho.

"Which is true", said his master. "Settle yourself wherever you want; knights-errant prefer to keep vigil rather than sleep. Anyway, Sancho, you should have a look at my ear, for it hurts more than it should."

Sancho obeyed. When he saw the wound, one of the goatherds told him not to worry, for he would give him a remedy that would heal it right away. He picked some rosemary leaves, which grew there in abundance. He chewed them, mixed them with a bit of salt, applied them to Don Quixote's ear and bandaged the wound carefully. Then he assured him that no other medicine was needed, which was true.

CHAPTER XII.

The story that one of the goatherds
told to Don Quixote and the others.

At this moment, another young man joined them. He had brought the goatherds supplies from the village. He inquired:

"My friends, do you know what has happened in the village?"

"How could we know?", answered one of the men.

"In that case", the lad went on, "I must tell you that the famous student and shepherd named Grisóstomo died this morning. It is said that he died because of his love affair with Marcela, the wicked girl who is the daughter of Guillermo, a wealthy man; she dresses up as a shepherdess and wanders these deserted places."

"A love affair with Marcela!", repeated one of them.

"That's what I'm telling you", replied the goatherd. "I must say that there is something strange about this: he wrote a will in which he said that he wanted to be buried in the countryside, as if he were a Moor. His grave should be at the foot of the massive boulder where the Spring Of The Cork Tree is located. People know, because he told it to them, that this is where he saw her for the first time. He also asked for some other things, but the clergymen of the village say they must not be carried out because they look like pagan practices. Grisóstomo's good friend, Ambrosio, a student who also dresses up as a shepherd, says that Grisóstomo instructions must be obeyed to the letter. The village is in uproar over this. Nevertheless, people are saying that, in the end, they will do what Ambrosio and his shepherd friends want: tomorrow, they will bury him with pomp and circumstance in the place that I have mentioned. I think it will be something worth seeing. I will go and see it, even though I'm supposed to go back to the village tomorrow."

"We will all do the same", said the other goatherds. "We will flip the coin to see who will have to stay to watch the goats."

"That's a good idea, Pedro", said one of them, "but you won't have to flip the coin: I will stay here to take care of your flocks. Don't think it's because I'm good or not very curious, it's just because the sharp branch I stepped on the other day makes it hard for me to walk."

"It doesn't matter; we all thank you", said Pedro.

Don Quixote asked Pedro to tell him more about the dead man and the shepherdess. Pedro replied that all he knew was that Grisóstomo was a wealthy gentleman, an inhabitant of a nearby village. He had studied for many years at the

university of Salamanca. Then he had returned to his birthplace. He had a reputation for being learned and well-read.

Pedro went on:

"People used to say that he knew about the science of the stars, which deals with the orbit of the sun and the moon. For instance, he predicted their *clips*..."

"Eclipse, my friend, not clips", said Don Quixote, "is the name applied to those big lights when they darken."

Pedro did not pay attention to this trifle and went on:

"He could also tell when the land would be productive and when it would be *stylish*..."

"My friend, you mean sterile", said Don Quixote.

"Sterile or stylish", said Pedro, "it's all the same in the end. I just want to say that his father and his friends, who believed in him, used to take his advice, which is why they became rich, for he would say to them: 'This year, sow barley and not wheat; now, sow chickpeas and not barley; next year there will be a good production of oil, but the three following years you will not get a drop.'"

"This science is called astrology", explained Don Quixote.

"I don't know its name", replied Pedro, "but I can tell you that he knew all this and even more. Finally, not many months after he returned from Salamanca, one day, he appeared dressed as a shepherd, with a crook and a sheepskin jacket instead of the long gown he wore when he was a student. A close friend of his named Ambrosio, who had studied with him in Salamanca, also dressed as a shepherd. I forgot to tell you that Grisóstomo, the deceased, used to compose beautiful verses; he even wrote the carols for Christmas Eve and the plays that were performed at Corpus Christi by the lads of our village. Everybody said they were well composed. When the villagers saw the two ex-students dressed like that, they were surprised and couldn't figure out why they had changed their minds so drastically. It was about that time that Grisóstomo's father died. He inherited a large fortune composed of furniture, fields, houses, lots of flocks, and a considerable sum of money; the young man was the sole owner of all this. To tell you the truth, he deserved it, for he was a very good companion, a charitable man and a friend of good people: his face was illumined by God's kindness. Later on, people discovered that if he had changed the way he dressed, it was due to his love for Marcela: he could wander through these isolated places in order to chase up the shepherdess whose identity had been disclosed by him before. Now I'd like to tell you something because you must know it. You may have heard or you may not have heard of something like this. Should you live longer than *scabies*, you would not hear of anything as weird as this."

"You mean Sarah", replied Don Quixote, who did no tolerate the goatherd's confusion of words.

"Scabies lasts long", said Pedro. "Sir, if you keep correcting every word I say, I will never finish my story."

"Pardon me, my friend", said Don Quixote, "I mentioned it only because there is a huge difference between scabies and Sarah; but your answer is very good, for the itch lives longer than Sarah. Go on with your story: I will not contradict you anymore."

"Well, sir, I was about to say", the goatherd went on, "that in our hamlet there was a farmer who was richer than Grisóstomo's father. His name was Guillermo. God

gave him not only great wealth but also a daughter whose mother died when she gave birth to her; that good woman was the most virtuous woman in this area. I remember her shining visage, which rivaled the sun and the moon. She was a hardworking housewife who used to help the poor. For this reason, I believe that her soul, at this very moment, must be enjoying God's presence in Paradise. Sorrow killed Guillermo; he left his daughter Marcela behind. Now she was a wealthy girl whose guardian was her uncle: the parish priest. The girl grew up; her beauty reminded us of her mother's, which was great; people thought the daughter would be even prettier. When she reached the age of fourteen or fifteen, no man could look at her without thanking God, for he had made her really beautiful; most of them fell madly in love with her. Her uncle kept her in most of the time. However, everybody knew she was pretty and rich: the young men of our village, and the best of those who lived in this area, kept asking her uncle to allow them to marry her. He, a good Christian, which is not an overstatement, wanted her to get married when she would be of age. He wished to ask for her consent. He did not care about the money he would earn from the girl's estate if he delayed her marriage. There were murmurings of disapproval in the village. Sir, I can tell you that, in these isolated places, people talk and gossip about everything. So you can be sure, as I am, that a priest is exceptional when his parishioners, especially those who live in villages, speak highly of him.

"That is true", said Don Quixote, "but go on: I like your story very much. Pedro, you are a good storyteller."

"Thanks to Lord's grace, which never fails me. As for the rest, it is said that the uncle suggested names to his niece and described the qualities of each of the many men who wanted to marry her. He kept telling her to choose and marry the man she preferred, but she never said anything except that she didn't want to get married because she was too young and overwhelmed by the implications of matrimony. These reasons seemed fair; her uncle stopped bothering her; he thought that when she would get older she would be able to choose a man she liked. He used to say, and rightly so, that parents had to allow their children to make their own decisions. One day, to everybody's surprise, the finicky Marcela turned shepherdess; without paying any attention to her uncle or to the villagers who advised against it, she decided to imitate the other girls: watch over the flocks and wander through the fields. She started to appear in public: her beauty was not hidden anymore. I can tell you that many wealthy bachelors, either noblemen or farmers, began to dress like Grisóstomo in order to flirt with her in the fields. One of them, as I have said, was the deceased. His love had turned into adulation. Although Marcela was free and almost never stayed at home, neither her demureness nor her virtue had been questioned. In fact, she was so prudish that none of her suitors could truly say that she had made him believe that she would fulfill his hope. This girl doesn't flee from the company or conversation of the shepherds; she treats them with courtesy and friendship. When one of them reveals his intentions, even the ones that are as honest and holy as matrimony, she adamantly rejects them. Her demeanor does more harm in this area than the plague: her beauty and affability attract the hearts of those who want to serve and love her, but her disdain and opposition lead them to despair. They don't know what to say to her; they just call her cruel and ungrateful, along with other similar epithets that reveal their point of view. Sir, if you were to stay a few days here, you would hear these fields and

valleys echo with the laments of the disappointed men who accompany her. Not very far from here is a place where there are almost twenty-four tall beech trees, and there is not one that doesn't have the name of Marcela carved on its smooth bark; sometimes, a crown has been carved above her name, as if the lover were saying even more clearly that she wears and deserves the crown more than any other beauty. Here a shepherd sighs; there, another complains; over there, love songs are muttered; laments disappear in the distance. Somebody spends the whole night sitting at the foot of an oak tree or a crag; he will not sleep; in the morning, the sun will find him obsessed by her and lost in thought. Another, sighing and lying on the burning sand, in the midst of the most scorching summer evening, will complain to merciful Heaven. This one, that one and all of them will surrender to the beautiful Marcela, who will remain free and uncaring. All the people who know her are waiting to see when her haughtiness will end and who will be the fortunate man who will tame her wild nature in order to enjoy her breathtaking beauty. Since everything I've told you is true, I am compelled to admit that what the lad said about people's gossips about the reason for Grisóstomo's death is also true. So, I advise you to be present at his burial, tomorrow; it will be something worth seeing, for he has many friends, and the place where he wanted to be buried is located not half a league from here."

"I will do so", said Don Quixote, "and I thank you for this delightful tale, which filled me with joy."

"Oh!", exclaimed the goatherd, "I do not know the half of what has happened to Marcela's lovers, but tomorrow we may meet some shepherd, along the way, who will tell us more. For now, you should find a spot under a roof because humidity is not good for your wound. However, the medicine you've put on it is so good that there is no reason to fear any trouble.

Sancho Panza, who was getting bored with the goatherd's endless story, asked his master to go into Pedro's hut to sleep. Don Quixote did so and spent the rest of the night thinking of Dulcinea, copying the behavior of Marcela's lovers. As for Sancho, he settled himself between Rocinante and the donkey. Then, he slept, not like an unloved lover, but like a man who had been beaten.

CHAPTER XIII.

The end of the story about the shepherdess Marcela,
along with other events.

The sun started to rise and illumine the eastern mountains; five or six goatherds got up; they went to wake Don Quixote and to ask him if he still wanted to attend Grisóstomo's famous burial. If he were to go there, they would accompany him. The knight, who longed to attend it, got up and ordered Sancho to saddle the animals and fasten the bags to the saddles immediately. The squire promptly obeyed the order, and they all set out.

They had not gone more than a quarter of a league when, at a crossing, they saw six shepherds coming toward them. They were wearing black sheepskin jackets and wreaths of cypress and bitter oleander. Each carried a staff made of holly in his hand. They were followed by two gentlemen on horseback, wearing fancy suits and

accompanied by three lads on foot. As the two groups approached, they exchanged courteous greetings. They inquired about people's destination; they learned that they were all going to the burial. So they began to travel together.

One of the men on horseback, speaking to his companion, said:

"I think, Mr. Vivaldo, that the time spent going to this famous funeral is not a waste of time, for it most certainly will be famous, judging by the strange things these shepherds have told us about the dead man and the murderess."

"I think so, too", responded Vivaldo. "I would be willing to linger not one day but four in order to attend it."

Don Quixote asked what they had heard about Marcela and Grisóstomo. The traveler replied that on that very morning they met up with those shepherds; they noticed that they were wearing mourning clothes and asked why they were dressed like that. One of the fellows described the beauty and strange demeanor of a shepherdess named Marcela, the behavior of her many suitors and the death of Grisóstomo, to whose burial they were going. In fact, he recounted in minute detail what Pedro had told Don Quixote.

Changing the subject, Mr. Vivaldo asked what led don Quixote to go armed in that manner in a land that was so peaceful.

"The rules of my profession", replied Don Quixote, "do not allow me to do otherwise. Comfort, pleasure and repose were invented for sissy courtiers; work, anxiety, and weapons were invented and created only for those whom the world calls knights-errant; I am one of them, though I am the least experienced knight."

As soon as they heard this, they regarded him as a lunatic. To learn more and see what sort of madness this was, Vivaldo asked him the meaning of knights-errant.

"Your Lordship, haven't you read", responded Don Quixote, "the annals or histories of England, in which are recorded the famous deeds of King Arthur, whom, in our Castilian ballads, we always call King Artus? According to a well-known ancient grimoire of the kingdom of Great Britain, this king did not die but was turned into a raven by magic. One day he will return to recover his kingdom and scepter in order to rule over Britain again. You understand why since then no Englishman has killed a raven. It was in the days of this good king that the famous chivalric order of the Knights of the Round Table was instituted. You can find the details of the love story between lord Lancelot of the Lake and Queen Guinevere in this book. Their messenger and accomplice was the highly respected maid Quintañona. Here was born the famous ballad the Spaniards know very well and in which we can read:

A knight named Lancelot
Came from Britain;
He was well-treated
By women.

This is followed by his sweet love stories and noble deeds.

"From that time onward, from one generation to the next, the order of chivalry has developed and spread across the world. Among its famous members known for their exploits were the valiant Amadís of Gaul with all his sons and grandsons unto the fifth generation, the brave Felixmarte of Hircania and the never-sufficiently-praised

Tirante el Blanco; today, we can see, talk with and hear from the invincible, valiant knight Don Belianís of Greece. This, gentlemen, is what it means to be a knight-errant, and what I described is the order of chivalry. Although I am a sinner, this is my occupation; I have followed in those knights' footsteps. So I wander these solitudes in search of adventures. I am determined to protect the weak and the needy: my arm and my person will fight against the dangerous challenges that fate will impose on me."

The last sentences made the travelers fully understand that Don Quixote was crazy. They also perceived the nature of the madness that controlled him; they were as surprised as the people who had dealt with it for the first time. Vivaldo, who was an intelligent and cheerful fellow, wanted to enable Don Quixote to continue raving so that he might entertain them for the short distance that remained before they reached the mountain where the deceased would be buried. So he said:

"Mr. knight-errant, I think that you pursue one of the most challenging carriers in the world; in my opinion, it is even more challenging than that of the Carthusian friars."

"It is very challenging indeed", replied Don Quixote, "but I doubt that it is useful, for, to tell you the truth, the soldier who carries out his captain's order is not less important than the captain who gives him the order. I mean that the holy men, in absolute peace and quietness, ask Heaven to establish the good on Earth, but we, soldiers and knights, implement what they ask: we defend the good with the strength of our arms and the edge of our swords, in the open, not protected by a roof. We stand the hot rays of the summer sun and the biting cold of winter. Hence, we become the ministers of God on Earth; our arms execute His decrees. Since war and all the things that have to do with it depend on passion, work and sweat, those who have chosen this profession must work harder than those who, in peace and quietness, pray to God so that He may help the feeble. I don't mean to say, it has not even crossed my mind, that knight-errantry is as holy as monastic life; I just want to say, given what I must suffer, that our work is undoubtedly more laborious and difficult. It is characterized by hunger, thirst, poverty, accidents and dirtiness. There can be no doubt that, in the past, knights-errant endured many misfortunes in the course of their lives. Although it cost them dearly, some of them became emperors thanks to their strength. If these successful knights had not been helped by wise enchanters, their dreams would have been broken."

"I agree with you", said the traveler, "but there is one thing among others that is questionable: when knights-errant are about to embark on a perilous, great adventure in which they could lose their lives, they never think of begging for God's help as every good Christian is compelled to do when danger is lying in ambush. They prefer to put their trust in their ladies with as much zeal and devotion as if those women were their God; this reminds me of paganism!"

"Sir", answered Don Quixote, "it cannot be otherwise. Should a knight-errant behave differently, he would fall into disgrace. In knight-errantry, the knight, before engaging in a great battle, always gaze lovingly at his lady, as if he were asking her to help and protect him during the hazardous battle he is about to fight. Although no one is there to hear him, he must murmur certain words with which he puts his trust in his lady with all his heart; there are countless examples of this in history books. I cannot

say that knights-errant do not beg for God's help, for they have the time and are in the right place to do so during the battle."

"However", said the traveler, "I still have a misgiving. Actually, I have often read that when two knights-errant converse, the chat turns into an argument. Then they turn their horses, ride off to the far ends of the field and bear down on each other at full speed, entrusting their souls to their ladies in the middle of the charge. Most of the time, one of them falls from his horse because his opponent runs his lance through his body. The other knight also falls to the ground, for he does not cling to his horse's mane. I don't understand how the dead man was able to entrust his soul to God in the course of so swift a combat. The words he used when he begged for his lady's help during the charge should have been uttered in order to pay the debt he owed as a Christian. Moreover, I think that knights-errant do not put their trust in their ladies because, most of the time, they are not in love."

"That's impossible", said Don Quixote. "Knights-errant always have a lady, for it is as normal and natural for them to be in love as for the sky to have stars. I am certain that no one ever read a story in which there was a knight who was not in love. In fact, such a man would not be regarded as a legitimate knight but as an impostor, one who would have entered the fortress of chivalry not through the main gate, but over the walls, like a highwayman or a thief."

"Nevertheless", said the traveler, "if I remember correctly, I have read that Don Galaor, brother of the valorous Amadís of Gaul, never had a known lady friend to whom he could entrust his soul. Despite this, he was held in high esteem by people; he was also a valiant, famous knight."

Don Quixote responded:

"Sir, one swallow does not make a summer. Moreover, I know that this knight was very much in love, but he did not publicize it. In fact, he used to court all the women he found attractive, which was a natural inclination he could not repress. However, there is a lot of evidence that there was a lady who was the owner of his will. He used to secretly pray for her, for he prided himself on being a secret knight!"

"Well, then", said the traveler, "if the nature of knights-errant is characterized by love, I suppose that you are in love since you are one of them. Unless you want to be as discreet as Don Galaor, I most earnestly implore you, on behalf of all these people and mine, to tell us the name, the country and the condition of your lady and to describe her beautiful visage. I am sure she will be happy to see that the world knows she is loved and served by so dignified a knight."

Don Quixote sighed and said:

"I don't know whether my beloved enemy would be pleased or not if the world were to know that I serve her. I just want to say, in order to answer the question you so courteously ask, that her name is Dulcinea. She lives in a village of La Mancha named El Toboso. As to her position, she must be a princess, at the very least, for she is my queen and lady friend. Her beauty is supernatural, for it synthesizes all the impossible and chimerical aspects of beauty that poets attribute to their ladies. Hence, her hair is made of gold; her forehead is as imperious as the Elysian fields; her eyebrows curtsy like the rainbows; her eyes are incandescent suns; her rosy cheeks illumine her coral lips adorned by pearly teeth; her neck is made of alabaster; her breasts resemble

marble; her hands look like ivory; her skin is white as the driven snow. Her chastity conceals marvels: I think that reason can praise them, not compare them."

"We would like to know", said Vivaldo, "her lineage, origins and family."

To which Don Quixote responded:

"She does not belong to the ancient Roman families of Curtius, Gaius, or Scipio. She does not belong to the modern families of the Colonas, Orsinis, Moncadas and Requesenes of Catalonia, the Rebellas and Villanovas of Valencia, the Palafoxes, Nuzas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Foces and Gurreas of Aragon, the Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas and Guzmanes of Castile, the Alencastros, or the Pallas and Meneses of Portugal. The name of her family is *Toboso De La Mancha.* It is a modern family, but it could be the origin of the most illustrious families of the centuries to come. And do not argue with me unless you accept the conditions inscribed by Cervino on the base of Orlando's trophy, which includes his weapons; the inscription says:

"He who cannot prove his valor in a combat with Orlando
Must not take them away."

"Although my lineage is the Cachopines of Laredo", responded the traveler, "I will not dare to compare it with the Tobosos De La Mancha, since, to tell you the truth, I have never heard this name before."

"This is impossible!", exclaimed Don Quixote.

All the others had been listening with great attention to their conversation, although the goatherds and shepherds were aware that Don Quixote was a bit crazy. As for Sancho Panza, he thought that everything his master said was true because he had known him since he was born. However, he had doubts about the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso, for he had never heard of that name or that princess, even though he lived close to El Toboso.

They were continuing on their way, conversing in this manner, when they saw twenty shepherds coming through a mountain pass dominated by two high mountains. They were wearing black wool jackets and wreaths that, as they saw later, were made either of yew or cypress. Six of them were carrying a bier covered with a great variety of flowers and branches. When one of the goatherds beheld this, he said:

"Those men are carrying the body of Grisóstomo; the foot of that mountain is the place where he wanted to be buried."

They quickened their pace and arrived just as those carrying the bier had set it down on the ground. Four shepherds with pickaxes were digging a grave at the foot of a cliff.

They exchanged courteous greetings. Then Don Quixote and the other travelers looked at the bier: a corpse dressed as a shepherd, around thirty years of age, was lying on flowers. Although he was dead, one could notice that he had had a beautiful visage and a muscular body when he was alive. Around him, on the bier, were a few books and many papers, opened or folded. Meanwhile, those who were watching him, those who were digging the grave, and all the people who were present remained perfectly silent until one of the pallbearers said to another:

“Look carefully, Ambrosio, and make sure that this is the place Grisóstomo mentioned, for you want the instructions written in his will to be carried out to the letter.”

“This is it", replied Ambrosio; “here my unfortunate friend told me the story about his misadventure many times. He told me that it was here that he first saw the arch-enemy of the human race; it was also here that he first told her that he loved her, for he was as honest as he was lovelorn; it was here, finally, at their last meeting, that she disillusioned him and broke up with him, which led him to put an end to the tragedy of his wretched life. Here, in memory of his bottomless sorrow, he wanted to be buried in the bowels of eternal oblivion.”

Then, turning to Don Quixote and the travelers, he went on:

“Gentlemen, the body your pious eyes are looking at was the receptacle of a soul in which Heaven had placed his most precious jewels. This is the body of Grisóstomo, who was the most intelligent, courteous, helpful, amiable, generous, serious and amusing man in the world. In short, he was first in all that is good and in misfortune too. He loved and was hated; he adored and was disdained; he wooed a wild woman, importuned a marble statue, ran after the wind, shouted in the desert, served ingratitude and was rewarded with death in the midst of his life. He was killed by a shepherdess whom he wanted to immortalize so that she might live forever in the memory of mankind. The papers you see here substantiate my story, but he has commanded me to burn them when he is buried.”

“You would treat them with greater harshness and cruelty”, said Vivaldo, “than their owner himself, for it is neither fair nor intelligent to carry out the will of someone whose orders are insane. You would not think highly of Caesar Augustus if he had agreed to carry out what the godlike Vergil had ordered in his will. Mr. Ambrosio, since you are going to give the body of your friend to the earth, you should not give his writings to oblivion. When the embittered man gives orders, the wise man must not obey them. Should you save these papers, you would enable Marcela’s cruelty to enlighten the future generations. Hence, they could avoid that kind of disaster. We all know the history of your lovelorn, desperate friend, the bond that linked you, the reason for his death and the orders he gave you at the end of his life. This appalling story shows the extreme cruelty of Marcela, Grisóstomo’s incandescent love, the strength of your friendship and the final destination of those who gallop along the path that unreasonable love places in front of them. Last night we heard of your friend’s death and learned that he was to be buried here. Out of pity and curiosity, we changed directions and decided to come and see with our own eyes what had saddened us so much when we heard it. In order to recompense us for our suffering and desire to alleviate it if we can, we beg you, or, at least, I beg you, O sensible Ambrosio, not to burn these papers. Please, allow me to take some of them with me.”

He did not wait for the shepherd’s answer; he stretched out his arm and grasped the papers closest to him. Ambrosio saw this and said:

“Out of courtesy, sir, I allow you to keep the papers that you have taken, but it is foolish to believe that I won’t burn those that remain.”

Vivaldo, who wanted to see what the papers said, immediately opened one of them and saw that it was entitled *Song of Despair*. When Ambrosio heard the title, he said:

“This is the last thing the poor fellow wrote. Sir, so that you may discover what drove him into this situation, read it aloud, for the time it will take to dig the grave will suffice.”

“I will be happy to do so”, said Vivaldo.

Since all the bystanders had the same desire, they gathered around him. Then, in a clear voice, he started to read the following poem.

CHAPTER XIV.

The desperate verses of the deceased shepherd,
along with other unexpected occurrences.

GRISÓSTOMO’S SONG

Monster, you want people
To propagate the news
About the harshness of your volition,
But I will have Hell teach
A sorrowful song to my tearful heart
So that my tuneless voice
May sing it every day.
The friend of my desire,
Which tries to depict my sorrow and your brutality,
Will fill the air with my fearful voice:
It will vomit
the tearful parts of my heart.
Don’t listen to the music.
Just listen to the growl
My embittered heart
Wants to exhale
In order to displease you.

The roar of the lion,
The fearful howling of the dangerous wolf,
The terrible hisses of the scaly serpent,
The terrifying yells of monsters,
The ominous croak of the crow,
The din of the wind
When the sea rebels,
The unrelenting bellow
Of the vanquished bull,
The heartbreaking sob of the widowed dove,
The grief-stricken hoot of the envied owl
And the cries of all the souls burning in Hell
Mingle and engender a sound

That fools all the senses.
The merciless anguish I endure
Needs new lyrics so that I may express it.

Neither the sand of Father Tagus
Nor the olive trees
That bow to the Guadalquivir
Will hear the mournful echoes of this confusion:
An ancient tongue and lively words
Will scatter my sorrow over
Mountains, the hollows of the hills,
Dark valleys, isolated beaches
That never saw a human being or the shining sun
And over the venomous snakes
That crawl across the Libyan desert.
Although the hoarse, unknown echoes of my ills
Resound only through
The isolated places of Spain,
My short-lived destiny will pride itself
On carrying my sorrow around the world.

Disdain can kill. Suspicion, whether it be true or not,
Can overwhelm patience.
Jealousy is crueler. Absence baffles people.
Fear of oblivion destroys
The hope of living a happy life.
Death hides behind all things.
O breathtaking miracle! I am jealous,
Absent, disdained, and I feel certain that
They don't remember me,
Since they believe I am dead,
But I keep stoking up my fire.
In truth, in the midst of much torment,
My gaze never beholds hope;
I am so desperate that I don't even try to see it.
I swear that I will not intend to find it,
For I want to fight until the end.

Can someone hope and fear at the same time?
Is it wise to do so
When the origin of fear is more real?
When heartless jealousy faces me,
Must I close my eyes,
Although my soul keeps bleeding?
Who would not welcome distrust
When he meets disdain,

Suspicion, fake news
And truth turned into lies?
In the kingdom of love,
The fierce tyrants of jealousy
Set a dagger on my palms.
Please, disdain, give me a piece of rope.
Woe is me! Your memory
Cruelly forgets my suffering.

At last, I die. So that I may never
Hope for good happenings in death or life,
I will cling to my fancy.
I will say that the lover is right
And that the more the soul is enslaved
To an ancient love tyranny, the freer it is.
I will say that my enemy's soul
Is as pretty as her body.
She forgets me because of me;
Love mistreats us so that peace
May rule over its empire.
With this in mind and a lasso in my hand,
I will quicken the pace
Of the story written by your disdain.
I will offer this soul and body to the winds;
I will never be enraptured by the future.

Your insanity shows the reason why
I am compelled to put an end
To my unbearable life.
My bleeding heart
Enables you to understand
That I happily accept your cruel view.
Do not allow the clouds that
Cross the skies of your beautiful eyes
To gather,
For I don't want you to cry
Before my mortal remains:
I have discovered that my end
Will give you pleasure.
It is easy to tell you this
Since everybody knows
You will be happy to see me die soon.

It is time for the thirsty Tantalus
To leave the abyss;
Sisyphus rolls his massive boulder;

Tityus brings his vulture with him;
Ixion, with his wheel, quickens his pace;
The hardworking sisters follow this company.
May they entrust their grief to my heart,
And let their faint whispers,
If a desperate man deserves this,
Sing the mourning prayers in front of a body
That is not allowed to be covered with a shroud.
Hell's three-headed guard
And swarms of chimeras and monsters
Will sing the plaintive coda.
There can be no better funeral than this
For a man killed by love.

Grief-stricken song, do not weep
When you leave me,
For the creature who mothered you
Gets happy when my sorrow increases.
Please, do not cry over my death.

The people who had listened to Grisóstomo's song liked it, but the one who read it remarked that it did not conform to the accounts he had heard about Marcela's prudence and kindness. As a matter of fact, Grisóstomo complained about jealousy, suspicion and absence, which tarnished the girl's reputation. Ambrosio, who had known his friend's most hidden thoughts, replied:

"Sir, so that you may free yourself from this doubt, I must tell you that when the unfortunate man wrote this song, he had stopped dating Marcela of his own volition: he wanted to see if absence would cure him of his obsessions. Unfortunately, since everything upsets and bemuses absent lovers, Grisóstomo was as upset by the trickery he imagined and the love affairs he feared as if they had been real. So, this is the truth about Marcela's so-called wickedness. Of course, she is a bit cruel, somewhat arrogant and exceedingly disdainful, but envy itself cannot blame her for any other fault."

"That's true", responded Vivaldo.

He was about to read another of the papers he had saved from the fire, when he was stopped by what he regarded as a marvelous vision: the shepherdess Marcela appeared at the top of the cliff where the grave was being dug. Her beauty surpassed what people said about it. Those who had never met her began to admire her silently; those who knew her were no less bedazzled than those who had not seen her until then. No sooner had Ambrosio seen her than he said to her angrily:

"Fierce serpent of these mountains, have you come to see if, in your presence, blood will spurt from the wounds of this poor man who was killed by your cruelty? Have you come to boast about your barbaric deeds or to watch, from that height, like another heartless Nero, Rome burning? Does your pride want to imitate the ungrateful daughter of Tarquinus and tread on this unfortunate corpse? Tell us right now why you have come and what you want. I know that Grisóstomo's thoughts never failed to

obey you when he was alive. Though he is dead now, I will have those who call themselves his friends obey you."

"I do not come, O Ambrosio, for any of the reasons you have mentioned", responded Marcela. "I am here in order to defend myself and to demonstrate that the people who blame me for their sorrow and for Grisóstomo's death are stupid. I therefore beg all the people who are here to listen to me attentively. It will not take long and I will not have to use many words to persuade intelligent men that what I will say is true. According to you, Heaven made me beautiful: mesmerized by my beauty, you all think that I am to love the men who love me dearly. I am not stupid; I know that beauty engenders love, but I don't understand why the girl who is loved for her beauty should love the man who loves her. Should the beautiful girl's lover be ugly, he would deserve to be shunned by her. Thus, it would be foolish to say: 'I love you because you are beautiful; you must love me even though I am ugly.' Assuming that two individuals are equally beautiful, it does not mean that their desires are the same; the different types of beauty do not always lead people to fall in love: some attract people and leave the will intact. If it were otherwise, the world would be in disarray; people would not know what to do, for, the number of beautiful things being infinite, the fancies would be infinite too. It is said that true love must be shared and be voluntary, not forced. If this is true, as I believe it is, then why do you want my will to stop working only because you say that you love me? But tell me, if Heaven, which made me beautiful, had made me ugly instead, would I have the right to complain because none of you loved me? Moreover, it is important to remember that I did not decide to be pretty; it is God who bestowed it upon me: I did not ask for it, nor did I choose it. The viper must not be blamed for its deadly venom, since that's a gift from nature. Hence, I do not deserve to be blamed for my beauty, for, in a chaste woman, it is like a distant fire or a sharp-edged sword: they do not burn or cut the person who does not approach them. Honor and virtue are the adornments of the soul, without which the body is not beautiful, even if it seems to be so. If decency is the most important quality of both body and soul, why should a woman loved for her beauty lose that attribute in order to fit the volition of a man who strives hard to have her lose it? I was born free, and in order to remain free, I chose the solitude of the countryside. The trees of these mountains are my friends; the crystal-clear water of those rivulets is my mirror; my thoughts and my beauty converse with the trees and the water; I am a distant fire and a far-off sword. Those who fell in love when they met me were discouraged by my words. Desire is sustained by hope, but I haven't given hope to Grisóstomo or anybody: it is his obstinacy that killed him, not my cruelty. Should you tell me that his intentions were honorable and that I therefore had to comply with them, I would tell you that when he revealed them, on this very spot where his grave is now being dug, I replied that I wanted to live alone and that only the earth would pick the fruit of my retirement and the flowers of my beauty. It was no surprise to see him drown in the middle of the sea of his foolishness, since he persisted in sailing close to the wind and opposing hope. If I had allowed him to stand by me, I would have been insincere; if I had pleased him, I would have gone against my own best intentions and suppositions. I discouraged him; he did not change his mind. He despaired, but I did not hate him. Do you really think I must be blamed for his grief? Let the man I deceived complain; let the man I rejected despair; let the man I called trust me; let the man I accepted be

proud. Nobody can call me cruel or a murderess if I don't promise something, deceive, call or accept someone. Until now, Heaven has not asked me to fall in love, and I don't feel like choosing a husband. This statement must apply to each of those who would dare to propose to me. Let it be understood that if a man died because of me, he would not die of jealousy or misfortune, for a girl who loves nobody cannot make anybody jealous: discouragement should not be mistaken for disdain. He who calls me a wild beast and a fierce serpent must leave me as he would leave someone who is dangerous and wicked; he who calls me ungrateful will never serve me; he who calls me unsociable will never be my friend; he who calls me cruel, will stop running after me. You will stop searching for, serving and trying to meet this wild beast, this fierce serpent, this ungrateful, cruel and strange creature. His impatience and the impetuosity of his desire killed Grisóstomo. So you cannot blame my respectable behavior. I preserve my purity in the midst of trees. So why would a man want me to lose it since he wants me to keep it in the midst of men? As you know, I am a wealthy woman, and I do not covet the money of anybody. I am free and do not like to depend on someone. I neither love nor hate anyone. I do not deceive this one or pursue that one. I do not flirt with this one or amuse myself with that one. My goats and the honest conversations with the girls from these hamlets are my amusements. Those mountains are the boundaries of my desires. When they run uphill, they try to contemplate the skies and the stairs which the soul climbs when it goes to its first home."

Saying this and without waiting for any reply, she turned her back and entered the densest part of a nearby wood. Those men were bedazzled by her intelligence and her beauty. Some of them, those who had been burned by the blazing reflection in her lovely eyes, wanted to follow her, taking no heed of the clear warning they had just heard. Don Quixote saw them move. He had an opportunity to put the chivalric ideals into practice by succoring a damsel in distress. He laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword and cried out:

"Whatever your marital status or wealth, I warn you not to follow the beautiful Marcela, unless you want to kindle my wrath. With pertinent arguments, she has demonstrated that she cannot bear all or a part of the blame for Grisóstomo's death. She has also explained that she is far from acceding to the request of any of her suitors. Actually, instead of being followed and persecuted, she would like to be admired by everybody, for she is the only woman in the world who lives with so virtuous a desire."

Whether it was because of Don Quixote's warnings or because Ambrosio said they should fulfill their promise, none of the shepherds left or moved away from the place until the grave had been dug and Gristostomo's papers had been burned. They placed his body in the ground and cried a lot. Then they placed a heavy boulder, which was a temporary solution. Ambrosio told them that he had planned to have a slab of granite cut and engraved with the following inscription:

Here lie the frozen remains
Of a lover,
A shepherd slain
By disdain.

He was killed by the flat refusal

Of an ungrateful beautiful lady:
Love extended the limits
Of its tyranny.

They then scattered many flowers and branches over the top of the grave, and, expressing their condolences to the dead man's friend, Ambrosio, they all took leave of him.

Vivaldo and his friend said their goodbyes too; Don Quixote bade farewell to his hosts and to the travelers, who urged him to accompany them to Seville. They assured him that he would find in every street and at every corner more adventures than in any other city. He thanked them for the information and their goodwill, but he added that, for the moment, he could not go to Seville, since he had to rid these mountains of the highwaymen, which were infested with them, according to what people said. Seeing his firm determination, the travelers did not want to importune him; they said their goodbyes again and resumed their journey. The main topics for conversation would certainly be the history of Marcela and Grisóstomo and Don Quixote's madness. The latter resolved to look for Marcela in order to serve her, but things did not turn out as he expected, as is related in the course of this true history, the second part of which ends here.

PART THREE

CHAPTER XV.

The unfortunate adventure that befell Don Quixote
when he met certain wicked inhabitants of Yanguas.

The learned Cid Hamete Benengeli tells us that, as soon as Don Quixote took leave of his hosts and all the people who had attended Grisóstomo's burial, he and his squire entered the same wood into which they had seen Marcela disappear. They searched for her for more than two hours, but they did not find her. They halted in a pasture covered with young grass, near a cool, docile brook whose water enticed them to spend the hottest hours of the day there, for the sun was beating down now.

Don Quixote and Sancho dismounted. They left Rocinante and the donkey to graze freely: there was plenty of grass. They searched the saddlebags for food, after which, without further ceremony, as if they were peaceful friends, master and servant began to eat what they had found in them.

Sancho had not fastened Rocinante's legs together: he knew that the hack was placid and chaste: all the mares of the pastures of Cordoba could not lead him astray. However, fate and the Devil, who is not always asleep, commanded a herd of Galician ponies that belonged to some drovers of Yanguas to graze in the same valley. These men used to have a siesta in places where their animals could find water and grass; the spot where Don Quixote was served this purpose very well.

All of a sudden, Rocinante felt like flirting with the ladies. As soon as he smelled them, he abandoned his customary gait and behavior: without consulting his master, he trotted briskly over to them to acquaint them with his needs. The ponies preferred to continue eating: they greeted him with their hoofs and teeth. They broke his girth; the saddle fell to the ground. What he must have regretted most was that the drovers saw him attacking the mares, which prompted them to rush over to him with their staffs and hit him so many times that they knocked him to the ground. He was seriously injured.

Don Quixote and Sancho, who had seen the men give Rocinante a beating, ran over to him, panting. Don Quixote said to Sancho:

"My dear Sancho, I guess that those men are not knights but louts or tramps. I say this because you can help me to avenge the savage assault on Rocinante, which you have witnessed.

"Bloody Hell! What kind of revenge are we going to take?", retorted Sancho. "There are more than twenty of them and not more than two of us, or maybe only one and a half!"

"I am worth a hundred", replied Don Quixote.

Without uttering a word, he drew his sword and rushed over to the Yanguesans. Inspired by his master's example, Sancho Panza did the same. Don Quixote slashed at one drover; the man's leather tunic was cut, which revealed a good part of his shoulder.

The Yanguesans saw that they were attacked by only two men when there were so many of them. They grasped their staffs, surrounded their assailants and began to rain blows on them with great energy and violence. In fact, he second blow knocked Sancho unconscious; the same thing happened to Don Quixote: his skill and courage had been of no use to him. Fortunately, he fell at Rocinante's feet: the animal had not yet been able to rise. When angry rustic hands hold staffs, they often crush their enemies!

When the Yanguesans realized that they had behaved badly, they loaded their animals as quickly as they could and resumed their journey. The two adventurers were slightly injured and severely bruised.

The first to recover consciousness was Sancho Panza. He was next to his master; in a weak and plaintive voice he said:

"Lord Quixote! Ah, lord Quixote!"

"What do you want, brother?", said the knight in a voice as weak and plaintive as Sancho's.

"Your Lordship", said Sancho, "could you give me two shots of *Fierce brass* liquor [Fierabrás' balm] if you happen to have any at hand? Maybe it is as good for broken bones as it is for wounds."

"Woe is me", responded Don Quixote, "If I had some, we would be safe. But, Sancho, as a knight-errant, I swear that before two days have passed, I will get some unless fortune decides otherwise or my hands fail me."."

"Your Lordship, how many days do you think we will need before we can move our legs?", inquired Sancho.

"I don't know", said his exhausted master, "how many days it will be. Anyway, I hold myself responsible for everything. I shouldn't have attacked men who are not like

me – I mean knights. Since I have violated the laws of knighthood, the god of war has allowed them to punish me. Hence, Sancho, you should pay attention to what I am about to say to you, for it is important to our safety. When you see that kind of villain offend us, you will not have to wait for me to raise my sword against him, for I won't do this anymore. In fact, your duty will be to draw your sword in order to punish him according to your wishes. Should a few knights come to rescue him, I would defend you and attack them with all my might. Thanks to a thousand facts and proofs, you already know the valor of my strong arms."

The poor gentleman's victory over the valiant Biscayan had not enabled him to overcome his pride. His master's advice did not seem very good to Sancho, which is why he said:

"Sir, I am a peaceful, kind and quiet man; I can put up with provocation because I have a wife and children to support and care for. Since I am not allowed to give orders, let me tell you that I will never draw my sword, either against a commoner or against a knight. From now until the day I appear before God, I forgive any person, rich or poor, gentleman or commoner, without excluding any rank or position, for the harm he has done or will do to me."

His master listened to him and responded:

"I would like to breathe more easily and feel less pain in my chest in order to be able to tell you that you are mistaken, Sancho. Come closer, you sinner. The wind of fortune has been unfriendly until now, but it could change its mind, fill the sails of our desire and lead us effortlessly to a harbor on one of the islands which I have promised you. If I conquered it in order to give it to you, what would happen next? I could not give it to you, since you don't want to be or become a knight. Moreover, you do not have the courage or a strong desire to avenge offences and protect your property. You must know that in newly conquered kingdoms and provinces, the natives remain quiet and obedient; they do not try to rebel against their new lord, nor do they venture to change what has just been established. Hence, the new owner must know how to rule a territory, attack its enemies and defend it, whatever the situation."

"Well, at the moment", said Sancho, "I would like to have the qualities you have mentioned, but the poor man that I am swears that he needs a poultice rather than a chat. Your Lordship, can you stand up? We could help Rocinante, although he doesn't deserve it, for he is the main reason for this beating. I did not think he was able to behave as he did; I have always taken him to be as chaste and peaceful as I. What people say is true: it takes a lot of time to get to know a person and nothing is stable in this world. You struck that poor knight-errant with your mighty sword and, which came as a complete surprise to me, it was immediately followed by a tempest of blows that fell upon our shoulders!"

"Your shoulders", observed Don Quixote, "must be accustomed to such storms. Mine are accustomed to cambric and Dutch linen: they will feel more acutely the pain of this misfortune. I guess… What am I saying? I am certain that there is a link between all these discomforts and the military profession: how disappointing!"

"Sir", replied the squire, "since these misfortunes are *the fruits* of chivalry, could you tell me if they happen very often or only at certain times, for it seems to me that after two *harvests* like this one, we won't be able to *pick fruit* during the third one if God, in His infinite mercy, doesn't rescue us."

"My friend, you should know", responded Don Quixote, "that the lives of knights-errant are subject to a thousand dangers and misadventures. At the same time, those knights can really become, at almost any moment, kings and emperors, as experience has shown in the case of many different people whose histories I know well. If the pain eased, I could tell you right now the history of warriors who, by the might of their arms, have risen to the high positions I have mentioned, yet these knights, both before and afterward, endured various calamities and problems. For instance, the valorous Amadís of Gaul was once captured by his arch-enemy, Arcalaus the enchanter, who tied him to a pillar in a courtyard and whipped him more than two hundred times with the reins of his horse. There is a certain author of high repute, though his name is not widely known, who says that, in a certain castle, the Knight of the Sun fell through a trapdoor that opened beneath his feet. Then he found himself at the bottom of a deep pit. His hands and feet were tied. They administered an enema to him, which contained sand and melted snow; they almost killed him! If a good friend of his, a magician, had not come to his aid, things would have gone badly with the poor knight. So, like those worthy knights, we can endure this difficult situation, all the more so because our suffering is milder than theirs. Sancho, I want you to know that the injuries caused by instruments that assailants chance to hold are not regarded as offences. This is clearly stated in the dueling code. Thus, if a shoemaker hits another with the last he holds, although it is made of *wood*, we cannot say that the latter has been *wooed* by the first! I tell you this so that you may not think that, because we have been beaten up, we have been attacked, for the weapons those men were carrying and with which they hit us were staffs: none of them, if I remember correctly, had a rapier, a sword, or a dagger."

"I did not have enough time to see what they carried", said Sancho. "No sooner had I drawn my sword than they made the sign of the cross over my shoulders with their clubs. Then I closed my eyes and fell to the ground. I am still lying where I fell. I don't find it too painful to think whether or not those blows were an attack, but I find it painful to remember the beating and to feel a sharp pain in my back."

"That being said, Sancho", replied Don Quixote, "I can tell you that time erases memory and kills pain."

"Well", said Panza, "what is the worst option: memory that vanishes into thin air or pain killed by time? If our injuries could be cured with a couple of poultices, it wouldn't be so bad, but I can see that all the poultices in a hospital won't be enough to heal them."

"Stop complaining, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "and draw strength from weakness as I propose to do. Let us see how Rocinante is, for the poor beast has been more mistreated than us."

"This is not surprising", said Sancho, "since he is a very good knight-errant. Actually, I am surprised at what happened to my donkey: he remained *free* and *unhurt,* whereas our ribs were *fried* and our plaints went *unheard.*"

"Fortune", said Don Quixote, "always leaves a door open in adversity so that it can be remedied. I say that because your pet will replace Rocinante. He will carry me to some castle where my injuries will be cured. Besides, I do not regard this mount as a disgrace, for I have read that good old Silenus, the tutor and teacher of the cheerful

god of laughter, when he entered the city of the hundred gates, was proud and happy on the back of his very handsome ass."

"This gentleman may have happily ridden an ass, as you say", Sancho responded, "but there is a big difference between riding like a gentleman and riding like a garbage bag slung across the animal's back."

Don Quixote replied:

"The injuries received in battles ennoble the warriors; they do not besmirch their reputation. So, Sancho, my friend, do not answer me any further. As I have already told you, think positive and place me on the ass the way you want. We must leave this isolated place before nightfall."

"I have heard Your Lordship say", remarked Sancho, "that knights-errant are used to sleeping out in the isolated places of the Castilian plateau and that they are happy to do so."

"That happens", said Don Quixote, "when they cannot choose their lodging or when they are in love. This is so true that there have been knights who, for two years, have stayed upon a rocky hill, suffering all the whims of the weather, and their ladies never learned of it. One of these men was Beltenebros, alias Amadís. He lived on Peña Pobre; I do not know if it was for eight years or eight months: I am not quite certain as to the exact length of time. What matters is that he was there doing penance for the argument he had had with Oriana, his girlfriend. But, Sancho, let us change the subject: we must make haste because I don't want the donkey to endure a misfortune like the one that befell Rocinante."

"That would be bad luck!", exclaimed Sancho.

He groaned thirty times; he sighed sixty times; he swore and blasphemed a hundred and twenty times, thinking about the one who had brought him there. Then he started to rise and paused halfway; he could not straighten up; he resembled a Turkish arch. Because of that day's excessive liberty, his donkey was wandering through a nearby field. He saddled it with great difficulty. Then he managed to get Rocinante on his feet. If this animal had been able to complain, it would have been more talkative and angrier than Sancho and his master.

Sancho seated Don Quixote upon the donkey, tied Rocinante behind and, leading the ass by the halter, he walked more or less in the direction of where he thought the main highway might be. Luck turning good things into great achievements, they had gone about a league when they discovered the road and an inn that had to be a castle; Sancho jumped with fright, his master rejoiced! The squire asserted that it was not a castle but an inn; his master adamantly maintained that it was a castle. The argument lasted so long that they had reached the inn before it was settled. Sancho and his cavalcade entered the building without further inquiry.

CHAPTER XVI.

What happened to the ingenious gentleman
in the inn which he mistook for a castle.

The innkeeper saw Don Quixote lying across the donkey; he asked Sancho what was wrong with him. The squire replied that it was not serious: his master had fallen from a cliff and bruised a few ribs, that was all.

The innkeeper had a wife who was not the kind one would expect to find among women of her calling, for she was kind and took pity on people undergoing calamities. So she hurried to tend Don Quixote; she asked her daughter, who was young and very good-looking, to come and help her to take care of their guest. In the inn, there was also an Asturian girl who worked as a servant. She was broad-faced and flat-headed; she had a snub nose; one of her eyes was sightless and the other could hardly see. To tell you the truth, her beautiful body eclipsed her defects: she was 146 centimeters tall and was slightly humpbacked, which forced her to look down at the ground more than she would have wished. To suit Don Quixote's needs, this graceful girl helped the innkeeper's daughter to put sheets and a blanket on an uncomfortable bed. It was in an attic. There was a lot of evidence that it had formerly been a hayloft. A mule driver was staying at the inn; his bed was just past the bed of Don Quixote. Though it was composed of his mules' packsaddles and blankets, it was far superior to Don Quixote's. It consisted only of four rough boards laid across two benches of uneven height. The mattress was so thin that it resembled a bedspread. It was filled with balls that felt hard and cold: one could have mistaken them for pebbles if one had not looked through the holes and noticed that they were tufts of wool. The bed was covered with two sheets made of shield leather and a blanket; it was so worn that one could count the threads without missing a single one.

Don Quixote lay down on his wretched bed. Then the innkeeper's wife and daughter covered him with plasters from head to toe while Maritornes, which was the Asturian girl's name, held a candlestick. As she applied the poultices, the innkeeper's wife saw that there were strange bruises on some parts of his body. She told him that this kind of injuries was caused by blows, not by a fall.

"They were not blows'', said Sancho; "the cliff had many sharp points and edges: each one caused a bruise. By the way, can Your Ladyship save a few bandages, for there is somebody else who will need them: my ribs hurt a little."

"So", replied the innkeeper's wife, "you must have fallen too."

"I did not fall", said Sancho Panza, "but I jumped with fright when I saw my master fall; it is that jump that makes my body ache as if somebody had beaten it a thousand times with a stick."

'That may very well be", said the daughter, "for I have often dreamed that I was falling from a tower, yet I never reached the ground; when I woke up, I was as exhausted as if I really had fallen."

Sancho explained:

"Madam, the truth of the matter is that I was not dreaming at all; I was as wide awake as I am now, yet I have almost as many bruises as lord Quixote."

"What is this gentleman's name?", asked Maritornes, the Asturian girl.

"Don Quixote de la Mancha", replied Sancho; "he is an *adventurous* knight, one of the best and strongest the world has seen in a long time."

"What's an *adventurous* knight?", inquired the servant.

"You must be a newborn baby, for you don't know that", he said. "Young lady, an adventurous knight is a concept that can be summed up in two words: tramp, emperor! Today, he is the poorest and most unfortunate man in the world, but tomorrow he will make his squire the king of two or three kingdoms."

"You are the squire of a worthy gentleman", said the innkeeper's wife, "but it seems that you don't own a county yet."

"It's still early", said Sancho. "We have been seeking adventures for only a month, and so far we have not found anything that resembles one. Sometimes you look for one thing and you find another. If my master and I recovered from our injuries caused by blows or a fall, I would not trade my expectations for the best seigniory in Spain."

Don Quixote had been listening very attentively to this conversation; sitting up the best he could in his bed, he grasped the hand of the innkeeper's wife and said:

"Believe me, beautiful lady, you are fortunate to lodge me in your castle. You know, I don't want to describe my exploits, for, as the saying goes, self-praise is degrading. Nonetheless, my squire is going to tell you who I am. I just want to say that I will always remember the service which you have rendered me; I will thank you as long as life endures. Should God allow love to soften its position and that of the ungrateful beautiful lady whose name I keep murmuring, her eyes would be the masters of my liberty."

The landlady, her daughter and the worthy Maritornes were bewildered by the words of the knight-errant. They understood about as much of them as if he had been speaking Greek, although they realized that he was paying them a compliment. Since they were not used to hearing such language, they stared at him in amazement, for they had never met that kind of man. They thanking him briefly and left him. Maritornes, the Asturian girl, took care of Sancho, who, like his master, needed to receive treatment.

The mule driver had arranged to see the Asturian girl that night. She had promised that, as soon as the guests were quiet and her master and mistress asleep, they would meet; then she would do anything he asked. The good servant never gave her word without keeping it. If she had given it on a mountain with no witnesses, she would have kept it, for she prided herself on being a noblewoman and was not upset by her current job. In fact, according to her, some misfortunes and bad luck had brought her into that state.

Don Quixote's small, hard, narrow and makeshift bed stood in the middle of this stable illumined by the stars. It the first that one encountered upon entering the room. Next to it was the bed of his squire, Sancho. It consisted of a rush mat and a blanket that looked as if it was coarse burlap rather than woven wool fabric. Past these two beds was that of the mule driver; it was made up, as has been said, of packsaddles and all the adornments of his two best mules, although there were twelve of them that were handsome, fat and healthy, for he was one of the richest carters of Arévalo, according to the author of this book, who speaks of him here because he knew him very well; some say they were related in one way or another. Moreover, Cid Mahamate

Benengeli was a historian who used to substantiate all his statements. This is evidenced by the details he described, for, although they were insignificant and unimportant, he did not pass over them in silence. His example should be followed by those serious scholars who recount stories so briefly and succinctly that we can hardly understand them. The gist of the tales remains in their inkwells because they are careless, wicked, or ignorant. I praise the author of *Tablante de Ricamonte* and the one who wrote the book in which are related the deeds of the Count of Tomillas, for they describe everything in minute detail.

But to go on with our story, the mule driver, after he had given his beasts their second ration of feed, lay down on the packsaddles and waited for Maritornes, who was always very punctual. Sancho was already in his bed. Covered with poultices, he was trying to sleep, but the pain in his ribs kept him awake. As for Don Quixote, his ribs hurt so much that he was sleeping like an open-eyed hare. The inn was silent now; the only light came from a lamp hanging in the middle of the gateway.

This mesmerizing silence and his obsession with the events recorded in the books responsible for his misfortune led him to think of the weirdest nonsense a human mind can produce. Since he mistook all the inns for castles, he thought that he had arrived at a famous castle and that the daughter of the lord of the manor, impressed by his great charm, had fallen in love with him. Hence, she had promised that she would come that night, without her parents' knowledge, to lie beside him for a while. Since he considered this illusion, which he had created, as true and inflexible, he began to fret about his chastity, which was challenged by the circumstances. He firmly resolved not to betray Dulcinea even if Queen Guinevere and her chaperone, Lady Quintañona, were to appear before him.

These stupid thoughts were whirling in his head. The hour that had been fixed for the Asturian girl's visit came; for Don Quixote it was an unfortunate one. Wearing a nightgown, barefoot, her hair tied back in a hairnet, Maritornes cautiously and silently entered the room where the three men were lying; she scanned the place in order to find the muleteer.

No sooner had she crossed the threshold than our knight heard her. Sitting up in bed despite his poultices and the pain in his ribs, he spread his arms to embrace his beautiful damsel. The Asturian girl was silent. She was holding her hands out in front of her in order to find her paramour. All of a sudden, she bumped into Don Quixote's arms. He grasped her wrist and, pulling her to him, he forced her to sit on the bed; she did not dare to say a word. He fingered her nightgown; although it was made of burlap, he thought that he was touching the finest silk chiffon. He mistook the glass beads of her bracelets for precious Oriental pearls. Her hair, which resembled the mane of a horse, turned into golden Arabian threads whose brilliance shamed the sun. Her breath, which undoubtedly smelled of yesterday's stale salad, seemed a sweet, aromatic odor coming from her mouth. In short, his imagination gave her the characteristics of another princess whom he had read about in his books: overwhelmed by love and looking like the aforementioned illusion, she came to see the badly wounded knights. So great was our poor gentleman's blindness that neither his sense of touch, nor her breath, nor anything else about her could disillusion him, although they were many things that could have made any man who was not a mule driver vomit. It seemed to him that he was embracing the goddess of beauty.

In a low, amorous voice, he began to say:

"Well-born fair lady, I would like to repay you for the privilege you bestowed upon me when you allowed me to contemplate your breathtaking beauty, but Fortune, which keeps persecuting the righteous, has decided to place me in this bed where I am lying. I am so bruised and exhausted that if I wanted to fulfill your desires, I could not. Moreover, we must add a more important factor to this impossibility: I have promised the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the only owner of my most secret thoughts, that I will never cheat on her. If this frontier did not exist, I would not be so stupid a knight as to neglect the opportunity which you have given me."

Don Quixote's embrace made Maritornes feel extremely nervous: she was sweating like a pig. She did not understand what he said, nor did she pay much attention to it; she just tried to break free. The mule driver, whose evil desires had kept him awake, had heard his girlfriend come through the door; he was listening attentively to everything that Don Quixote was saying. He got jealous instantly, for he thought that the Asturian girl had broken her word and left him for another man. He came up to the knight's bed so that he might see what would be the result of this incomprehensible chat. When he saw that the girl was trying to escape Don Quixote's stubborn grip, he understood that the joke had gone too far. So he raised his fist high above his head and violently hit the narrow jaws of the lovelorn knight; his mouth started bleeding profusely. Not satisfied with this, the mule driver jumped on his ribs and trampled them furiously.

The bed, which was flimsy and unstable, could not support the muleteer's added weight: it collapsed. The noise awoke the innkeeper. He believed that Maritornes was involved in a brawl since he had called her many times and had received no answer. Suspicious of what was going on, he got up, lit a lamp and headed toward the place where the ceiling had trembled. He was angry. The girl was overwhelmed and a bit frightened too. She took refuge in the bed of Sancho Panza, who was still asleep. She hid under the blanket and started to laugh heartily.

The innkeeper came in and cried:

"Where are you, you whore? I am certain that you are misbehaving."

At that moment, Sancho awoke and, feeling a bulky object almost on top of him, he thought that he was having a nightmare: he began to throw his fists in all directions and struck Maritornes many times. Feeling the pain and setting aside her good manners, the funny girl beat him up. He did not feel like sleeping anymore. Seeing himself being treated like this by an unknown assailant, he struggled to his feet and grappled with her. Then began the fiercest and funniest fight the world had ever seen.

The light of the innkeeper's lamp illuminated the room. The muleteer saw what was happening to his girlfriend; he left Don Quixote and headed toward her to lend her a hand. The innkeeper also came over to her, but with different intentions, for he wanted to punish her: he believed that she alone was the cause of this riot. Then, as the saying goes, the cat chased the rat, the rat bit the rope and the rope strangled the stick: the mule driver hit Sancho, Sancho hit the girl, the girl hit Sancho, and the landlord hit the girl. They acted so fast and furiously that they did not pause for breath. When the lamp went out, darkness kindled their wrath; a merciless melee ensued: they broke everything.

That night, a patrolman of the so-called old Holy Brotherhood of Toledo was staying at the inn. He heard the strange sound of a struggle, seized his green staff and the tin box that held his documents, entered the darkened room and said:

"Hold it, in the name of the law! Hold it, in the name of the Holy Brotherhood!"

The first person he saw was the severely-struck Don Quixote; he was lying face up and unconscious on his collapsed bed. Grasping the knight's head, the officer cried:

"Help the law!"

When he discovered that the man did not move or stir, he assumed that he was dead and that those in the room were his killers. With this in mind, he yelled:

"Lock the door of the inn! Make sure no one leaves: someone has killed a man!"

This shout startled them; they immediately stopped fighting. The innkeeper retired to his room, the girl to her cell, and the mule driver to the stables in order to check through his packsaddles. The unfortunate Don Quixote and Sancho could not move from where they were lying. The officer let go of our friend's head and left the room to go to find a light so that he might arrest the criminals. He did not find one because the innkeeper had intentionally put out the lamp when he retired to his room. The officer had to go to the fireplace, where, with great difficulty and after a good deal of time, he managed to light another lamp.

CHAPTER XVII.

The innumerable difficulties the brave Don Quixote
and his good squire Sancho Panza endured in the inn,
which, alas, our knight mistook for a castle.

By this time Don Quixote had regained his senses; in the same tone of voice he had used the day before to call to his squire when he was lying in the valley of the cudgels, he said to him:

"Sancho, my friend, are you asleep? Are you asleep, Sancho?"

"Woe is me, how could I sleep?", replied the squire, who was filled with sorrow and disgust. "It seems that all the devils in Hell fought against me tonight."

"You are undoubtedly right about that", said his master, "for either I am ignorant or this castle is enchanted. But you must know... what I want to tell you now must remain a secret until after my death."

"I swear that it will remain a secret", said Sancho.

"I say this", replied Don Quixote, "because I don't want to besmirch anybody's reputation."

"I swear", said Sancho, "that I will say nothing about it until you have reached the end of your days; God willing, I will reveal it tomorrow!"

"Do I treat you so harshly, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "that you wish to see me die so soon?"

"It is not for that reason", said Sancho. "It is just that I am opposed to keeping things too long: I don't want them to spoil."

"Be that as it may", said Don Quixote, "I trust your love and courtesy. So I must tell you that the strangest thing one could ever imagine happened tonight. To make a long story short, a short while ago, the daughter of the lord of the manor came to me.

She is the most elegant and prettiest damsel to be found in many a land. How can I describe her beauty, her intelligence and the other hidden charms which, in order to remain faithful to Dulcinea del Toboso, I must ignore? I can only say that Heaven was envious of the gift that fortune had placed in my hands or perhaps, and this is more likely, the castle, as I have said, being enchanted, as I was having a sweet amorous conversation with her, the hand attached to an arm of a monstrous giant emerging from nowhere seized my arm and gave me such a blow on the jaw that my mouth was covered in blood. Then he beat me so badly that I feel worse than I did yesterday when those carters, because of Rocinante's impetuous behaviour, committed the offense with which you are acquainted. Hence, I can deduce that this beautiful damsel's chastity is watched over by some enchanted Moor and that it is not for me."

"Not for me either", said Sancho; "for more than four hundred Moors beat me up: I very much liked the blows! But tell me, sir, how do you call this fine, strange adventure which left us injured? Your Lordship, you were quite lucky since you held the belle you mentioned. As for me, I have received the worst blows I will ever receive in my life. Woe is me and the mother who bore me, for I am not a knight-errant and will never become one, which is why I get the worst part of our misfortunes."

"Have you also been beaten?", inquired Don Quixote.

"I have just told you that they have beaten me up!", said Sancho.

"Do not be distressed, my friend", said the knight, "for I am going to make that precious balm thanks to which our injuries will heal in the blink of an eye."

The officer of the old Holy Brotherhood had lit his lamp. He came in to have a look at the man he had taken for dead. Sancho saw him come in. The officer was wearing a nightshirt and a nightcap. The lamp he was carrying illumined his grimacing visage. Sancho said to his master:

"Could this be the enchanted Moor coming back to hit us more and finish the job up?"

"No, he cannot be the Moor", replied Don Quixote, "because people who are enchanted do not let themselves be seen by anyone."

"If they do not let themselves be seen", remarked Sancho, "they certainly allow people to feel their presence, according to my ribs."

"Mine", said Don Quixote, "could say the same thing, but for all that we must not believe that the man we see is the enchanted Moor."

This peaceful conversation surprised the officer. The knight was still flat on his back and unable to move because he was injured and covered with poultices. The officer came up to him and said:

"Well, my good man, how are you?"

"If I were you", said Don Quixote, "I would speak a little more politely. Is it the custom in this community to address knights-errant in that manner, you dunce?"

The rude remark made by someone who resembled a tramp led the patrolman to raise his lamp filled with oil and to let it fall upon Don Quixote's head. Blows were pilling up! Since the room was in darkness, he left. Sancho Panza said:

"Sir, this man must be the enchanted Moor. He *keeps* his treasure in the *keep,* and he *keeps* punching us and hitting us with his lamp."

"That's true", responded Don Quixote, "but we must not bother about these enchanted things, nor must we get angry at them because they are invisible and

unreal. Actually, we will never be able to take revenge on anybody, since you cannot take revenge on ghosts! Get up, Sancho, if you can, and summon the warden of this fortress. Tell him to give me some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary so that I may prepare the health-giving balm, for, in truth, I think that I need it right now: this phantom has inflicted an injury on me, which is bleeding profusely."

Though his bones were aching, Sancho rose to his feet and went out to fetch the landlord. On the way, he met the officer. He was spying on his enemies. Sancho said to him:

"Sir, whoever you may be, would you mind giving us a bit of rosemary, oil, salt and wine, for I need them to treat one of the best knights-errant on earth. He is lying in bed because he has been severely injured by the enchanted Moor who is in this inn."

When he heard this, the officer thought that Sancho was out of his mind. Since day was already dawning, he opened the door of the inn, called to the innkeeper and told him what the good man wanted. The innkeeper provided him with all the things mentioned. Then Sancho carried them to Don Quixote, who was holding his head in his hands and moaning. However, he had only two medium-sized bumps on his forehead, and the so-called blood in his mouth was nothing but the sweat pouring out of him because of the stress he had experienced during the fight.

In short, he took the ingredients, mixed them all together and cooked them for a while until he thought the preparation was ready. Then he asked for a flask so that he might fill it with the liquid, but since there was none in the inn, he resolved to use a cruet made of tin. The innkeeper gave it to him; it was free of charge. Above the cruet, he said more than eighty Pater Nosters and an equal number of Ave Marias, Salves and Credos; each word was accompanied by the sign of the cross, which was a kind of blessing. Sancho, the landlord and the officer of the old Holy Brotherhood were present. As for the carter, he had quietly gone out to look after his mules.

Having filled the cruet, the knight wanted to try the balm out and discover its virtues. So he drank what remained in the pot, which amounted to nearly one liter. No sooner had he swallowed it than he began to vomit until his stomach was empty. Because of anxiety and stomach spasms, he started to sweat like a pig. He asked them to cover him up with a blanket and leave him alone. They did so, and he slept for more than three hours, at the end of which time he woke up. His body did not ache anymore: he considered himself cured. He really believed that he had discovered the recipe for Fierabrás' balm; this medicine allowed him to deal with the consequences of any kind of fall, battle, or riot, no matter how perilous it might be.

Sancho, who also considered the improvement of his master's health to be a miracle, requested the portion that remained in the pot, which was no small quantity. Don Quixote agreed. He picked up the pot in both hands, and, with confidence and determination, he gulped the medicine down, swallowing only a little less than his master had. Sancho's stomach was not as delicate as the knight's, for, before he vomited, he suffered great pain and discomfort, sweated a lot and felt dizzy: he thought that he was about to die. This great affliction led him to curse the balm and the rascal who had given it to him. Seeing him in this situation, Don Quixote said:

"In my opinion, Sancho, this affliction has befallen you because you have not been knighted: those who are not knights do not profit from this potion."

"If you knew that," replied his squire, "then why did you let me taste it?"

At this point the potion took effect; the poor squire vomited and emptied his bowels in a hurry: neither the rush mat on which he was lying nor the linen blanket that had been tossed over him could be used again. He was sweating profusely and undergoing spasms and convulsions. Not only he but all who saw him thought that he was dying. This tempest lasted almost two hours. When it was over, his condition was not as good as his master's: he was so tired and bruised that he was not able to stand.

However, Don Quixote, as I have said, felt cured and healthy. He wanted to set out at once in order to seek adventures, for he thought that the time he spent in that place deprived the world and the needy of his assistance, all the more so because his balm now afforded him a sense of security and confidence. This desire impelled him to saddle Rocinante, put the saddlebags on his squire's donkey and help Sancho to dress and straddle his animal. Then the knight mounted his horse and, as he rode past a corner of the inn, he seized a short pike he found there; it would become his lance.

All the guests in the inn, amounting to more than twenty people, were watching him. The innkeeper's daughter was also watching him. The knight could not take his eyes off of the girl. From time to time he heaved a sigh that seemed to come from the bottom of his heart. Everybody thought, at least those who had seen him covered with plasters the night before, it was on account of the pain he felt in his ribs.

When he and Sancho were both mounted and standing at the entrance to the inn, he called the innkeeper; in a calm and severe tone of voice he said to him:

"Mr. warden, I wish to thank you for the great services I have obtained in your castle. I would like to repay you for your kindness and take vengeance on the arrogant man who may have mugged you. You know that the aim of my profession is to help the needy, punish those who commit crimes and chastise traitors. Try to remember; if you find anything of this sort, you will have to tell it to me. Since I am a knight, I promise that I will enable you to fulfill all your wishes."

The innkeeper responded with the same calm:

"Your Lordship, there's no need to avenge any wrong, for I know how to avenge myself when people harm me. I just need you to pay for the night you spent in the inn, which includes the straw and barley for the two animals, two dinners and two overnight stays."

"Is it an inn?", asked Don Quixote.

"Yes, it is, and a very respectable one", replied the innkeeper.

"So I have been deceived all along!", exclaimed the knight. "In truth, I thought it was a castle, and not a bad one. Since it's not a castle but an inn, the only thing you can do is forgive my debt, for I cannot contravene the rule of knight-errantry. In fact, according to what I have read, I am sure that knights-errant never paid for the accommodation or anything else when they stayed in an inn. They have received a privilege: people must give them food and provide them with lodging in return for their hard work. Actually, they suffer hardships when they seek adventures by night and by day, in winter and in summer, and on foot and on horseback; they are confronted with hunger, thirst, heat, cold, bad weather and many other problems."

"This has nothing to do with me", said the innkeeper. "Pay the bill and don't try to *recount* one of your stories dealing with chivalry, for what *counts* is that I *keep count* of the customers' debts, *on account* of the income I want to secure."

"You are a stupid idiot and a bad innkeeper", responded Don Quixote.

He spurred Rocinante, placed his short lance across his saddle and exited from the inn; nobody stopped him. Without looking back to see if his squire was following him, he rode along for some distance.

The innkeeper saw him leave, though he had not paid for the accommodation. He handed the bill to Sancho; the latter said that since his master had not wanted to pay, he would not pay either, for, since he was the squire of a knight-errant, he had to obey the same rule and follow the same logic regarding whether people like them had to pay in inns and restaurants. The innkeeper grew very indignant and began to threaten him. He told him that if he did not *pay* his debt, that would *cost* him dearly. Sancho replied that because of the laws of chivalry which his master obeyed, he would not *pay* a dime even if it *cost* him his life. He did not want his master to stop following the good ancient customs of knight-errantry because of him, nor did he want the squires of future knights to reproach him for breaking so just a law.

Unfortunately for Sancho, among the people staying at the inn were four carders from Segovia, three needle-makers from El Potro in Cordoba and two residents of La Feria in Sevilla. They were high-spirited, well-intentioned, wicked and playful. As if they had the same motivation, they came up to Sancho and pulled him off his donkey. One of them entered the inn to take the blanket that was on the bed of the innkeeper. They threw Sancho into it, looked up and saw that the roof was a little too low for the thing they had in mind. So they went out into the stableyard, which was bounded only by the sky above. They placed the squire in the middle of the blanket and began to toss him as if he were a dog at Carnival.

The poor man in the blanket kept shouting; Don Quixote heard his loud cries. He decided to listen more carefully. At first, he believed that some new adventure was under way. Then he understood that the man who was shouting was his squire. He turned his horse towards the inn, returned there at a laborious gallop, found it closed and started to ride around it to see if he could find a way in. No sooner had he reached the walls of the stableyard, which were not very high, than he discovered the trick that was being played on Sancho. He saw him going up and down in the air with such grace and speed that if the knight had not been so angry, he would have laughed heartily. However, he turned to the wall and endeavored to climb it, but he was so bruised and stiff that he could not dismount. So, sitting in the saddle, he began to insult those who were tossing Sancho in the blanket; he said so many rude words that it would be quite impossible to remember them all and write them down. This did not stop them from laughing and doing their work. The flying Sancho kept complaining: sometimes he threatened them, sometimes he begged for mercy. It was useless, but the men got tired and stopped.

Then they brought his donkey, sat him on it and dressed him in his overcoat. Seeing him so exhausted, Maritornes felt sorry for him. She thought that it would be a good idea to give him a bit of water. So she brought him a pitcher of water, which she had drawn from the well because it was cooler. Sancho took the pitcher, raised it to his mouth and paused when he heard his master yell:

“Sancho, my son, don’t drink water! My son, do not drink it, for it will kill you! Look this: this is the blessed balm.” He showed him the vial that contained the potion. “If you drink only two drops, you surely will be healed.”

Sancho gave him a dirty look and said in an even louder voice:

“Have you forgotten that I am not a knight? Do you want me to vomit what I have not vomited yesterday? Keep your devilish potion, and leave me alone!”

As he finished saying this, he started to drink, but he perceived at the first swallow that it was only water. He did not want to continue drinking water. So he asked Maritornes to bring him some wine instead. She did so very willingly and paid for it with her own money, for it is said that although she worked as a servant, she looked a little like a landlady.

As soon as Sancho finished drinking, he spurred his donkey. The gate of the inn having been opened wide for him, he left this place. He was happy because he had not had to pay anything and had had his own way, even though it had been at the expense of his usual guarantors: his shoulders. The truth of the matter is that the innkeeper had kept his saddlebags in order to be compensated for his loss of income, but Sancho was so distracted when he left that he did not notice they were gone. Once the two guests were outside, the innkeeper wanted to bar the gate, but the blanket tossers did not agree, for even if Don Quixote had really been one of the Knights of the Round Table, they would not have been scared.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The conversation between Sancho Panza and Don Quixote,
along with other adventures that deserve to be recounted.

Sancho reached his master. He was so exhausted that he could not even prod his donkey. When Don Quixote saw him, he said:

“My good Sancho, I guess that this castle, or inn, or whatever, is enchanted, for the people who mistreated you resembled phantoms or creatures from the next world. I believe this because, when I was near the wall of the stableyard, watching the tragic event, I could not climb it or even dismount Rocinante, which shows that they had cast a spell on me. But I swear that if I had been able to dismount and climb that wall, I would have avenged the assault, although, as I have told you many times, I would have contravened the laws of knighthood, for knights are not allowed to fight with commoners unless they try to defend themselves when their lives are at stake. I can assure you that those rioters and thugs would have remembered the punishment for the rest of their lives.

“Whether I had been a knight or not”, said Sancho, “I would have revenged myself on them if I had been able do to so. That being said, I think that the people who mistreated me were not phantoms or human beings under a spell as you say, but men of flesh and blood, like us. They all had names, for I heard them calling one another by their names as they were tossing me. One was called Pedro Martínez; another one was called Tenorio Hernández; the innkeeper’s name was Juan Palomeque the Left-Handed. So, you could not climb the wall or dismount Rocinante because no enchantment was involved in the action. I understand that, in the long run, the adventures we are looking for will inconvenience us: we will end up confusing our two feet. In my opinion, the best and most sensible thing to do is to go back home since it is harvesttime. We should run our farms and stop going from pillar to post and from bad to worse, as they say.”

“How little you know, Sancho”, Don Quixote responded, “about chivalry! Stop complaining and be patient, for one day you will understand that this profession is honorable. Honestly, what can surpass the joy of winning a battle and defeating an enemy? Nothing, of course.”

“You may be right”, said Sancho, “for I am an ignorant man, but I know that since we have been knights-errant, or since you have been one, for I don’t belong to that revered organization, you have not defeated anybody, except the Biscayan, and even there you lost half an ear and half a helmet. Since then, it has been nothing but beatings and more beatings and slaps and more slaps. Besides, I was tossed in a blanket by enchanted creatures. Since I can’t take revenge on them, I will never discover the pleasure of defeating an enemy, as you say.”

“We both regret this”, responded Don Quixote. “But I will try to find a sword forged in a certain manner, the kind of sword that protects the people who carry it from any type of enchantment. I may find the sword of Amadís, the one he had when he was called the Knight of the Blazing Sword. It was one of the best swords any knight in the world ever had, because, in addition to the virtue I have already mentioned, it cut like a razor, and no armor, no matter how strong or enchanted, could withstand it.”

“You see, I am not lucky”, said Sancho. “Should Your Lordship find a sword like that, it would, like the potion, protect only knights. As for squires, they would endure the same difficulties.”

“There is no need to fear this, Sancho”, said his master, “for Heaven will be more merciful.”

As the were talking, Don Quixote caught sight of a large cloud of dust that was coming toward them. He turned to Sancho and said:

“O Sancho, this is the day when you will discover the boon that fate has in store for me. This is the very day when I will show the valor of my powerful arm; I will perform deeds that will everlastingly beautify the pages of the book of fame. Sancho, do you see that cloud rising there? That dust is stirred up by a titanic army composed of millions of people marching toward us.”

“Well, there must be two of them”, said Sancho, “for, on the other side, there is another cloud of dust just like this one.”

Don Quixote turned to look; he saw that it was true. He was overjoyed; he thought that these were indeed two armies that would fight a battle in the middle of the broad plain. His imagination was filled with the battles, enchantments, happenings, follies, love affairs and duels that were described in his books of chivalry. Everything he said, thought, or did was linked to this fantasy. The dust clouds he had seen were stirred up by two large flocks of sheep and rams coming along the same road in opposite directions. One had to be close to the dust clouds to distinguish the animals. Don Quixote insisted that they were armies, and Sancho came to believe it.

“Sir”, said he, “what must we do?”

“What must we do?”, repeated his master. “We must protect the needy and the weak. Sancho, the army in front of us is led by the great emperor Aliboastful, lord of the great isle of Trapobana. The other one behind us is the army of his enemy, the king of the Garamantas. His nickname is Pentapolín of the Rolled-up Sleeve because his right arm is always bare when he is on a battlefield.”

“Why do these two men hate each other?”, asked Sancho.

“They hate each other”, said Don Quixote, “because this Aliboastful is a violent pagan and because he is in love with Pentapolín’s daughter. She is a very pretty Christian lady. His father does not want her to marry him because he is a Muslim. He would change his mind if Aliboastful abjured the law of the false prophet, Muhammad, in order to become a Christian.”

“Should Pentapolín have some problems”, said Sancho, “I would go and help him.”

“In that case”, said Don Quixote, “you would fulfill your duty, for to engage in battles of this sort, knighthood is not compulsory.”

“I can understand that”, said Sancho, “but where are we going to put this donkey so that we may be sure to find it when the fight is over? You know, I don’t think that fighting a battle on the back of that kind of animal has been the custom up to now.”

“That is true”, said Don Quixote. “What you can do is set it loose, but we could lose it. We could also lose Rocinante because once we have won the battle, we will have so many horses that we will probably mistake mine for another. Look, I want to describe the most important knights who belong to these two armies. So that you may see them more clearly, let us retire to that hillock, where we will be able to scan them.”

They then stationed themselves upon a slight elevation from which they would have been able to see very well the two flocks that Don Quixote mistook for armies if the clouds of dust they stirred up had not blinded the two onlookers. The fertile imagination of the gentleman made him see what he could not see, since it did not exist. Raising his voice, he said:

“There, the knight with the golden coat of arms and with the crowned lion crouched at the feet of a damsel painted on his shield is the valiant Falsevictory, lord of the Triumphal Bridge. The other with the gilded flowers on his coat of arms and with the three silver crowns on an azure field on his shield is the dread Monkeytail, grand duke of Quirocia. The one on Monkeytail’s right, with the gigantic limbs, is the never fearful Swordofbarbarian of the Casino, lord of the three Arabias. His coat of arms is a piece of snakeskin. His shield is a door; it is said that it is one of those from the temple that Samson demolished when he revenged himself on his enemies by killing himself. But turn your eyes in this direction so that you may behold, at the head of the other army, the ever victorious and never defeated Coxswain of Guffawbox, prince of New Biscay. His coat of arms is composed of four parts that are azure, green, white and yellow. On his shield, there is a gold cat on a tawny field; the inscription reads ‘Miaow’, which is the beginning of his lady’s name. It is said that she is the peerless Miaowlina, daughter of Barleysugar, duke of Algarve. Over there, there is a fat man who taps the back of a gigantic mare. His coat of arms is as white as the driven snow; his white shield bears no inscription. He is an inexperienced French knight; his name is Pierre Papin; he is the baron of Utrique. You can also see a man who is digging his iron spurs into the flanks of a light-footed made-up zebra. His coat of arms resembles a blue bell. He is the mighty duke of Nerbia: Espartothread of the Wood. An asparagus bush is painted on his shield along with a Castilian motto that reads ‘track my fate’.”

In this manner, he named many knights from the two so-called armies; he described all the imaginary coats of arms, colors, emblems and mottoes, for he was

completely carried away by his imagination and this unknown kind of madness. Without pausing, he went on:

"This squadron in front of us is composed of men of various nations. Here are those who drink the refreshing water of the famous Xanthus, the mountain-dwellers who walk on the Massilian fields, those who pan for gold in South Arabia, those who enjoy the famous cool shores of the crystal-clear Thermodon, those who extract gold by many different means along the river Pactolus, the Numidians, who never keep their word, the Persians, who are very good archers, the Parthians and the Medes, who also fight when they retreat, the Arabians, with their tents, the Scythians, who are fair-skinned and cruel, the Ethiopians, with their pierced lips, and an infinite number of other nations which I cannot remember or name, although I see and recognize the faces of some of their warriors. In this other squadron come those who drink the transparent water of the Guadalquivir, which is bordered by olive groves, those who scrub their faces with the liquid of the forever lovely gilded Tagus, those who enjoy the beneficial waters of the divine River Genil, those who cross the verdant Tartessian fields, those who amuse themselves in the Elysian meadows of Jerez, the Manchegans, rich and crowned with golden ears of corn, others clad in iron garments, the ancient relics of the Gothic race, those who bathe in the Pisuerga, famous for the gentleness of its current, those who graze their cattle on the extensive pastures of the sinuous Guadiana, celebrated for its underground course, and those who tremble with cold in the forests of the Pyrenees or on top of the snowy peaks of the lofty Apennines; in short, all the people who live in Europe."

Good heavens! He named a great many provinces and nations, describing their characteristics with accuracy, as if he was guided by his deceptive books.

Sancho Panza was hanging on his words. He did not dare to speak. From time to time he turned his head to try to see the knights and giants his master was naming. Since he was unable to make out any of them, he said to his master:

"Sir, the men, giants and knights you have mentioned are missing! At least, I don't see them. Maybe it's a magic spell, like last night's phantoms."

"How can you say that?", replied Don Quixote. "Can't you hear the neighing of the horses, the sound of the trumpets, or the drum rolls?"

"I don't hear anything", said Sancho, "except the bleating of the sheep."

And this, of course, was the truth, for the flocks were drawing near.

"Sancho", said Don Quixote, "it is your fear that forbids you to see or hear properly, for one of the effects of fear is to vitiate the senses and make things appear other than what they are. If you are frightened, retire to an isolated spot and leave me alone. I don't need you to choose the army which I will help so that it may win this battle."

Saying this, he spurred Rocinante, raised his lance and darted down the hillside like a flash of lightning.

"Come back, Your Lordship", yelled Sancho. "I swear to God that you are attacking sheep and rams. Come back! Good gracious, what kind of madness is this? Look, there are no giants, or knights, or cats, or coats of arms, or shields either parted or whole, or blue bells, or enchantments. What are you doing? I am breaking the laws of God!"

All this did not make Don Quixote turn back. Instead, he cried out at the top of his voice:

"Ho, you knights who follow and serve the valiant Emperor Pentapolín of the Rolled-up Sleeve, follow me, all of you, and you will see that it will be easy to enable you to take revenge on your enemy, Aliboastful of Trapobana."

Saying this, he rode into the flock of sheep and, pointing his lance at his woolly enemies, he began to charge at them. His boldness could have made the onlookers believe that the poor beasts were his arch-enemies. The shepherds and breeders who were guarding the flock came running; they shouted at him to stop attacking the sheep. Seeing that they were just whistling in the wind, they grasped their slingshots and greeted him with stones as big as fists. Don Quixote did not pay attention to the projectiles. Riding back and forth, he cried out:

"Where are you, haughty Aliboastful? Come here, for there is a knight who wants to challenge you to a duel in order to pit himself against your strength and kill you, for he must seek revenge against the man who has done the valorous Pentapolín Garamanta wrong."

At that moment, a pebble hit him and two of his ribs curved inwards. He believed that he was dead or badly wounded. Remembering his potion, he took the cruet, placed its neck on his lower lip and started to swallow the potion. Before he had finished swallowing what he considered to be a sufficient quantity, another pebble hit his hand, pulled out three or four incisors and molars and smashed two of his fingers. The flask broke into pieces.

These blows were so heavy that the poor knight tumbled from his horse. They Believed that they had killed him. So they hurried to gather their animals together and pick up the dead ones, which amounted to more than seven. Then they took French leave.

Sancho was standing on the hill, watching the foolish actions of his master. He kept pulling out his beard hair, cursing the hour when fortune had introduced him to this lunatic. When he saw that Don Quixote was lying on the ground and that the shepherds had gone, he came down the hill and went over to his master. He was in poor condition, although he had not lost consciousness. He said to him:

"Lord Quixote, didn't I tell you to come back because you were not attacking armies but flocks of sheep?"

"That wicked magician, my enemy", said Don Quixote, "can make things disappear and also change their nature. Sancho, I must tell you that people like him can easily make us to see what they want us to see. This villain persecutes me. Envious of the glory that I would achieve in this battle, he turned the opposing squadrons into flocks of sheep. Sancho, you can do a thing that will enable you to discover that what I am saying is true. You must mount your donkey and follow them discreetly. When you have gone a short way from here, you will see them turn into what they were before; they will no longer be sheep but genuine men, just as I described them in the first place. But do not go now, for I need your kind assistance; come here, look at my mouth and tell me how many incisors and molars are missing, for it seems to me that I do not have a single one left."

Sancho came so close that his eyes were almost in his master's mouth. By this time the potion had taken effect in Don Quixote's stomach. As Sancho looked into his

mouth, he vomited up what he had ingested, more vigorously than if he were firing a musket. The vomit hit the compassionate squire in the face.

"Holy Mary!", exclaimed Sancho. "What has happened? This sinner must be mortally wounded, for he is vomiting blood."

However, when he investigated the matter a little more closely, thanks to the color, taste and smell, he discovered that this was not blood but the liquid from the cruet, which he had seen the knight drink. The smell made his stomach turn; he vomited what he had eaten all over Don Quixote. The two men were in a fine state!

Sancho headed toward the saddlebags in order to get a piece of fabric to wipe off the vomit and something to cure his master. He did not find them. He flew into a rage and cursed himself again. Although he would lose his wages for the time he had worked and would never become the governor of the promised island, he resolved to leave the knight and return home.

Don Quixote then rose to his feet. He placed his left hand over his mouth so that no more teeth might fall out. He grasped Rocinante's reins with the other hand: the horse had not moved from his master's side because he was loyal and well trained. The knight went over to where the squire was standing, leaning against his donkey and resting his cheek in his hand like a man lost in thought. His squire's sadness led him to said to him:

"You know, Sancho, a man is not worth more than any other if he does not do more things than any other. All the tempests that have wet us suggest that the weather will improve and things will go well for us, for either good or evil cannot last forever. Since the evil has lasted so long, the good must be near at hand. Hence, you should not grieve over the misfortunes that have befallen me, since you have had no part in them."

"No part in them!", exclaimed Sancho. "Wasn't the man they tossed in a blanket yesterday the son of my father? What about my belongings and saddlebags, which are missing now? Did they belong to some other person?"

"Did you say that the saddlebags are missing, Sancho?"

"Yes, they are."

"In that case, we have nothing to eat today."

"That's true", said Sancho, "but the plants you have talked about grow in these meadows. You have said that the unfortunate knights-errant like you are used to eating them when there is a food shortage."

"So far as that goes", said his master, "I'd rather eat one kilogram of bread, or much more, with two smoked sardines than all the plants described by Dioscorides or commented on by Dr. Laguna. Nevertheless, my good Sancho, mount your ass and follow me. Since God is the provider of all things, He will not fail us, all the more so because we serve Him. He always provides mosquitoes with air, grubs with earth and tadpoles with water. He is so merciful that He compels His sun to shine on the good and the bad and the rain to fall on the just and the unjust."

"Your Lordship, you should become a preacher", said Sancho, "rather than remain a knight-errant."

"Sancho, knights-errant", said Don Quixote, "knew and must know about everything, for, in past times, there were knights-errant who halted in order to deliver a speech or a sermon in the middle of an overcrowded battlefield just as if they were

graduates of the University of Divinity of Paris. Hence, one can infer that the sword never eclipsed the pen, nor the pen the sword."

"You may be right", replied Sancho, "but let us leave here at once and find a place where we would spend the night. God willing, there won't be blankets, or rascals who toss people, or phantoms, or enchanted Moors. Should there be one of those things, I would run away!"

"Ask God to grant you this", said Don Quixote, "and lead the way, for this time I want you to select the place where we will sleep. But, first, put your finger in my mouth, feel the gums and tell me how many incisors and molars are missing on the right side of my upper jaw, for that's where I feel the pain."

Sancho put his fingers in his master's mouth. As he was feeling inside, he said:

"How many molars did you have on this side?"

"Four. All of them but the wisdom tooth were sound and healthy."

"Sir, could you be more specific?"

"I say four or perhaps five", responded Don Quixote; "for, in all my life, I have never had an incisor or molar pulled out, nor has any fallen out or been destroyed by tooth decay or infections."

"Well, in this lower jaw", said Sancho, "there are two molars and a half. In the upper jaw, there is not even a half... there's none at all! It is as smooth as the palm of your hand."

"Woe is me!", cried Don Quixote when he heard this sad news. "I would have preferred them to cut my arm so long as it was not the one that wields the sword. Sancho, I must tell you that a mouth without molars is like a mill without a millstone: teeth are more precious than diamonds. Unfortunately, those of us who obey the strict rules of knighthood are subject to all of this. So mount, my friend, and lead the way; I am going to follow you, whatever your speed."

Sancho did so and rode away in the direction in which he thought they might find lodging without leaving the highway, which was a straight line in that area.

They rode very slowly because Don Quixote's jaws hurt: the pain did not allow him to go any faster. Sancho wanted to entertain him by talking to him. Among other things, he said what will be recounted in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

Their interesting conversation,
the story about the corpse
and other famous events.

"Sir, I think that all the misadventures we have had recently are surely a penalty connected with your sin: since you have not been able to keep your promises, you have disobeyed the laws of knighthood, which stipulate that you are not allowed to eat meals around a table, or get jiggy with the queen, or whatever. You swore not to do any of these things until you had taken a helmet from that Moor, Malandrino, or whatever his name is, I don't remember exactly."

"You are absolutely right, Sancho", replied Don Quixote, "but, to tell you the truth, it had slipped my mind. Moreover, you can be sure that they tossed you in the

blanket because you had failed to remind me of this in time. I am going to amend those laws, for, in knighthood, you can always circumvent the rules."

"I haven't sworn to obey those rules", said Sancho

"It makes no difference whether you have or not", said Don Quixote, "because I think that you are implicated in the offense. So, we are going to play safe and follow this procedure."

"In that case", said his squire, "you must not forget the amendments as you did when you broke your word. Maybe the phantoms will want to amuse themselves and attack me and you if they see you argue stubbornly."

They were engaged in this conversation and others when the sun started to set. They were going along the highway and had not found a place to sleep yet. Hunger made matters worse; they had lost their saddlebags along with their provisions. And, to top it all, they came face to face with a thing that looked like a genuine adventure: night fell! They continued on their way, for Sancho believed that since this was a main highway, they would have to go but a league or two before they came upon some kind of inn.

Feeling hungry, they were riding along through the darkness. All of a sudden, they saw coming toward them a lots lights which looked like shooting stars. Sancho was stunned when he saw them; Don Quixote was a bit worried; one of them pulled on the halter of his ass, the other on the reins of his nag. They scanned the horizon to try to discover what those lights might be. They were approaching: the nearer they came, the bigger they seemed. Sancho began to shake like a leaf; his master's hair stood on end. Then Don Quixote took a deep breath and said:

"Sancho, I feel certain that this is going to be a great, perilous adventure; I will have to be courageous and self-willed."

"Poor me!", exclaimed his squire. "If this adventure has anything to do with phantoms, which seems to be the case, who will be involved in it?"

"Whether they are phantoms or not", said Don Quixote, "I will not allow them to harm a hair on your head. If they amused themselves and attacked you last time, it was only because I was unable to climb the wall of the stableyard; but here we are in the open: I will be able to wield my sword as I like."

"What if they enchant and hit you as they did before? What difference will it make whether you are in the open or not?"

"Besides", went on Don Quixote, "I beg you, Sancho, to pluck up courage to fight against them, for this new experience will enable you to appraise my personal courage."

"I will do so, God willing", responded Sancho.

They moved to one side of the road and continued watching attentively to see what those lights might be. It was not long before they caught sight of a large number of white-shirted figures, a frightening vision that led Sancho to give up on his good intention. His teeth began to chatter as if he suffered from four-day fever. They chattered more than ever as the apparition came near enough to be distinguishable. There were about twenty white-shirted figures, all on horseback and holding burning torches in their hands. Behind them came a stretcher draped in a black veil; it was followed by six other riders, all clad in black from top to toe. The leisurely gait of their

animals proved that they were mules. The figures were muttering something to themselves in a low, mournful tone of voice.

This weird vision, at that hour and in so deserted a place, was sufficient to fill Sancho's heart with angst and his master's too. The squire was low-spirited now, but the knight was not. His vivid imagination was already telling him that this scene was another adventure printed in one of his books. The stretcher turned into a bier, bearing some knight either dead or badly wounded. He, and no one else, had to avenge his death. So, he thoughtlessly resolved to act. He rested his lance and settled himself in the saddle. High-spirited and self-possessed, he positioned himself in the middle of the road along which the white figures had to pass. When they were near, he shouted:

"Halt, gentlemen, or whomsoever you may be! Tell me who you are, where you come form, where you are going and who is the person you are carrying on that bier. To all appearances, either you have committed an offense or someone has attacked you. You must tell it to me because I must either punish you for your evil deeds or take revenge on the person who has mistreated you."

"We are in a hurry", said one of the men, "and the inn is far: we cannot stop to give you the information you are asking for."

He spurred his mule and rode forward. Don Quixote took offense at this reply. He grasped the mule's bridle and repeated:

"Halt, and watch your mouth! Answer my questions, otherwise, I will do battle against all of you."

The mule was a bit nervous. When Don Quixote seized its bridle, it panicked, reared and threw off its rider, who fell to the ground. A lad who was on foot, seeing the white-shirted man fall, started to insult the knight, which kindled his wrath. Without further ado, he brought his lance into position, bore down on one of those who were clad in mourning garments, wounded him and made him fall to the ground. Then he turned around and faced the others. It was wonderful to see the dexterity with which he attacked them and made them run all over the place. At that moment, it seemed that Rocinante was *flying* like a *bird* because he was as proud as a *peacock* and as light as a *feather*.

All these shirt wearers were fearful and unarmed. They left the brawl rapidly and began to run across the fields; they were still holding their burning torches in their hands; they looked like the masked figures that illumine the streets when they run about on celebration nights. Disorder *messed* The *Mass* men [those who say Mass] up: *wrapped* in their chasubles and cassocks and *wrapped up* in their religious beliefs, they were unable to move. Don Quixote smote them all easily and forced them to leave. They all thought that he was not a man but a devil from Hell who had come to take the corpse they were carrying on the bier.

Sancho watched it all; he was bedazzled by his master's ire. He said to himself:

"My master is really brave, there is no doubt about it."

Next to the first man who had fallen from his mule, there was a burning torch that illuminated him. Don Quixote came over to him, pointed his lance at his face and called on him to surrender, or else he would kill him. The man moaned:

"I have already surrendered: my leg is broken and I cannot move. I beg Your Lordship, if you are Christian, to spare my life. Should you kill me, you would commit a great sacrilege, for I am a graduate in Divinity and have already taken the first vows."

“Well”, said Don Quixote, “what in the Devil has brought you here, being a holy man?”

“What, sir?”, said the man who was lying on the ground. “My misfortunes.”

“If you don’t answer all the questions I have asked”, said Don Quixote, “more unpleasant things will happen to you."

“I am going to answer you”, replied the graduate. “To begin with, I must tell you that, although I said I was a graduate, I am just an undergraduate. My name is Alonso López. I was born in Alcobendas. I come from the city of Baeza along with eleven other priests, the men who fled with the torches. We are going to the city of Segovia, accompanying the mortal remains that lie on that bier. This gentleman died in Baeza, where he was first interred. Now we are taking his bones to his grave in Segovia, his native city.”

“And who killed him?”, asked Don Quixote.

"Good Lord!”, exclaimed the undergraduate. “It is a pestilential fever that killed him.”

"Since he has not been killed by a man”, said the knight, “Our Lord has relieved me of the burden of avenging his death. When disease murders people, one has nothing to do but remain silent and conform, which is what I would have done if it had killed me. Father, I want you to know that I am a knight from La Mancha whose name is Don Quixote. My profession consists in traveling the word in order to right wrongs and defeat offenders.”

“I don’t know what you mean when you say that you *right wrongs*, for I have the *right* to say that you have done me *wrong* since you have broken my leg, which will never be straight again; is it *right* or is it *wrong*? As for the *offender* who has *offended* me, *no offense*, but it is you. You have *defeated* me, which is why I will remain a *defeatist* for the rest of my life. It was a great *misadventure* because I came across an *adventurous adventurer* who *ventured* to seek *adventures*.”

“Those things”, replied Don Quixote, “shouldn’t have happened. Mr. undergraduate Alonso López, you have made a big mistake: all of you came by night, wearing mourning clothes and surplices, holding burning torches and chanting prayers, which led me to believe that you were wicked ghosts. Hence, I had to carry out my duties: attack you. I would have attacked you even if I had known for a fact that you were demons from Hell, which was my unshakable first impression.”

“Mr. Knight-*errant*, since this is my destiny”, said the undergraduate, “I beseech you to help me, for I need to run an *errand* for someone. Could you lift up this thing: one of my legs is caught between the stirrup and the saddle of this mule.”

“I keep talking”, said Don Quixote, “and I miss the point! You should have asked for my help a little sooner.”

He called to Sancho, but the squire did not come because he was stealing food in the saddlebags of a packmule that carried all the victuals of those good gentlemen. Sancho made a sack out of his coat, filled it with food, loaded it onto his donkey and, then, responded to his master’s call. He helped him to get the student out from under the mule. Then he sat the man on his beast and gave him his torch. Don Quixote told him to follow his companions, who were fleeing, and to apologize on his behalf for the wrong they had suffered, which he had not been able to avoid. Sancho also said to him:

“Father, if those gentlemen want to know the identity of the valiant man who attacked them, you can tell them that he is the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, also known as the Weepy Knight!”

The undergraduate rode off. Don Quixote asked Sancho why he had called him the Weepy Knight at that particular moment and not before. The squire said to him:

“I can tell you that it comes from an accurate fact. Actually, I was looking at you for a while by the light of the torch that unlucky traveler was carrying when I discovered that you had the worst-looking face that I had ever seen, which was due to exhaustion after this combat or the lack of incisors and molars in your mouth.”

“Whatever!”, exclaimed Don Quixote. “The learned man who will write the history of my exploits will certainly think that it is a good idea to choose a nickname like all the knights of the past. So some of them were called the Knight of the Flaming Sword, the Knight of the Unicorn, the Knight of the Damsels, the Knight of the Phoenix, the Knight of the Griffon and the Knight of Death. People could recognize them by these nicknames and their coats of arms all around the world. In fact, I think that the aforementioned learned man has put this nickname in your mind and on your tongue. I have thus resolved to call myself the Weepy Knight from now on. So that it may better suit my needs, I have decided to have a very sad face painted on my shield when we have time.”

“There’s no need to waste time or money on an oil painting”, said Sancho. “Sir, what you should do instead is uncover your face and show it to those who are looking at you: without any image or shield, they will call you the Weepy Knight. Although it sounds like a joke, I am telling you the truth: hunger and the lack of teeth have given you, as I have said, a *sad* face that does not need a *sad* painting to be considered as *sad* by *sad old folks*.”

Sancho’s witticism made Don Quixote laugh. However, he resolved to call himself by that name as soon as his shield, or buckler, could be painted as he had imagined.

I had forgotten to tell you that, when the undergraduate mounted his mule, he said to Don Quixote:

“I must tell you that you have just been excommunicated for having laid your violent hands on a holy thing: ‘According to them, if someone is inspired by the Devil...’” [written in Latin]

“I do not understand those Latin words”, said Don Quixote, “but I know that I did not lay my hands but this lance. Moreover, I did not mean to attack a priest or any other holy thing, for I respect and admire them as the faithful Roman Catholic I am. I thought that those people were phantoms and monsters from the other world. However, I remember what happened to El Cid Ruy Diaz when he broke the chair of the king’s ambassador in front of his holiness the pope. On that day, he was excommunicated, and good old Rodrigo de Vivar demonstrated that he was an honest, valiant knight.”

The undergraduate listened in silence and rode off.

Then Don Quixote wanted to see whether there were bones or not in the bier, but Sancho did not agree; he said:

“Sir, the end of this adventure is the happiest of all: for the first time, you are safe. That being said, those fellows whom you vanquished and dispersed may come to

realize that it was only one individual who defeated them. Ashamed of themselves, they may pluck up courage to return in order to cause trouble. The ass is ready, we are hungry and the mountain is awaiting us: there is nothing left for us to do but leave this place as fast as we can. As the saying goes, 'let the dead go to the graveyard and the living to the restaurant!'"

He rode off and begged his master to follow him, which he did without uttering a word, for he believed that his squire was right. After going a short distance, they found themselves between two small mountains, in a broad, hidden valley, where they dismounted. Sancho unfastened the saddlebags. Then they stretched out on the green grass. Hunger compelled them to have breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper all at once. They filled their stomachs with more than one delicacies which the clergymen who were in the funeral procession carried in their saddlebags; priests rarely starve!

But they still had one misfortune to endure, which Sancho regarded as the worst of all: they had neither wine to drink nor water to quench their thirst. Seeing that the meadow where they were sitting was covered with young grass, Sancho said things that will be recounted in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XX.

The incredible adventure easily concluded
by the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha.

"Sir", said Sancho, "this grass betokens the presence of some spring or brook that moistens it. So, it would be a good idea to go a bit farther in order to find a place where we could quench this terrible thirst that is tiring us. There is no doubt about it: thirst is more painful than hunger."

Don Quixote considered this to be good advice. Sancho packed away the leftovers, placed the saddlebags upon the ass and grasped its halter. Don Quixote took Rocinante's reins. They headed for the top of the hill. They were a bit lost because the night was so dark that they were unable to see anything at all. They had not gone two hundred paces when they heard splashes, which resembled the sound of water falling from high cliffs. They rejoiced at this sound and paused in order to discover where it was coming from. Another big splash dissolved their joy in anxiety, especially Sancho's, for he was born a coward. I just want to say that they heard the sound of rhythmic blows, along with the rattling of iron chains, accompanied by the roars of water. Everybody but Don Quixote would have been terrified.

As I have said, the night was dark. They reached a grove composed of tall trees; the gentle breeze was squeezing their leaves, which made a sinister sound. Isolation, the place, darkness, the noise of the water and the groans of the leaves inspired terror. The sun did not want to rise; neither the blows nor the wind ceased; they had no idea where they were; their fear kept increasing. However, Don Quixote along with his intrepid heart jumped upon Rocinante's back, gripped his shield, positioned his lance across his chest and said:

"Sancho, my friend, I must tell you that I was born, by the will of Heaven, in the iron age in order to revive what is known as the Golden Age. Perils, exploits and valiant actions are my lot in life. My goal is to revive the Knights of the Round Table,

the Twelve Peers of France and the Nine Famous Grandees. I want the world to forget the Platirs, the Tablantes, the Olivantes, the Tirantes, the Phoebuses, the Belianises and the hordes of famous knights-errant of times past by performing today breathtaking exploits that will eclipse their achievements. My loyal, trustworthy squire, I guess that you have noted the darkness of this night, its strange silence, the dull groans of those trees, those unceasing blows that are wounding our ears and the frightening sound made by that water, which we are looking for; it seems that it is falling precipitously from the tall mountains of the moon. All these things, taken together and separately, can instill angst, fear and terror in the breast of Mars himself, not to mention the people who are not accustomed to such happenings or adventures. They inspire and awaken my courage; they compel my heart to desire to engage in this adventure, though it might be difficult. So, tighten Rocinante's girth a bit if you will. Stay here with God and wait for me three days, no longer. If at the end of that time I have not returned, you will go back to our village. Then, to help and please me, you will go to El Toboso where you will tell the peerless Lady Dulcinea that her captive knight died performing things that will enable her to pride herself on being my sweetheart."

When he heard his master speak these words, Sancho burst into tears. He said to him:

"Sir, I do not know why you want to embark on this dangerous adventure. We can easily turn back and get away from the danger, even if we don't drink anything for three days; it is night, no one can see us: nobody will call us cowards. Moreover, the priest of our village, whom you know very well, when he preaches a sermon, he sometimes says that whoever looks for danger will be killed by danger. It is a bad idea to defy God: you must not undertake something so terrible that you can't get out of it except with His help. Heaven has already help you a lot. He saved you from being tossed in a blanket as I was. He allowed you to remain free and safe and to defeat all those enemies who were accompanying that corpse. If all this does not move or soften your heart of steel, let it be moved by my condition: as soon as you leave this spot, fear will force me to give my soul to anybody who wants to take it. I have left my home, my children and my wife to come and serve you. I believed that I would be rewarded, not punished. Since greed destroys everything, it has torn my hopes down. I was close to reaching the shores of that cursed island, the present you have promised me so many times. I understand that, instead of fulfilling that hope, you want to leave me in this isolated place. By God, do not abandon me! If you do not want to give up this enterprise, at least put it off until morning, for, according to the knowledge I acquired when I was a shepherd, it should not be as much as three hours from now until dawn, seeing that the mouth of the Horn is directly *overhead* and midnight is in line with the left arm."

"How, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "can you see that line or where the mouth of the Horn or the back *of your head* is? It is so dark and there is not a single star in the sky!"

"That's true", replied Sancho, "but fear has many eyes and can see a few things under the ground and many more in the skies. Anyway, it stands to reason that daybreak cannot be far off."

“Far off or near”, said his master, “I don’t want people to say, either now or at any other time, that tears or prevarication kept me from fulfilling my duties as a knight. So, Sancho, I beg you to be quiet, for God, who has asked my heart to undertake this exceptional adventure, will deal with my health and console you. What you must do is tighten Rocinante’s girth and remain here; I will return soon, either alive or dead.”

Our knight’s resolve was definitive. Sancho understood that his tears, suggestions and pleas would not influence him. He resolved to use his ingenuity in order to try to make Don Quixote wait until day. Hence, when he tightened Rocinante’s girth, he cunningly and quietly tied Rocinante’s forelegs together with his donkey’s halter. When Don Quixote started to ride away, he discovered that his horse was unable to move; he could only hop. Seeing the success of his trick, Sancho said:

“Ah, sir, God himself, moved by my tears and supplications, has forbidden Rocinante to move. Should you persist in spurring and whipping him, you would anger Fortune and, so to speak, you would be whistling in the wind.”

Don Quixote grew desperate: the more he spurred his horse, the less the animal moved. He had not noticed that the hack’s feet had been tied together. The knight decided to have a rest and wait for the dawn or until Rocinante could move forward. He was convinced that all this was not caused by his squire’s trick, but by something else. So he said:

“Rocinante cannot move, but I am happy to wait until dawn comes, even though I am sorry to wait so long.”

“There is no need to be sorry”, replied Sancho, “for I am going to entertain you and tell stories from now until daybreak, unless you want to dismount and sleep for a little while on this green grass, as knights-errant do. When day comes, you will be rested and ready to engage in the extraordinary adventure that awaits you.”

“Dismount and sleep!”, exclaimed Don Quixote. “I am not that kind of knight. I won’t get some rest because danger is lying in ambush! But you can sleep, for you were born to sleep. You can also do whatever you want; I will do what best befits my aspirations.”

“Sir”, said Sancho, “you shouldn’t be angry; I did not mean to hurt you.”

Sancho came up to his master. He placed one hand on the front of the saddle and the other on the rear: he was embracing Don Quixote’s left leg. He did not dare to stir from there, for he was scared of those blows, which kept sounding rhythmically.

Then Don Quixote asked his squire to tell a story in order to entertain him, as he had promised. Sancho replied that he would be glad to do so if his fear disappeared.

“However”, said he, “I am going to make the effort to recount one of the best stories, but I must recall the details. Please, pay attention; I am about to begin. ‘Once upon a time, there was a country where the good was intended for everybody. The evil afflicted those who looked for it...’ You know that when the ancients began their tales, the beginning did not come out of nowhere. In fact, what I have just said is a maxim of Cato *the Senseless Censor*, the Roman; it says: ‘The evil afflicted those who looked for it.’ This saying fits you like a glove: you should not go looking for trouble; you should stay here. We will take another route since nobody compels us to keep following this road where so many frightening things startle us.”

“Go on with your story, Sancho”, said Don Quixote; “as for the road that we are to follow, leave that to me.”

“Well”, continued Sancho, “somewhere in Extremadura, there was a goat shepherd – I mean a goatherd. As I said, this goat shepherd or goatherd was called Lope Ruiz. This Lope Ruiz was in love with a shepherdess whose name was Torralba. This shepherdess called Torralba was the daughter of a wealthy stockman; this wealthy stockman...”

“Sancho, if you tell your story this way”, interjected Don Quixote, “and say the names twice, you will not be finished in a couple of days. Tell it correctly, like a sensible man, or do not tell it at all.”

“In my village”, said Sancho, “they tell all fables just the way I am telling this one. I cannot tell it differently. You should not ask me to adopt new customs.”

“Tell it as you like, then”, said Don Quixote. “Since fate wants me to continue listening to you, go on with your story.”

“So, my dear master”, continued Sancho, “as I was saying, this shepherd was in love with Torralba, the shepherdess. She was pot-bellied, aggressive and a bit mannish; I can recall her little mustache!”

“Then, did you know her?”

“No, I didn’t, but the one who told me this story described her so faithfully that, when I recount it, I am not ashamed to say that I knew her very well. So, as days went by, the Devil, who never sleeps and keeps causing trouble, turned his love for the shepherdess into hatred and ill will. According to the gossips, she had kindled his jealousy, crossed the line and reached forbidden territory. The shepherd came to hate her so much that he decided to leave his village and go where he would never see her again. Lope Ruiz’s disdain led Torralba to like him and even love him.”

“That’s the very nature of women’,' said Don Quixote; “they despise the men who love them and love the men who hate them. But go on, Sancho.”

‘The shepherd proceeded to do as he had resolved. He gathered his goats together, crossed the fields of Extremadura and headed for the kingdom of Portugal. Torralba got wind of it. She set out and followed him from afar. She was barefoot; she had a tall staff in her hand and some saddlebags around her neck. It is said that they contained a piece of mirror, a broken comb and a flask of Venetian Ceruse for her face. Whatever it contained, I am not going to investigate this matter. I just want to say that the shepherd and his flock had crossed the Guadiana River, which, in that season, was swollen and almost out of its banks. In the place where he was, there was neither a barge nor a boat to ferry him and his goats to the other side, which upset him very much since Torralba was coming closer; he knew that she would bother him with her tears and pleas. He looked around and caught sight of a fisherman who was standing by a boat. It was so small that it could contain only one person and a goat. Nevertheless, he spoke to the man, who agreed to take the shepherd and his flock of three hundred animals to the opposite bank. The fisherman got into the boat and ferried one of the animals across the river. Then he came back and ferried another one; he came back again and ferried one across again... Sir, you must keep count of the goats that the fisherman is ferrying across the river, for if a single one of them escaped your mind, the story would end and it would be impossible to tell the rest of it. I will go on, then, and tell you that the landing place on the other side was muddy and

slippery. It took the fisherman a long time to go back and forth. However, he kept coming back to transport another goat, and another one, and another one..."

"You know that he ferried them all", observed Don Quixote; "if you don't quicken your pace, it will take a year to transport them all to the other side."

"How many have crossed the river up to now?", demanded Sancho.

"How the Devil should I know?", said Don Quixote.

"What did I tell you? You should have kept count of the goats. Well, then, the story is over, for nobody can tell the rest of the story now."

"How can that be?", said the knight. "Is it so essential to know the exact number of goats that if I forget one of them you cannot tell the rest of the tale?"

"No, sir, I cannot", said Sancho. "When I asked you to tell me how many goats had been ferried across the river, you replied that you did not know. Thus, at that very instant, everything that I was about to say slipped my mind. You can take my word for it, it was very interesting and pleasing."

"Do you mean that the story is finished?"

"As finished as my mother."

"In that case", said Don Quixote, "I can assure you that you have told one of the most original tales, stories, or histories that anyone in the world has ever conceived. The way you tell and end it is something I have never seen. I am sure that I will never see this again. I expected nothing else from a person who can deliver interesting speeches. However, I am not surprised, for those ceaseless blows may have troubled your mind."

"You may be right", said Sancho, "but I know that there is nothing else to say about the story, for it ended where you started to lose count of the number of goats that had crossed the river."

"Let it end where you want it to end", said Don Quixote. "Now, let us see if Rocinante can move."

He spurred him again; the hack hopped again; then he stood still because his legs were well tied.

Whether it was the cold temperatures of the morning, which was coming, or something laxative he had eaten at supper, or, which is the most probable cause, a necessity of nature, Sancho needed and wanted to do what no one else could do for him, but his fearful heart did not allow him to budge from his master's side. However, he had to satisfy this need. Hence, the best solution was to remove his right hand which held the back of the saddle; with this hand, he adroitly and silently unloosed the slipknot which alone held his breeches; he let them drop to the ground, where they squeezed his feet like shackles. Then he lifted his shirt the best he could and bared his behind, which was not small. Having done this (he thought it was all he needed to do in order to be rid of his agonizing cramps), he encountered another difficulty: empty his bowels without making any noise. He clenched his teeth, hunched forward and held his breath as best he could. Despite all these precautions, the poor fellow ended up emitting a little sound that did not resemble the one that frightened him. Don Quixote heard it and said:

"Sancho, what noise was that?"

"I do not know, sir. It must be something new: the beginning of a new adventure or misadventure!"

He tried his luck again and succeeded so well that, without any more noise or disturbance than the last time, he got rid of what had caused him so much discomfort. Don Quixote's sense of smell was as acute as his sense of hearing; Sancho was so close to him that the vapors rose up and reached the knight's nostrils. He came to their rescue and squeezed them between two fingers. In a somewhat nasal voice, he said:

"Sancho, I think that you are afraid."

"I am afraid", replied his squire, "but why do you notice it now?"

"Because you smell now, and it is not of ambergris."

"Maybe", said Sancho, "but it's not my fault, it is yours, for you take me to strange places at an unearthly hour."

"Take three or four steps back, my friend", said Don Quixote, without removing his fingers from his nose. "From now on, take better care of your person and show me much more respect: all these conversations have bred this contempt."

"I guess", said Sancho, "that you think that I have done something reprehensible..."

"Let us change the subject, my friend", answered Don Quixote.

The master and the squire spent the rest of the night talking. When Sancho saw that morning was near, he very cautiously untied Rocinante's legs and tied up his breeches. Finding himself free, although he was not an anxious animal, the horse started to paw the ground because, with all due respect, he did not know how to prance. When he saw that his horse was moving, Don Quixote believed this to be a good sign; he thought that he had to embark on that dread adventure.

The sun had risen and things could be clearly seen. He discovered that they were in a grove of chestnut trees that cast a very dark shadow. He could always hear the sound of the blows, but he did not see the person who was making this noise. So, without further ado, he spurred Rocinante and, turning to Sancho to say goodbye to him, he commanded him to wait three days at most, as he had told him before. If, at the end of that time, he was not back, his squire would have to acknowledge that God had wanted him to die in this perilous adventure. Once again, he reminded Sancho of his commission: take a message, on his master's behalf, to his lady friend, Dulcinea del Toboso. Sancho did not have to worry about his wages, since, before leaving home, he had written his will: the squire's wages would be paid on a pro rata basis. Should God enable him to remain alive, safe, sound and free, Sancho would be assured of the promised island.

When he heard the sorrowful words of his good master, he began to cry again. He resolved not to leave him before the end of this affair. These tears and his honorable decision lead the author of this book to believe that Sancho Panza was a generous man and, at the very least, an Old Christian. These qualities somewhat softened his master's heart, but, for all that, he did not show any weakness: hiding his feelings as much as he could, he began to ride toward the place where the noise of the water and the sound of the blows seemed to come from.

Sancho followed on foot, leading his donkey by the halter as usual; the beast was his faithful companion in good fortune and adversity. When they had gone quite a way through the dense shade of the chestnut trees, they reached a small meadow at the foot of some tall cliffs over which flowed a large river. Down below were some

humble constructions that looked more like ruins than houses; the hammering noise, which had not stopped, was coming from there.

Rocinante was a bit anxious because of the sound of the water and the blows, but Don Quixote calmed him. They headed toward the houses. With all his heart, the knight implored his lady to help him in this dread enterprise; as he went, he also begged for God's help, praying that He would not forget him. Sancho did not dare to leave his master's side; he kept craning his neck and looking between Rocinante's legs in order to see the thing that intrigued and frightened him so much.

They had gone perhaps a hundred paces farther when, as they turned a corner, they discovered the obvious, unmistakable cause of that horrible, frightening noise which had intrigued and alarmed them all night long. That cause was — I hope you will not be too disappointed — six water-powered hammers which, with their alternating strokes, produced the noise that resembled the sound of blows.

When Don Quixote saw this, he froze. Sancho noticed that he had bent his head, which proved that he was abashed. Then the knight looked at his squire and perceived that his cheeks were swollen and his mouth full of irony: he was about to burst into laughter. His sadness did not forbid him to start laughing at the sight of his own reaction and Sancho's face. The latter laughed so heartily that he had to press his cheeks with his fists to keep from roaring with laughter. He calmed down four times, and four times he laughed as heartily as the first time. Don Quixote took offense at this, especially when his squire mocked him saying:

"Sancho, my friend, I must tell you that I was born in the iron age because God wants me to to revive what is known as the Golden Age. Perils, exploits and valiant actions are my lot in life..." He went on repeating all the other things that Don Quixote had said when they had first heard those frightening blows.

The knight understood that Sancho was mocking him; he was so angry that he raised his lance and struck him twice. If he had received them on his head instead of his back, Don Quixote would have been relieved of the burden of paying his wages, unless it was to his heirs. Seeing that his master did not appreciate his jokes, Sancho feared that he would go even further. In a very humble tone of voice, he said:

"Calm down, Your Lordship; I'm just joking."

"You are joking, but I am not", said Don Quixote. "Come here, you funny boy; do you think that if there were no water-powered hammers but a dangerous adventure, I would not have displayed the courage needed to undertake and conclude it? Since I am a gentleman, I must know and distinguish sounds in order to determine whether they come from water-powered hammers or not. Besides, it is the first time that I have seen such things, whereas, contemptible commoner, you were born and raised among them. Now, turn these six hammers into giants and let me fight against them one by one or all together: if I don't knock them all down, I will allow you to mock me in the manner you will choose."

"I would not dare to do so, sir", replied Sancho, "for I admit that I carried the joke a little too far. Since we are at peace — may God allow you to engage in adventures and remain as safe and sound as today — don't you think that it was fun to see us so terrified? Wouldn't it make a good story? At least, I was terrified, for I am aware that you don't know what fear is."

“I do not deny”, said Don Quixote, “that what happened to us is funny, but we should not tell the story because very few people are wise enough to get things into perspective.”

“At least”, said Sancho, “you were able to put your feelings into perspective when you pointed your lance at my head. Thank God, and thanks also to my quick jump, it fell on my shoulders. Anyway, all sinners will be punished... I have heard people say: ‘spare the rod and spoil the child.’ Besides, when overlords scold a servant, they are used to giving him a pair of breeches afterwards. I don’t know what they give him after a beating; I just know that knights-errant give islands and kingdoms on continents.”

“That’s a roll of the dice”, replied Don Quixote; “everything you say may come true. But let’s overlook this mistake; you are intelligent enough to know that the first reactions are mere impulses. However, you would be well advised to refrain from talking too much to me: in all the books of chivalry that I have read, and they are infinite in number, I have never found any squire who talks as much with his master as you do with yours. In truth, I consider this to be a great fault, both on your part and on mine. In fact, it shows that you have little respect for me and that I do not really enable people to respect me. I have read that Gandalín, genuine count of an existent island, squire of Amadís of Gaul, spoke to his master with cap in hand, bending his head and bowing his body like a submissive Turk. What can we say about Gasabal? He was the squire of Lord Galaor and never uttered a word. In order to show us the excellence of his wonderful silence, his name is mentioned only once in that history book; the story is as great as it is true. Sancho, from everything I have said you can infer that we must distinguish master from footman, lord from servant and knight from squire. So, from now on, we must treat each other with more respect and less sarcasm, for, if you annoyed me, you would be in trouble. The rewards and benefits that I have promised you will all come in due course. If they did not come, you would at least receive your wages, as I have told you.”

“What you said is fine”, said Sancho, “but I’d like to have more information. If the time for the rewards did not come, we would have to fall back on wages. So, how much did the squire of a knight-errant earn in those days? Was he paid at the end of each month or each day, like a mason’s assistant?”

“I do not think”, said Don Quixote, “that those squires ever received wages. They only received gifts. In the sealed will that I have left in my house, there is a clause about your wages because I don’t know what might happen. Actually, I do not know how chivalry will work out in these calamitous times in which we live, and I don’t want my soul to suffer in the next world because of trifles. Sancho, you must understand that being an adventurer is the most dangerous profession in the world.”

“That’s true”, said Sancho, “because the mere sound of water-powered hammers can frighten and disturb the heart of a valiant wandering adventurer like you. I can assure you that, from now on, I will not open my mouth to make fun of Your Lordship’s affairs. I will speak only to praise you since you are my master and natural lord.”

“By so doing”, replied Don Quixote, “you will live in peace on the face of the earth, for masters are like parents: they must be respected.”

CHAPTER XXI.

The breathtaking, lucrative adventure
of Mambrino's helmet, together with other things
that happened to our invincible knight.

At this point it began to rain a little. Sancho suggested that they enter the watermill. Don Quixote did not want to go inside because of the offensive joke that had kindled his dislike for this place. So, turning to the right, they came upon another road similar to the one they had followed the day before.

They had not gone far before Don Quixote caught sight of a man on horseback wearing something on his head that gleamed like gold. No sooner had he seen him than he said to his squire:

"In my opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb that is not true, for they are all based on experience, mother of all the sciences. 'Where one door closes another opens' is a saying that is a very good example. I say this because last night fortune closed the door on what we were seeking by deceiving us with those water-powered hammers; now it is opening another that will lead us to a better and more assured adventure. If I do not succeed in opening this new door, the fault will be mine; I will not blame my ignorance of water-powered hammers or the darkness of the night. I tell you this because, unless I am mistaken, a man wearing the helmet of Mambrino is coming toward us. As you know, I vowed that someday I would possess it."

"Your Lordship," said Sancho, "you should pay attention to what you say and even better attention to what you do, for I don't want other hammers to hammer and beat up our sanity."

"That's irrelevant", retorted Don Quixote. "What does a helmet have to do with water-powered hammers?

"I don't know anything about that", replied Sancho. "I just want to say that if I could talk as much as I used to, maybe I would give you information that would enable you to realize that what you said was wrong."

"Why would it be wrong, you incredulous traitor? Tell me, don't you see that knight coming toward us, mounted on a dappled gray horse, with a golden helmet on his head?"

"What I see and perceive", said Sancho, "is a man upon a gray ass like mine, with a thing that shines on his head."

"Well, that's Mambrino's helmet", said Don Quixote. "Move aside and let me challenge him to a duel. You will see me end this adventure without wasting time talking to him. When it is ended, the helmet which I have so greatly desired will be mine."

"I am going to move aside", said Sancho; "I just hope that it will be something less dangerous than water-powered hammers."

"I have already told you, brother, not to mention or even think about mentioning those water-powered hammers to me", said Don Quixote. "Should you do so, I swear that I would hammer you."

Sancho fell silent. He feared that his master would not fulfill his promise, for his warning was crystal clear.

I am going to tell you the truth about the helmet, the horse and the horseman Don Quixote had seen. There were two villages in that area: one so small that it had neither an apothecary nor a barber, the other that had both. Consequently, the barber of the larger village served the smaller one. In this small village, there was a sick man who needed a blood-letting and another individual who needed to have his beard trimmed. So the barber was on his way, carrying a brass basin. It began to rain; since he did not want to have his hat damaged (it was probably a new one), he had placed the basin on his head. It was very clean and could be seen glittering half a league away. He was riding on an ass, a gray one as Sancho had remarked. It was all this that had led Don Quixote to believe that he had seen a knight, a dappled horse and a golden helmet. He used to gaze at the world through the distorting lenses of his chivalric ravings and wandering thoughts.

He saw the poor fellow approach. Without uttering a word, he pointed his lance at him, made Rocinante run as fast as he could and bore down on him. He wanted to run his pike through him. As he drew near, without slowing his horse, he cried out:

"Defend yourself, captive creature, or give me of your own volition what should belong to me."

The barber, who neither feared ghosts nor believed in them, saw this specter bear down on him. In order to protect himself from the lance, he had no other option than to slide from his ass's back. No sooner had he touched the ground than he rose to his feet as quick as lightning. Then he started to run across the fields: the wind would not have been able to catch him!

He left the basin on the ground; Don Quixote rejoiced. He said that this pagan had been as wise as a beaver: when it is tracked by hunters, it removes with its teeth the thing for which it knows, by natural instinct, it is being pursued. He asked Sancho to pick up the helmet. The latter grasped it and said:

"Good heavens! This is a good basin; it must be worth at least eight reales."

He handed it to his master. Don Quixote placed it on his head. He turned it round and round in order to find the best position. Since he did not find it, he said:

"Obviously, the pagan for whom this famous helmet was originally forged must have had a very large head, and worst of all half of it is missing."

When he heard his master call the basin a helmet, Sancho could not help laughing, but he recalled his master's ire and broke off.

"Sancho, why are you laughing?", inquired Don Quixote

"I am laughing", he responded, "because the big head of this pagan used to wear a helmet that looked exactly like a barber's basin."

"You know what? I think that this enchanted helmet must have fallen by chance into the hands of someone who was unable to appraise it. Seeing that it was made of solid gold and not realizing what he was doing, he melted down the other half to have cash. From the other half, he fashioned what resembles, as you have said, a barber's basin. Although I know what it is worth, I don't mind its transformation. I will have it repaired in the first village where there is a blacksmith. The helmet which the god of blacksmiths forged for the god of war will not surpass or even equal it. In the meantime, I will wear it, for something is better than nothing. Besides, it will protect me from stones."

"It will", said Sancho, "if they don't use slingshots of the kind they used in the battle of the two armies, when they made the sign of the cross over Your Lordship's molars and broke the flask which held the blessed potion that made me vomit what I had eaten."

"I don't mind the loss of the potion", said Don Quixote, "for, as you know, Sancho, the recipe is engraved in my memory."

"I, too, remember the recipe", replied Sancho, "but I will never make it or taste it again. Moreover, I will not try to put myself in the position where I will need it. I have decided to use my five senses to prevent me from being wounded or from injuring anybody. As for being tossed in a blanket, I won't say anything because it is difficult to foresee that kind of problem. When it happens, there is nothing to do but bend your head, hold your breath, shut your eyes and let yourself go where luck and the blanket take you."

"You are a bad Christian, Sancho", said his master when he heard this, "because you never forget the tricks played on you. You should know that noble and generous hearts pay no attention to childish actions. Is your foot wounded? Are your ribs fractured? Is your head broken? So why cannot you forget that joke? All things considered, it was just a joke and a pastime. If I had not considered this to be a trifle, I would have returned to take revenge on them. I would have caused more destruction than those Greeks who avenged Helen's kidnapping. By the by, if we compared her to Dulcinea, her beauty would be eclipsed by my lady's."

He looked up and sighed. Sancho said to him:

"Since it can't be avenged in reality, it must be regarded as a jest. I know what reality and jest mean; I also know that neither my memory nor my shoulders will forget it. But let us change the subject; tell me, Your Lordship, what are we going to do with this dappled gray horse that looks like a gray donkey? That Martino, who was defeated by you, left it here. Judging by the way he fled, he has no intention of coming back to bring it home. You see, this dappled gray horse is a very good animal."

"I never deprive the people I defeat of their possessions", said Don Quixote. "Knights-errant are not used to depriving their enemies of their horses and leaving them on foot, unless the victor has lost his in the battle, in which case the rules allow him to take the animal of the loser since it has been won in lawful warfare. So, Sancho, leave this horse, or donkey, or whatever you choose to call it, for, when its owner sees that we are gone, he will come back to bring it home."

"I would like to take it", said Sancho, "or at least exchange mine for it, for I don't think it is as good as this one. The laws of chivalry must be pretty strict since they don't allow you to exchange one ass for another. I would like to know if I can at least swap the accessories."

"I don't really know", replied Don Quixote. "If you really need them, you can exchange them, but I am dubious about the answer. Let's do this until I am better informed."

"I do need them", said Sancho. "If they were for me, I couldn't need them more."

Having been given permission to do so, he swapped the winter cape for the summer outfit: he made his animal look beautiful.

This being done, they ate the leftovers that had been stored in the saddlebags. They drank water from the brook where the water-powered hammers were, but they did not turn their heads to look at them, for they were still petrified.

Less angry and depressed, they mounted again. They did not take any definite direction, since this was the custom of knights-errant. They began to ride. Don Quixote and the donkey's wills were overthrown by Rocinante's. The amiable ass followed the hack obediently. So they came back to the highway and continued riding along, leaving everything to chance: they had not planned anything.

As they were riding along, Sancho said to his master:

"Sir, would you mind allowing me to have a word with you? Ever since you gave me that order to be silent, more than four things have been hard to swallow.
One is on the tip of my tongue; I do not want to forget it."

"Say it", sighed Don Quixote, "and get to the point: the best speeches are the short ones."

"Very well, sir", replied Sancho. "I just want to say that, for some days now, I have been thinking about the small amount of money people earn when they go in search of adventures in these isolated places. Should you win the most dreadful battle, nobody would witness your victory or know anything about it, which goes against your intentions and what they deserve. It seems to me that, unless you think otherwise, we should serve some emperor or other great prince who is involved in a war. You would have an opportunity to show your qualities, strength and great intelligence. The sovereign would see this. He would feel compelled to reward us according to our merits. Somebody would certainly write a book about your exploits so that they might never be forgotten. About mine, I don't say anything, for they cannot exceed the limits of my occupation. However, if it were the custom of knight-errantry to record the achievements of squires, I think that mine would deserve to be recounted in a book."

"What you have said is not wrong, Sancho", replied Don Quixote, "but before a knight reaches that point, he must travel the world in quest of adventures, as if it were a test. He must conclude some of them in order to become famous. When he goes to the court of some great monarch, the courtiers will already know him by his exploits. As soon as the children see him ride through the gate of the city, they will follow and surround him, shouting: 'Here is the Knight of the Sun', or 'of the Serpent', or of another heraldic figure with which he performs his great deeds. They will add: 'he is the man who defeated, in a duel, the giant Brocabruno the Mighty and who reversed the spell under which the great Mameluke of Persia had been for nearly nine hundred years.' The story of his exploits will pass from person to person by word of mouth. Then the hubbub will lead the king of that realm to appear at the window of his royal palace. As soon as he sees the knight, recognizing him by his coat of arms or by the engravings on his shield, he will certainly say: 'Hurry up! All the knights who are present must greet the flower of chivalry who is heading toward us.' At this command, they will all come out. The monarch himself, halfway down the stairs, will give him the kiss of peace, after which he will lead him by the hand to the chamber of Her Majesty the Queen. The knight will meet her daughter, the princess, who will be one of the most perfect and beautiful damsels one could find anywhere in the known regions of the earth. Her eyes will meet the knight's; the other will seem to be more divine than

human. All of a sudden, they will be caught and entangled in love's inextricable net. Their lovesick hearts will forbid them to put their yearnings and feelings into words. After that, they undoubtedly will take him to some room in the palace that will be richly decorated. He will remove his armor; they will bring him a sumptuous scarlet cloak that will make him look handsomer than when he wore his armor. When night comes, he will have dinner with the king, queen and princess. He will never take his eyes off the princess; he will try to conceal his blazing glances; she will do the same, for, as I have said, she is a very intelligent young lady. When the tables have been cleared, an ugly *small dwarf* will enter through the door of the great hall. He will be followed by a beautiful chaperone accompanied by two giants. She will recount a story, written by an ancient historian, about a certain adventure: the knight who will conclude it will be deemed to be the best knight in the world. The king will command all those present to undertake this adventure; no one will end it except the knight who is his guest. This will greatly add to his fame. The princess will think herself happy to have decided to love so brilliant a personage. Moreover, this king, or prince, or whoever he may be, will carry on a fierce war with another monarch as powerful as he. After a few days spent at court, the knight will ask permission to serve the king in the aforesaid war. His Majesty will be happy to grant his request. The knight will courteously kiss the king's hand to thank him for this privilege. That night, he will take leave of the princess through the grating of her chamber overlooking the garden where he has already conversed with her many times; a lady-in-waiting whom the princess greatly trusts will witness the scene. He will sigh; she will faint; the lady-in-waiting will bring water. The forthcoming morning will distress him because, for the sake of his lady's honor, this love affair must not be discovered. Finally, the princess will regain consciousness; she will pass her white hands through the bars; the knight will kiss them a million times and cover them with his tears. They will see to the manner in which they will keep each other informed of the good or bad things that will befall them. The princess will ask him not to stay away too long. With a great many oaths, he will promise to comply. Then he will kiss her hands once more in order to bid her farewell, as if he were going to die. He will go to his bedroom, throw himself down onto the bed, but he will be unable to sleep because of the pain of the parting. Very early in the morning, he will go to say goodbye to the king, queen and princess. So he will pay his respects to the king and queen, who will inform him that the princess is indisposed and cannot receive visitors. The knight will believe that she is grieved at his leaving. His heart will break into pieces, but he will conceal his feelings. The lady-in-waiting will be there; she will take note of everything and report it all to her mistress, who will receive her in tears. The princess will tell her that one of the things that sadden her most is the fact that she does not know who her knight is, or whether he is of royal lineage or not. The lady-in-waiting will assure her that so much courtesy, elegance and valor are the characteristics of royals and aristocrats. The sad princess will calm down, all the more so because she will have to conceal her feelings from her parents in order not to disclose her secret. After a couple of days, she will appear in public once more. As for the knight, he will fight enemies, defeat them, take many cities, win many battles and return to court. Then he will meet his lady in the accustomed place. She will tell him to ask her father for her hand in marriage in return for his services. The king will not accede to his request, for he does not know who the

knight is. Nonetheless, either because he will kidnap her or by some other means, she will become his wife. Her father will end up regarding this as a benediction since he has learned that the knight is the son of the valiant king of some country whose name I don't remember because it is not on the map. The king will die; the princess will inherit the throne. In brief, the knight will become king! Hence, he will bestow privileges upon his squire and upon all those who have helped him to rise to this exalted position. He will marry his squire to one of the princess's ladies-in-waiting, probably the one who acted as a go-between in their love affair and who is the daughter of a prominent duke..."

"That's what I want; that's clear", said Sancho. "That's what I'm waiting for. Everything will happen exactly as you described it because people call you the Weepy Knight!"

"Sancho, you cannot doubt it", said he, "because knights-errant have become kings and emperors in the manner and by the means I have just described. Now we must find a Christian or a pagan king at war, father of a beautiful daughter. We will have time to think about this. For the time being, as I have said, I must become famous; then I will present myself at the court. There is something else: should I find a king at war with a beautiful daughter, and should my name be known all around the world, he would be unable to know that I am a prince or at least the second cousin of an emperor. This king will never allow me to marry his daughter unless he knows this for certain; he will disregard my exploits! Consequently, I am afraid of losing what my arms have won. Of course, I am a nobleman, I own an estate and I am entitled to an income of five hundred sueldos when I fight in a war; the learned man who will write my history will examine my family tree; he may discover that I am the descendant, fifth or sixth in line, of some king. I can tell you, Sancho, that there are two kinds of lineages. On the one hand, there are those whose ancestors were princes and monarchs; little by little, time has drawn a figure that ends in a point like a pyramid turned upside down. On the other hand, there are those who were born poor and who go upward, one step after another, until they become great lords. The difference between them is that some were what they no longer are, while the others are what they formerly were not. After verification, they may discover that I belong to the first group: I may have famous forebears. This could satisfy the king, my future father-in-law. If it does not, the princess will love me so much that, in spite of her father's disdain and knowing that I am the son of a water carrier, she will accept me as her lord and husband. Should it fail, I would abduct and take her to a place I like; time or death would put an end to her parents' wrath."

"This idea", said Sancho, "fits what certain wicked people say: 'don't ask them to give you what you can steal from them'. What fits even better is: 'lawyers are less useful than jumps over bushes.' I tell you this because if the king, your father-in-law, does not allow you to marry the princess, then, as you say, you will have to abduct and hide her. Unfortunately, until you reach an agreement and enjoy the quietness of the kingdom, the poor squire will be waiting for is master to give him privileges. Of course the damsel who was the go-between and who will be his wife could escape with the princess, in which case he would share the same fate until Heaven ordains otherwise. I guess that his master will allow him to marry her."

"No lord can free himself form this duty", said Don Quixote.

"Well, then", replied Sancho, "let us commend our souls to God and let fortune guide us."

"May God fulfill my desires and your needs, Sancho", said Don Quixote; "and let the thrifty man file for bankruptcy!"

"Since I am an old Christian", said Sancho, "I hope that God will allow me to become a count."

"This requirement is superfluous", said Don Quixote; "if you were a pagan, I would be allowed, as a king, to grant you a title of nobility. You would not have to buy it or serve me. Being a count, you would also be a knight. People would be compelled to address you as 'Your Lordship' whether they like it or not."

"You are right, and I would dignify the *turtle*!", said Sancho.

"You mean *title*, not *turtle*", said his master.

"Whatever it is", said Sancho. "I just want to say that I would look the part because, when I was the beadle of a brotherhood, the beadle's gown looked so good on me that everybody said I deserved to become the steward of this brotherhood. So what will happen when I wear a ducal cloak or a gold lamé suit covered in pearls like a foreign count? I think that people will come to see me for a hundred leagues around."

"You will look stylish", said Don Quixote, "but you will have to shave quite often because your beard is so thick, frizzy and unkempt that, unless you shave every other day at least, people will discover who you are, looking at you from afar."

"That's easy", said Sancho. "All I have to do is employ a barber and keep him in my house. If necessary, I can even have him walk behind me like a grandee's groom."

"How do you know", asked Don Quixote, "that grandees have their grooms walk behind them?"

"Let me explain that", replied Sancho. "A few years ago, I spent a month near the court. One day I saw a *very small man* walking in the street; they told me he was a *very grand man*. A man on horseback was following him although the *grand small man* kept changing directions; it seemed that he was his tail. I asked why he did not join the small man but always rode along behind him. They replied that he was a groom and that it was the custom of *grandees*. Since then I've know it so well that I've never forgotten it."

"You are right", said Don Quixote. "You can bring your barber with you, for all customs did not come into use, nor were they invented at the same time. You may be the first count to be followed by his barber: barbers are more useful than grooms!"

"Just leave the barber to me", said Sancho, "while you endeavor to become a king and make me a count."

"I will do so", said Don Quixote.

He looked up and saw what will be described in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXII.

How Don Quixote freed many unfortunate men who,
against their will, were being taken
where they did not want to go.

Cid Hamete Benengeli, the Manchegan, Arabic-speaking author, says in his most serious, grand, detailed, pleasant and original book that after the conversation between Don Quixote de la Mancha and Sancho Panza, his squire, which is referred to at the end of chapter XXI, the knight looked up and saw approximately twelve men coming toward them on foot down the road which they were following. They were strung together by their necks like beads on an iron chain; they were wearing manacles. Two men on horseback and two on foot accompanied them. The horsemen had flintlocks; those on foot carried javelins and swords. Sancho beheld them and said:

"This is a chain gang: people on their way to the galleys. The king *forces* them to work."

"What do you mean *by 'force'*?", asked Don Quixote. "Can the king *use force*?"

"I did not say that", replied Sancho. "I said that these men have been found guilty of a crime. So the king has decided to *use force* to *force* them to serve him in the galleys."

"In short", said the knight, "whatever your point of view, these men are being taken there *by force* and not of their own volition."

"That is the way it is", said Sancho.

"Well, in that case", said his master, "now I must carry out my duties: right wrongs and help the wretched."

"You must acknowledge", said Sancho, "that justice, which is the king himself, does not force or mistreat that kind of people; it punishes them for the crimes they have committed."

The chain gang had come up to them by this time; Don Quixote politely asked the guards to inform him of the reason or reasons why those people were being taken away in that fashion.

One of the horsemen replied that the men were convicts who had been sentenced to the galleys by His Majesty the King. There was nothing more to say; that was all one needed to know.

"Nevertheless", said Don Quixote, "I would like to know the specific reason for each one's misfortune."

He went on speaking very politely in order to persuade them to tell him what he wanted to know. The other horseman finally said:

"Although we have here the record and certificate of sentence of each of these wretched men, we don't have the time to get them out and read them. So you can approach and question the prisoners; they will tell you what you want to know if they choose to do so. But they will answer you because these fellows like to speak ill of people and trick them."

With this permission, which Don Quixote wouldn't have asked if it had not been given to him, he approached the chain gang and asked the first convict what sins had brought him into this situation. The man replied that it was love's fault.

"That and nothing else!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "Since they send lovers to the galleys, they could have sent me there long ago."

"It is not the kind of love that you have in mind", said the galley slave. "I fell in love with a laundry basket filled with linen. I embraced it so tightly that if the authorities had not taken it away from me by force, I would never have let go of it of

my own volition. I was caught in the act; there was no need to torture me: I was guilty. So they whipped me a hundred times and added three years in the gurapas, that's all."

"What are the gurapas?", asked Don Quixote.

"The gurapas are the galleys", replied the galley slave.

This young man was about twenty-four years of age. He said that he was a native of Piedrahita. The knight asked the second man the same question; he was so sad and depressed that he did not utter a word, but the first man answered for him.

"Sir", said he, "they reproach this man for being a canary – I mean a musician and a singer."

"What?", insisted Don Quixote. "Do musicians and singers go to the galleys too?"

"Yes, they do; and there is nothing worse than singing when you are in trouble."

"But I have heard people say that the man who sings frightens his sorrows."

"Here it is the opposite: the man who sings once will weep for the rest of his life."

"I do not understand", said the knight.

One of the guards said to him:

"Sir, when theses parasites say that they sing when they are in trouble, they refer to forced confessions. They tortured this sinner and he confessed to one crime: being a stock thief. Then he was sentenced to six years in the galleys, plus two hundred lashes; you can see the marks on his shoulders. He is always sad and lost in thought because the other thieves, the ones he left behind and the ones who are with him now, mistreat, humiliate, mock and belittle him. Actually, they reproach him for having confessed and for not having had the courage to deny the accusations. They say that it is as easy to say yes as to say no; the life or death of a delinquent is in his mouth: no witness or evidence guides the judges. In my opinion, they are not far off the mark."

"I share your opinion", said Don Quixote.

He turned to a third prisoner and repeated his question. The self-confident man answered immediately.

"I'm going to stay with my female friends, the gurapas", said he, "for five years because I did not have ten ducats."

"I would gladly give twenty ducats", said Don Quixote, "to get you out of this."

"That", said the galley slave, "reminds me of the man on the desert island who has money and is dying of hunger because there is no place to buy what he needs. I say this because if I had had, at the right time, those twenty ducats Your Lordship is offering me now, I would have bribed the notary's quill and revivified my attorney's wits. I would be in the middle of Zocodover Square in Toledo, not on this highway, on a leash like a greyhound. But God is great: I must be patient, that's all."

Don Quixote addressed a fourth prisoner, a venerable-looking old fellow with a white beard that hung down to his belly. When asked why he was there, he began to cry and did not answer, but the fifth prisoner came to his defense and said:

"This worthy man is on his way to the galleys after having paraded along the streets on horseback and wearing a beautiful uniform."

"That means", said Sancho, "that he has been put to shame in public."

"That's it", said the prisoner; "he has been punished because he has traded bodies for money. I mean that this gentleman is a pimp. Besides, the authorities suspect that he is a sorcerer."

"If he had not been a sorcerer", said Don Quixote, "he wouldn't have deserved, for merely being a pimp, to row in the galleys. He should have become the admiral. This job is very special. In a carefully ordered country, this most necessary profession should be reserved for well-born, discreet people. Moreover, there should be supervisors and examiners as there are in other professions. The number of practitioners should be fixed by law as is done with merchants. Many mistakes would be avoided. At the moment this position is filled by uneducated, stupid people, such as girls, pages or inexperienced young rogues. When they have to express an important idea, they behave in a panic-stricken way: they can hardly distinguish their right hand from their left. I would like to go on and tell you why it is necessary to choose carefully those who are to fulfill this important task, but this is not the appropriate place. One day I will speak of this to someone who can remedy the situation. For now I just want to say that the pain I felt when I saw the white hair and venerable visage of this distressed pimp has been offset by his being a sorcerer, although I know that no sorcerer in the world can influence people, as some retards think. Our volition is free: no herb or spell can lock it up. Of course some simple-minded girls and deceitful villains make mixtures and poisons which lead people to believe that they have the power to make one person love another, although, as I have just said, man cannot be influenced in this manner."

"That's true", said the worthy old man. "In fact, I was not found guilty of sorcery. As for being a pimp, that is something I cannot deny. I never thought there was any harm in it. I just wanted everybody to be happy and to live in peace and harmony, without brawls or trouble. These good intentions cannot prevent me from going to a place from which I do not expect to return, for my age and my prostate do not give me a moment's rest"

He began to weep again. Sancho was so moved that he took a four-real coin from an inside pocket and gave it to him as alms.

Don Quixote took a step towards another galley slave and asked him what his offense was. The man responded with not less but much more self-confidence than the previous man.

"I am here", said he, "because I have joked around with two female first cousins and two girls who were not my cousins. We had so much fun that my family increased. Nobody wanted to admit paternity of the children. They accused me of being their father; nobody helped me; I had no money; they wanted to lynch me! The judge sentenced me to six years in the galleys: I was relieved. You know, I am young: while there's life, there's hope. Should you help these poor creatures, God would reward you in Heaven; we would ask Him, in our prayers, to grant you long life and good health since your amiable presence deserves it."

This man was dressed as a student; one of the guards told Don Quixote that he was a talkative man who spoke Latin fluently.

Behind them came a man of about thirty years of age; he was very good-looking, although he was a bit cross-eyed. He was not shackled like the others, for he dragged behind him a chain so huge that it was wrapped all around his body. There were two rings around his throat, one of which was attached to the chain, while the other was fastened to what is known as a keep-friend or friend's foot, from which two irons hung down to his waist, ending in manacles secured by a heavy padlock in such a

manner that he could neither raise his hands to his mouth nor lower his head to reach them. Don Quixote asked why this man was so much more heavily chained than the others. The guard replied that it was because he had committed more crimes than all the others put together; he was so bold and cunning that, even though they had him chained like this, they feared that he might escape.

"He deserves no greater punishment than ten years in the galleys", said the knight. "So, what crimes has he committed?"

"He is being sent there for ten years", replied the guard, "which is like a civil death. All you need to know is that this man is the famous Ginés de Pasamonte, also known as Ginesillo de Parapilla."

"Mr. lieutenant", said the galley slave, "take it easy and let us not be mistaken about names and surnames. My name is Ginés, not Ginesillo; my family comes from Pasamonte, not Parapilla, as you have said. People should mind their own business: my name is my business."

"Speak a little more respectfully, you big thief", said the lieutenant, "unless you want me to make you be quiet in a way you won't like."

"Man's situation depends on the way he serves God", replied the galley slave, "but someday people will know whether my name is Ginesillo de Parapilla or not."

"You are a liar. Don't they call you Ginesillo de Parapilla?"

"Yes, they do", said he, "but I swear that I will put a stop to it. And you, sir, if you have anything to give us, give it and go away, for your curiosity is getting on our nerves. If you want to know anything about me, you must remember that I am Ginés de Pasamonte: this hand has written down the story of my life."

"He is telling the truth", said the lieutenant; "he really has written his history; he has pawned the manuscript for two hundred reales at the pawn office of the prison."

"And I will redeem it", said Ginés, "even if it costs me two hundred ducats."

"Is it that good?", inquired Don Quixote.

"It is so good", replied Ginés, "that it will eclipse Lazarillo de Tormes and all the other books of that genre that have been or will be written. I can tell you that it deals with facts that are so appealing that no lie can equal them."

"What is the title of the book?", asked Don Quixote.

"*The Life of Ginés de Pasamonte*."

"Is it finished?"

"How can it be finished if my life is not finished yet? I have written what happened to me from the time I was born up to the moment when they sent me to the galleys."

"Have you been there before?"

"Yes, I have already served God and the king for four years in the galleys. I know the taste of the hardtack and the whip. I am not too upset by this sentence because I will have time to finish my book. I still have many things to say, and, in the Spanish galleys, it is really quiet; I don't really need so quite a place, since I know by heart what I want to write."

"You seem to be a clever man."

"And an unfortunate one, for misfortunes always torment talented people.'

"They torment rogues", said the lieutenant.

“Mr. lieutenant, I have already told you to take it easy”, said Pasamonte. “Those gentlemen did not give you that staff in order to mistreat us, poor wretches, but to take us to wherever His Majesty commands. Otherwise, by the life of... But enough. One day the stains at the inn may come to light. Meanwhile, let us shut up, live well, speak better and walk. This joke has gone too far.”

The lieutenant raised his staff to beat Pasamonte in response to his threats, but Don Quixote placed himself between them and begged the officer not to hit the prisoner: a man whose hands were so tightly bound could set free his tongue. He turned to the chain gang and said:

“Dear brothers, from all that you have said to me I can infer that, although you are being fairly punished for your crimes, you don’t like the penalties you are about to suffer. So you don’t really want to go to the galleys. The lack of intelligence of this man when he was tortured, the lack of money of this one, that one’s lack of friends in high places and, finally, the twisted judgment of the judge led to your downfall: this is a denial of justice! All these arguments are twirling in my mind; they are persuading and even compelling me to show you the reason why Heaven sent me into the world and made me follow the rules of chivalry, namely, to help the needy and those who are oppressed by the powerful. Since I know that prudence advises us to remember that the road to Hell is paved with good intentions, I want to ask the guards and the lieutenant to unshackle and release you. The king will find other men who will serve him under better circumstances. In fact, it seems to me that those whom God and Nature allowed to be free must not be turned into slaves.”

“Moreover, gentlemen”, added the knight, “these poor fellows have done nothing against you. One day each man will have to answer for his sins; God in Heaven will not fail to punish the evil and reward the good; the righteous must not take revenge on men who have not harmed them. So, I gently and quietly ask you to do that. If you comply with my request, you will feel proud of your decision. If you do not do so willingly, my lance, my sword and my brave arm will compel you to do it.”

“Nonsense!”, exclaimed the lieutenant. “So much time and you miss the point! He wants us to let the prisoners of the king go, as if we had the right to free them or he was allowed to command us to do so! Sir, you must go away now; straighten the basin you are wearing on your head, and Don’t go looking for trouble.”

“You are a cat, a rat, a rogue!”, retorted Don Quixote,

Saying this, he charged at the lieutenant so quickly that he was unable to defend himself; he fell to the ground, badly wounded by the lance blow. Luckily, it was the man who was holding the musket. The other guards were overwhelmed by this unexpected occurrence, but they soon recovered their composure. The horsemen drew their swords; those on foot grasped their javelins, and they charged at Don Quixote, who was waiting for them very calmly. Things undoubtedly would have gone badly with him if the galley slaves, who had an opportunity to gain their freedom, had not succeeded in breaking the chain that linked them together. A riot ensued. The guards attacked the prisoners; then they attacked Don Quixote, who charged at them, but what they did was completely useless.

As for Sancho, he helped Ginés de Pasamonte to free himself; he was the first to remove his chains and take part in the battle. He rushed over to the lieutenant, who was lying on the ground, and took his sword and musket. Then he aimed the musket at

them, but he did not fire. Frightened by this and the stones which the galley slaves, free now, were hurling at them, the guards ran away.

This unfortunate event saddened Sancho, for he knew that the fugitives would report the matter to the Holy Brotherhood; they would immediately search for the criminals. That's what he said to his master. He added that they should leave at once so that they might hide in the forest that was located on a nearby mountain.

"That's fine", said Don Quixote, "but I know what we should do now."

He summoned all the prisoners; they were rioting and had, by this time, stolen all the clothes of the lieutenant. As they gathered around him to hear what he wanted to say, he declared:

"Wellborn people are used to thanking those who help them, for one of the sins that most offends God is ingratitude. I say this, gentlemen, because you have noted that I have helped you, which is why I want you to take the chain that I removed from your necks and set off for the city of El Toboso. You will present yourselves before lady Dulcinea del Toboso and tell her that her champion, the Weepy Knight, has asked you to deliver a message. You will describe in minute detail this famous adventure up to the moment when you were freed. Having done this, you will be allowed to go wherever you want."

Ginés de Pasamonte replied on behalf of all of them. He said:

"Your Lordship, our liberator, we cannot carry out what you have commanded us to do, for we cannot go down the highway all together. We must follow different routes and try to hide in caves in order not to be found by the Holy Brotherhood, who will undoubtedly search for us. What you can do, which would be a good idea, is to transform this obligation to lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a certain number of Ave Marias and Credos, which we will say to please you. This thing can be done by day or night, fleeing or resting, at peace or at war. We won't go back to the splendors of ancient Egypt, take up our chains again and set off for El Toboso. You are raving: you are mistaking ten o'clock in the morning for midnight and a pear tree for an elm tree!"

"By all that is holy!", exclaimed Don Quixote angrily. "You, lord Son-of-a-whore, lord Ginesillo of I-stop-thinking, or whatever your name is, you will go alone, your tail between your legs and the whole chain on your back."

Pasamonte, who was not a patient man, knew that Don Quixote was a bit crazy: wasn't it foolish to free them? When the knight started to insult him, he winked at his companions. Then, moving a short distance away, they began to rain so many stones on the knight that he was unable to protect himself with his shield. The poor horse paid no more attention to the spur than if he had been made of bronze. Sancho hid behind his donkey, protecting himself from these hailstones falling on both of them.

Don Quixote was not able to protect himself as well as Sancho; many stones struck his body with such force that he fell on the ground. No sooner had he fallen than the student attacked him. He took the basin from the knight's head, used it to hit him three or four times across the shoulders and banged it on the ground an equal number of times; the basin broke into pieces.

They then removed the doublet Don Quixote wore over his armor. They would also have taken his socks if his greaves had not prevented them from doing so. As for Sancho, they took his coat and left him in his underpants. Then they distributed the rest of the spoils of war and separated. They preferred to flee from the Holy

Brotherhood of the Scoundrels, which they also feared, rather than pick up the chains and present themselves before lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The donkey, Rocinante, Sancho and Don Quixote were left alone. Bowing his head and lost in thought, the donkey was wiggling its ears. It believed that the tempest of stones had not ended yet, since it could still hear the echoes of the projectiles. Rocinante was lying beside his master, for he, too, had fallen on the ground because of the stones. Sancho, afraid of the Holy Brotherhood, was almost naked. Don Quixote lamented that he had been injured by the very people he had helped.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Of what happened to the famous Don Quixote in the Sierra Morena,
which is one of the strangest adventures recounted in this true history.

Don Quixote saw that he was injured. So said to his squire:

"Sancho, I have always heard people say that helping villains is like pouring water into the sea. If I had believed what you told me, this would not have happened, but it's done now. We must be patient; we certainly have learned our lesson."

"You have learned your lesson", retorted Sancho, "that's rubbish! Since you say that if you had believed me this trouble would have been avoided, you must believe me now in order to avoid a greater one. I must tell you that the Holy Brotherhood do not care about chivalry; they wouldn't trade all the knights-errant in the world for two maravedis. I think that I can already hear their arrows pass by my ears."

"Sancho", said Don Quixote, "you were born a coward. However, so that you may not say that I don't change my mind when I am mistaken and never do what you tell me to do, on this occasion, I am going to take your advice and go where the fury that frightens you so much will not reach us. But there is one condition: you will never say to anybody, even when I am dead, that I retreated from this danger out of fear. I did so only to please you. Should you say anything else, you would be lying. So, from now on I will say that you lie. Besides, you will have to admit that you are a liar each time you think or say anything of the sort. And stop talking! The very thought of retreating from some danger, especially from this one, which seems to frighten the fearful a bit, entices me to remain here and wait alone, not only for that terrible Holy Brotherhood which you fear so much and keep referring to, but for the twelve tribes of Israel, the seven Maccabees, Castor, Pollux and all the brothers and brotherhoods that there are in the world."

"Sir", replied Sancho, "to retreat is not to flee, nor is remaining here a sensible action when danger outweighs hope. Wise men do not risk everything in a single day: they keep things for the following days. Although I am an ignorant countryman, I know what means what they call commonsense. So, you must not regret having taken my advice. Mount Rocinante if you can; if you cannot, I will help you. Then you will follow me. My commonsense is telling me that we are going to need our feet, not our fists."

Don Quixote did not utter a word and mounted his hack. Sancho led the way on his donkey. They reached the Sierra Morena. Sancho wanted to cross the range and come out at El Viso or Almodóvar del Campo, where they would hide for a few days in the caves if the Brotherhood came looking for them. He felt compelled to do so when

he discovered that the stock of provisions they carried with them on the ass's back had survived the fight with the galley slaves. He considered this to be a miracle since they had stolen many other things from them.

When they entered the forest, Don Quixote's heart rejoiced, for it seemed to him that this place was well adapted to the adventures he was seeking. He recalled all the marvelous things which in similar solitudes and hills had happened to knights-errant. These good memories led him to forget all the rest. Since the way seemed safe, Sancho's only care was to fill his stomach with what remained of the clerical spoils. He was riding side-saddle behind his master, emptying the bag and filling his belly at the same time. He did not want to find another adventure so long as he could go along in this manner.

He looked up and saw that his master had stopped. He was trying to lift, with the tip of his lance, an object that was lying on the ground. He spurred his donkey so that he might be able to help him if necessary. He reached Don Quixote when, with the tip of his lance, he lifted a bag and a suitcase fastened together; half or wholly rotten, they were falling to pieces. They weighed so much that Sancho had to dismount in order to take them in his hands. Then the knight told him to see what was in the suitcase.

Sancho did so very quickly. Although it was secured by a chain and padlock, it was so worn-out and rotten that he could see what was inside. There were four fine cambric shirts, a number of other clean items made of fine linen and a certain number of gold coins wrapped in a handkerchief.

"I thank Heaven", cried Sancho, "for providing us at last with a profitable adventure!"

He scanned the place and discovered a notebook that was neatly bound. Don Quixote told him to give it to him; his squire could keep the money. Sancho kissed his master's hand out of gratitude. Then he removed the linen and stored it away in the sack of provisions. Don Quixote examined everything and said:

"Sancho, in my opinion, and it cannot be otherwise, some traveler must have lost his way in these mountains and been set upon by highwaymen. They must have slain him and transported his body to this isolated place in order to bury it."

"It's impossible", said Sancho, "for if they had been highwaymen, they wouldn't have left the money here."

"You are right", said Don Quixote; "in that case, I don't know what this means. But wait a moment. Let us open this little notebook in order to see whether there is something written down that will enable us to discover what we want to know."

He opened it and the first thing he found was a sonnet, a kind of rough draft in a beautiful handwriting. In order that Sancho might hear it, he read it aloud.

"Love is either too stupid or too cruel.
My suffering does not equal
The circumstances that condemn me
To the worst kind of torment.
Everybody knows that love is a god,
Which is why he cannot be cruel.
So who compelled me to feel

The terrible pain which I adore?
My heart belongs to you, Phyllis, which leads me to believe
That so much pain is included is so much joy;
Heaven is not the root of my sorrow.
I feel certain I will die soon:
When one does not know the cause of a disease,
Medicine cannot perform miracles."

"You can't deduce anything from that poem", said Sancho, "unless this *filly* disentangles the whole matter."

"What filly?", asked Don Quixote.

"I thought", said Sancho, "that you said filly."

"No, I did not say filly, but Phyllis", replied Don Quixote. "It must be the name of the lady about whom the author of this sonnet is complaining. In faith, he must be a reasonable poet or else I know nothing about the art."

"So", said Sancho, "you know about poems too."

"More than you think", said Don Quixote. "You will see it when you carry a letter, written in verse from beginning to end, to Dulcinea del Toboso. Sancho, I want you to know that all or nearly all knights-errant in olden days were great troubadours and musicians. Both these skills, or talents, I should say, were attributes of lovelorn knights-errant. However, I must admit that their verses were more passionate than well-composed."

"Read on, sir," said Sancho; "you will find something that will give us some information."

Don Quixote turned the page and said:

"This is prose and appears to be a letter."

"A genuine letter?"

"The beginning seems to deal with love."

"Well, then, read it aloud, for I love love stories."

"With pleasure."

He read it aloud, as Sancho had requested, and saw that it said:

"Your false promise and my very misfortune have led up to this moment; you will hear of my death before you hear of my complaint. You have rejected me, O ungrateful girl! Some men are richer than I, but nobody surpasses me. If virtue were money, I would not envy the wealth of others, nor would I lament my misfortunes. What your beauty constructed was demolished by your actions: I believed you were an angel, but you were just a woman. Go in peace, root of my problems, and may Heaven forever detain those who were deceived by your husband. You won't have to repent of what you did, nor will I have to take revenge on someone I do not love."

When he had finished reading the letter, Don Quixote said:

"This letter is even more obscure than the verses; we cannot infer anything from what is written, except that its author was a rejected lover."

He turned almost all the pages of the notebook and came upon other verses and letters; he was able to read some of them; he could not read the others. They all contained complaints, laments, distrust, joy, sadness, kindness and disdain, either appreciated or hated.

Don Quixote was skimming the pages quickly; Sancho was rummaging in the suitcase and the bag. He examined every corner, every seam, every tuft of wool; he was determined to let nothing escape him for lack of diligence, so great was the greed that had been awakened in him by the gold coins he had discovered, which amounted to more than one hundred. Although he found nothing more, he thought that what he had suffered was worth the trouble, namely the tossing in the blanket, the potion he had vomited, the benediction of the stakes, the mule driver's punches, the loss of his saddlebags, the theft of his greatcoat and the hunger, thirst, and weariness that he had experienced while he was serving his good master. He considered that he had been more than well-rewarded when Don Quixote had allowed him to keep the treasure.

The Weepy Knight longed to know who the owner of the suitcase was. The sonnet, the letter, the gold coins and the good-quality shirts led him to believe that he was a wellborn lover who had made a fatal mistake because of his girlfriend's disdain and the way she tortured him. In this isolated, dangerous place, no one could give him the information he wanted; his only concern now was to move on and follow no other path than the one chosen by Rocinante, which was the road that would not damage his hooves. In his opinion, in those wild surroundings, a strange adventure would certainly befall him.

As he rode along thinking of these things, he caught sight of a man on top of a small mountain that was in front of him. He leaped from cliff to cliff and bush to bush with uncommon lightness. He seemed to be almost naked; his black beard and hair were thick. He did not wear shoes, and his lower legs were bare, whereas his thighs were covered with a pair of breeches which were probably made of tawny-colored velvet, but which were so ragged that, in many places, one could see his skin. His head was bare. Although his movements, as has been stated, were light and swift, the Weepy Knight was able to see and note all the aforementioned details. He tried to follow this man, but he was not able to do so because Rocinante was too weak to cross this rough terrain, being, moreover, slow-paced and phlegmatic by nature.

Don Quixote imagined that the man was the owner of the bag and suitcase. He decided to look for him until he found him, even if he had to spend a year in those mountains. Hence, he asked Sancho to dismount from his donkey and look on one side of the mountain while he looked on the other side. In this way, they might come upon the individual who had disappeared so hastily.

"I can't do that", protested Sancho. "Should I leave Your Lordship, I would be assailed by fear and a thousand different kinds of visions and shivers. What I am saying must compel you to understand that, from now on, I will always stay near you."

"So be it", said the Weepy Knight. "I am happy to see that you want to take advantage of my courage, which will not fail you even if the boldness of your body fails you. Then, follow me closely, or as best you can, and open your eyes. Let us circle this ridge. Perhaps we will meet the man we saw and who must be the owner of what we found."

Sancho responded:

"It would be much better not to look for him. Actually, if we find him and the money turns out to be his, I, of course, will have to give it back to him. I'd rather keep it until, by some other less strange and inquisitive means, we discover who the true

owner is. Perhaps by that time I will have spent it. So the king will have to cancel my debt."

"Sancho, you are mistaken about that", said Don Quixote. "Since we almost know who the owner is, it would be a crime not to seek him out and return the money. If we do not do this, the strong suspicion we have that he is the owner will make us as guilty as if he were the real owner. Sancho, my friend, don't let this search upset you, for I will be relieved if I find him."

He spurred Rocinante and rode off, followed by Sancho on his customary donkey. When they had rounded a part of the mountain, they came upon a mule, saddled and bridled, lying dead in a brook and half devoured by dogs and crows. This discovery confirmed them in their opinion: the person who had fled was the owner of the mule and the bag.

As they were looking at the mule, they heard a sound that resembled the whistle of a shepherd tending a flock. All of a sudden, they saw, on their left, a large number of goats and, behind the flock, at the top of the mountain, the goatherd, who was an old man. Don Quixote called to him and asked him to come where they were. The old man shouted to make himself heard and asked what had brought them to this spot that was almost never visited expect by goats, or wolves, or other wild beasts that lived here. Sancho answered him and told him to come down so that they might give him all the information he needed.

The goatherd did so and, as he approached Don Quixote, he said:

"I guess that you are looking at the rental mule that is lying dead in that hollow. Upon my word, it's been there for six months now. Tell me, have you met its owner anywhere?"

"We have met nobody", replied Don Quixote. "All that we found was a bag and a small suitcase not far from here."

"I found them too", said the goatherd, "but I did not want to pick them up or go near them for fear of some misfortune or other, lest they accuse me of having stolen it. You see, the Devil is sly. He puts things under our feet, which make us stumble, and we don't know why it happens."

"I agree with you", responded Sancho. "I also found them and I did not want to come within a stone's throw of them; I left them there, and there they remain, just as they were. I don't want to draw attention to myself."

"Tell me, my good man", said Don Quixote, "do you know who the owner is?"

"All I know", said the goatherd, "is that there is a sheepfold about three leagues from here. About six months ago, an elegant young man came there. He was riding on the mule that is lying dead. He had the same bag and suitcase which you say you found and did not touch. He asked us which part of this country was the most rugged and remote. We told him that it was the place where we are now, which is true, for if you go half a league farther in, you will not be able to find your way out. By the way, I am surprised to see you here because there is no road or path that leads to this spot. As I was saying, when the young man heard our answer, he turned and headed toward the site that we had pointed out to him. We were impressed by his good looks and surprised at his question and the haste with which we had seen him turn toward the mountains and ride away. We didn't see him again until a few days later, when, without uttering a word, he attacked one of our shepherds; he beat and kicked him. Then he

went up to the donkey that carried our supplies and took all the bread and cheese he could find. Having done this, he rushed towards his hiding place in the mountains. When some of us learned of what had happened, we looked for him for almost two days through the densest forests of this region. At last we found him in the hollow of a beautiful huge cork tree. He was not afraid to come out. He was wearing ragged clothes. His face was so tanned and disfigured that we wouldn't have recognized him if his rags, which we knew, had not enabled us to realize that he was the man we were looking for. He greeted us courteously and told us not to be shocked by his demeanor, for he had to behave in this manner in order to do penance, which had been imposed on him because of his many sins. We asked him to tell us his name, but he did not answer. We also told him that if he needed food, which was, of course, a basic necessity, we would be glad to bring some to him. So he should let us know where we would find him. If he did not like this idea, he would at least come and ask for food instead of taking it by force from the shepherds. He thanked us for our offer, apologized for the assault he had committed and promised that, from then on, he would not bother anybody anymore and would ask for what he wanted. As for the lodging, he said that he used to find a shelter when night overtook him. He finished speaking and started to cry. Our hearts of stone began to weep: remembering how he looked the first time we saw him, we were saddened by his current appearance. As I have said, he was a very elegant handsome young man. His polite, gentle arguments showed that he was a gentleman. Although we were peasants, his kindness enabled us to acknowledge it. Then he fell silent in the middle of his speech. He looked down at the ground for a long time; we did not dare to move: we knew that this mental disconnection was going to end. It was a pity to see him like that. He kept looking at the ground without moving his lashes. At times he closed his eyes, compressed his lips and arched his eyebrows. We were sure that some kind of madness had come over him. We knew that we were right when he angrily rose from the ground on which he had fallen and attacked the first person he encountered. He was so furious and violent that if we had not pulled him off, he would have killed his victim with blows and bites. As he was doing this, he kept saying: 'Ah, vehement Fernando! Now, now, you are going to pay for the wrong you did me! These hands are going to tear out your heart, the receptacle that hides every form of evil, especially fraud and deceit!' He added a few arguments which criticized Fernando, whom he accused of being a traitor and a monster. Our companion escaped his clutches with great difficulty. Then, without saying another word, he fled and hid himself among the bushes; we could not follow him. We thus inferred that his madness was not constant and that someone named Fernando had wronged him, which had brought him to this state. All this turned out to be true. In fact, he has often asked the shepherds to give him something to eat and he has also often stolen food from them. When he raves, even though they offer him food, he does not accept it but punches them and steals it from them. When he is sane, he politely and calmly asks for the food; he thanks them profusely and shed a few tears."

"Gentlemen", the goatherd went on, "I must tell you that yesterday I and four other lads, namely two servants and two friends of mine, decided to look for him until we found him. When we find him, we will take him, either of his own volition or by force, to the town of Almodóvar, eight leagues from here. There we will have him undergo treatment if his disease can be cured. At least, when he is in his right mind,

we will find out who he is and whether or not he has any relatives whom we could inform of his misfortune. Gentlemen, this is all I can tell you about what you asked me. You know now that the owner of those belongings is the man in rags whom you saw running so fast over the mountains." I had forgotten to say that Don Quixote had already told him that he had seen this man run over the mountains.

The knight was surprised at what he had just heard. He was more eager than ever to learn who the poor madman was. He resolved to carry out his first intention: look for him all over the mountain, search every corner and every place and find him.

Fate helped him a lot: at that very instant, the young man he was looking for emerged from a ravine near where they stood and came toward them. He was speaking to himself; his ravings were undoubtedly incomprehensible. His outfit was such as has been described. However, as he approached, Don Quixote noticed that the ragged doublet he wore smelled of ambergris: a person who wore clothes of such quality could not be a commoner.

When the young man reached them, he greeted them in a hoarse, discordant voice, but he was courteous. Don Quixote returned his greeting politely. He dismounted Rocinante and went over to him with elegance and grace. He embraced him; he held him tightly in his arms for a while, as if he had known him for a long time. Since Don Quixote is the Weepy Knight, we can call this man the Creepy Tramp. So the Creepy Tramp allowed him to embrace him and, then, took a step backward and laid his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders as if to see whether he knew him or not. He was surprised at the knight's face, body and armor; so was the knight at the young man's persona.

Finally, the first to speak was the Creepy Tramp. What he said will be recounted in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The continuation of the
adventure of the Sierra Morena.

The story tells us that Don Quixote listened carefully to the Creepy Tramp.

"Although I don't know you, sir", he went on, "I thank you for the affection and courtesy that you have shown me. I'd like to repay you for your kindness with something more than good will. Unfortunately, fate has given me nothing with which I might suitably reciprocate your good wishes except the desire to fulfill them.

"What I want", said Don Quixote, "is to serve you. I had resolved not to leave these mountains until I had found you and you had told me if we could find any remedy that would lessen the sorrow that beset you in the midst of your strange life. Hence, I wanted to look very carefully for you. Though your misfortune might be of the kind that closes the door on any sort of consolation, I would like to help you and share your grief, for when one is in trouble, it is comforting to find someone who mourns with you. If my good intentions deserve to be rewarded with the courtesy that fills your heart, I beg you, sir, for the sake of all that you love or have loved in this life, to tell me who you are and what led you to live and die like a wild animal amid these solitudes, for your person and your clothes show that your current life is alien to you."

"I swear", he added, "by the chivalric rules I follow, although I am a sinner who is unworthy of being a knight, that if you accede to my request, I will serve you in accordance with those obligations that I have assumed, either by helping you if there is a solution, or by weeping with you as I have promised."

When he heard the Weepy Knight speak in this manner, the Knight of the Wood stared at him for quite a while, surveying him from head to foot. Then he said:

"Would you be kind enough to give me something to eat in the name of God. After I have eaten, I will do all that you ask, as a token of my gratitude for your good intentions."

They took out food, Sancho from his sack and the goatherd from his pouch, in order to satisfy the Creepy Tramp's hunger. The man ate what they gave him as if he were a fool; he gulped the food down instead of swallowing it, and he did not breathe or speak between the mouthfuls. The others watched him, saying nothing. When he had finished, he nodded, signaling them to follow him, which they did. He led them to a small green meadow overshadowed by a nearby cliff. When he reached it, he dropped upon the grass; the others did the same. They did not speak. The Creepy Tramp settled himself on the ground and said:

"Gentlemen, if you want me to tell you briefly the story of my immense misfortunes, you must promise me that you will not interrupt with questions, or in any other manner, the thread of my mournful tale. Should you do so, I would stop speaking."

The Creepy Tramp's remark reminded Don Quixote of the story his squire had told him, when the knight had been unable to remember the number of goats that had crossed the river: the story had never been finished. Anyway, the Creepy Tramp went on:

"I stipulate this condition because I want to recount my misfortunes as briefly as I can: these memories make me feel uncomfortable. So, the fewer questions you ask, the sooner I will be done. Of course I will describe all the important facts in order to fulfill your desires."

Don Quixote promised to comply in the name of the others. With this assurance, the Creepy Tramp began to tell his story.

"My name is Cardenio. I come from one of the finest Andalusian cities. I am a nobleman and my parents are rich. My misfortune is so great that my parents and family must have grieved over it, without being able to alleviate it with their money. Wealth rarely remedies the afflictions sent by Heaven. In that city, love had decorated the azure sky with all the glory I could desire: such was the beauty of Luscinda, a maiden as noble and as wealthy as I, but more fortunate and with less constancy than my honorable intentions merited. I had loved, worshiped and adored her since I was a little boy; she had loved me with the simplicity and energy of a child's heart. Our parents were aware of our intentions. They were not upset because they knew that our love would lead to a marriage, which was guaranteed by our comparable background and wealth. As we grew older, our love grew to such an extent that Luscinda's father felt morally compelled to forbid me to see his daughter in his house; he almost imitated the parents of Thisbe, which story is often recounted by poets. This restraint increased our desire. They hushed the mouths, not the quills, which, with more freedom than the former, can show to a loved one what is locked in a soul: most

of the time, the presence of what is loved disturbs and silences the firmest resolution and the boldest tongue. Good heavens! I sent her so many letters; her answers were always honest and delightful. I composed many songs and love verses, in which my soul expressed its feelings, depicted its burning desires, prolonged its memories and reinvented its intention. Actually, I was upset and I longed to see her. So I determined to act and achieve the goal that would enable me to fulfill my desire: I asked her father for her hand in marriage. He thanked me and told me that he was grateful to me for having chosen his beloved daughter. Since my father was still alive, it was his duty to make this request. If he had been reluctant to comply, Luscinda's father would not have acceded to his request, for Luscinda was not a woman to be taken or given in haste. I thanked him for his kindness, for it seemed to me that he was right. I felt certain that my father would give his consent as soon as I told him. With this in mind, I immediately went to tell my father what Luscinda's father wanted. When I entered the room where he was, I found him reading a letter. Before I could say a word, he handed it to me and said:

'Cardenio, you will see in this letter that Duke Ricardo wants to do you a favor.'

Gentlemen, this duke, as you probably know, is a Grandee of Spain who owns the best lands of Andalusia. I took the letter and read it. It was so flattering that I myself thought that it would have been a mistake if my father had failed to carry out what it requested: take me to where he lived in order to become the companion, not the servant, of his eldest son. The duke would grant me the privileges that would correspond to the esteem in which he held me. I read the letter silently. I remained silent when I heard my father say:

'Cardenio, you will leave in two days to do as the duke desires. You must thank God because he allows you to achieve what I know you deserve.'

He added other pieces of advice. As the time for my departure drew near, I spoke to Luscinda one night and described the situation. I also had a word with her father; I asked him to wait a few days and delay his response until I knew what Duke Ricardo wanted me to do. He promised me he would; she confirmed it with a great many oaths and blackouts. I then went to the duke's place. He received me well and treated me with great kindness; the old servants began to envy me: they thought that their master's eagerness to please me was to their own detriment. The man who was most delighted by my arrival was the duke's second son, Fernando, a generous, loving and good-looking slim lad. He soon became a great friend of mine, which made people talk about it. Although the eldest son liked me and was very kind to me, he did not like me as much as don Fernando liked me; he was also less friendly to me. Since there are no secrets between friends and proximity turned into friendship, he told me all that he had in mind, especially one thing that had to do with love and which worried him a bit. He was in love with a peasant girl whose father was a vassal of his father. Her parents were very rich. She was so beautiful, modest, discreet and virtuous that nobody who knew her could say in which of these virtues she excelled or which outweighed the others. These great qualities led Fernando to promise her that he would marry her since it was impossible to get what he wanted in any other way. Our friendship led me to dissuade him from doing that, using the best arguments and most compelling examples that I could find. When I understood that I was whistling in the wind, I decided to inform his father of the matter. Don Fernando, who was an astute,

intelligent man, suspected and feared this. He knew that, as a good servant, I had to reveal all the things that might tarnish the reputation of my lord the duke. Hence, to confuse and deceive me, he told me that the best way to make him forget the beauty that enslaved him was to leave for a few months. He suggested that the two of us go to my father's house. We would tell the duke that we would buy some very fine horses in my city, a place where the best horses in the world are sold. As soon as I heard him say this, my affections made me accept his plan. I told him that it was a very good idea, though I knew it was not a very good decision. However, it enabled me to see Luscinda again. With this thought in mind, I approved his plan and urged him to put it into effect, assuring him that absence would annihilate the most resolute thoughts. When he told me this story, as I afterward discovered, he had already had sex with the peasant girl, who believed that he would marry her. He was only waiting for an occasion for revealing it; he feared what the duke, his father, would do when he learned of his son's foolish conduct. Young men's definition of love is nothing but sexual desire, whose ultimate goal is pleasure. Once that goal is achieved, the illusion of love disappears, for it cannot go beyond the limits defined by nature, which never impedes true love... So, after the intercourse, Don Fernando's sex drives decreased; so did his earnestness! He pretended that he wished to go away in order to be cured of his affections. Actually, he did not want to keep his promise. The duke allowed him to go to my city; he asked me to accompany him. Fernando was received by my father in a manner befitting his rank. Then I saw Luscinda. Although it had never been dead or even wounded, my loving heart began to beat again. I took Fernando into my confidence, for the great friendship he had shown me led me to believe that I could not keep secrets to myself. I praised Luscinda's beauty, grace, and modesty. My words intrigued him: he wanted to meet the young woman who possessed so many qualities. Unfortunately, I yielded to his wishes; I showed her to him, one night, by the light of a candle; she was at the window, a place where we used to talk. When he beheld her, he at once forgot all the beautiful things he had seen until then. He fell silent; his mind began to wander; he was in a daze. In short, as you will see in the course of my story, he had fallen in love with her. His passion for her, which he concealed from me and revealed only to Heaven, increased when, one day, he chanced to find a letter of hers that asked me to ask her father for her hand in marriage. Her arguments were so sensible, fair and moving that, when he had read it, he assured me that in Luscinda alone were to be found all the grace, beauty and wit that were divided among all the other women in the world. I must confess those well-deserved compliments disturbed me. I began to fear and distrust him, for he kept speaking of her, although his arguments were off-topic. I was a bit jealous, not because I doubted Luscinda's loyalty and virtue, but because luck made me fear the thing that it assured me of. Don Fernando always wanted to read the letters I sent to Luscinda and the ones she sent back to me; he said that he enjoyed our wit. Luscinda had asked for a book of chivalry, one she loved: *Amadís of Gaul*..."

No sooner had Don Quixote heard the name of this book of chivalry than he said:

"Had Your Lordship told me at the beginning of your story that lady Luscinda was fond of books of chivalry, it would not have been necessary to add any kind of exaggeration to make me understand that she was extremely intelligent. Sir, I would

not have enjoyed your description if I had not liked those exquisite legends. Consequently, there is no need to use any more words to assure me that she is pretty, virtuous and intelligent. Since she likes those books, I assert that she is the most intelligent and beautiful woman in the world. However, along with *Amadís of Gaul,* you should have sent her the worthy *Don Rugel of Greece*, for I am sure that lady Luscinda would have liked Daraida and Garaya very much. She would have enjoyed the shrewd observations of the shepherd Darinel and his wonderful bucolic verses sung and recited by himself with charm, intelligence and self-confidence. But you can remedy this situation if you come with me to my village. You know, I can give you more than three hundred books which are the delight of my soul and the joy of my life. By the by, I have not a single one left because of the malice of wicked, jealous enchanters. I apologize for having broken my promise not to interrupt you. Actually, when I hear things that deal with chivalry and knights-errant, I can no more refrain from speaking of such things than the sun can refrain from shining or the dew from gathering on the leaves in the moonlight. So, forgive me. You can proceed with your story, for that's what matters now."

While Don Quixote was saying all this, Cardenio had lowered his head to his chest. He was probably lost in thought. Although the knight asked him twice to go on with his story, he did not raise his head or utter a word in reply. Finally, after a while, he raised his head and said:

"I can't help thinking of this. Nobody in the world will ever be able to rid me of this obsession or make me believe anything else. He who does not believe so is an idiot. Wasn't Elisabat, a great villain, the lover of Queen Madásima?"

"No, he wasn't; I swear he wasn't", the knight retorted angrily, as he always did in such cases. "That is pure malice, or rather, genuine wickedness. Queen Madásima was an illustrious lady, and it is presumed that a princess cannot become the paramour of a lowborn charlatan. Whoever says the contrary is a wicked liar. I can assure you that, mounted or on foot, armed or unarmed, by day or by night, or in whatever manner one prefers, I always make myself clear! Is that clear?"

Cardenio was staring at him; he was hallucinating and could not go on with his story, nor was Don Quixote able to listen to it, so disgusted was he with what he had just heard about Queen Madásima. The knight's behaviour was quite strange: his books had led him to believe that she was her true Queen. I have said that Cardenio was mad again. He heard himself called a wicked liar, along with other epithets of the same sort, and he did not like this at all: he picked up a stone that was lying near him and threw it at Don Quixote's chest. It knocked him flat on his back. When Sancho saw this, he fell upon the madman with a clenched fist. The Creepy Tramp moved aside, knocked him backwards, leaped on his ribs and began to crush them with enthusiasm. The goatherd, who wanted to defend Sancho, fell to the ground too. After he had beaten and defeated them all, the mad assailant left them lying there and calmly headed for to his hiding place in the mountains.

Sancho rose to his feet. He was furious that he had been beaten for no reason. He wanted to take vengeance on the goatherd; he told him that it was his fault because he had not warned them that this man was subject to fits of hysterics. Had they known it, they would have been more cautious, which would have enabled them to protect themselves. The shepherd replied that he had told them; it was not his fault if Sancho

had not heard him. Sancho Panza replied, the goatherd retorted, and they ended up pulling beards and punching each other. If Don Quixote had not interposed himself between them, they would have killed each other. Sancho grasped the man's collar and said:

"Leave me alone, lord Weepy Knight. This man is a commoner like me. He has not been dubbed a knight. So I can avenge the wrong he has done me by fighting with him hand to hand like an honest man."

"What you say is true", replied Don Quixote, "but I am sure that he is not in any way to blame for what happened."

This sentence made them calm down. Don Quixote asked the goatherd again if it would be possible to find Cardenio, for he wanted to know the end of the story. The shepherd repeated what he had told him before: he did not know where his hiding place was. However, if they wandered this area, they would not fail to find him, either sane or insane.

CHAPTER XXV.

The strange things that happened
to the valiant Knight of La Mancha in the Sierra Morena
and his imitation of the penance of Beltenebros.

Don Quixote took leave of the goatherd. He mounted Rocinante and told Sancho to follow him. Sancho mounted his donkey very unwillingly. They were gradually making their way into the most rugged part of the mountain. The squire was longing to talk with his master. Since he did not want to contravene the rule, he was waiting for him to begin the conversation. However, he was unable to endure so much silence. He said to him:

"Sir, you should give me your blessing and let me leave, for I want to go back home in order to see my wife and children. At least, I will be allowed to talk to them as much as I like. You want me to wander those solitudes, by day and by night, and you forbid me to speak when I feel like doing so: this is a living hell! I'd like to see the animals talk as they did in Aesop's time, for I could talk to my donkey about anything and forget my troubles. This terrible situation is unbearable: you cannot seek adventures your whole life and be lumbered with kicks, perfidious aggressors with blankets, stones and punches. Besides, you must shut up, and you do not dare to say what you have on your mind, as if you were dumb."

"Sancho, I understand you very well", said Don Quixote. "The prohibition imposed on your talkative tongue is killing you. Well, just forget it and say what you like, on condition that this exemption last no longer than the time we spend crossing these mountains."

"Thank you", said Sancho. "I am going to speak, for God knows what will happen afterward. Let me take advantage of this privilege and ask you: what led Your Lordship to stick up for that Queen Magimasa or whatever her name was? What difference did it make whether that abbot was her friend or not? If you had acknowledged that fact, since you did not have to judge her, I think that the madman would have gone on with

his story, and we would have avoided the stoning, the kicks and more than six punches."

"Upon my word, Sancho", replied Don Quixote, "if you knew, as I do, what a revered, illustrious lady Queen Madásima was, I am certain you would say that I showed a great deal of patience, for I did not punch the mouth that uttered those blasphemies. You know, it is a great blasphemy to say or think that a queen would commit adultery with a surgeon. Actually, Master Elisabat of whom the madman spoke was a sensible man and a good adviser. He was the queen's tutor and physician. To imagine that she was his paramour is nonsense and merits severe punishment. However, Cardenio was not aware of what he was saying; he was already insane when he said that."

"I do agree with you", Sancho insisted. "You shouldn't have taken the ravings of this madman for granted. If luck had not helped you and that stone had hit your head instead of your chest, we would have been in big trouble because of a lady whom God cursed. Moreover, Cardenio wouldn't have been incarcerated because he is insane."

"Against the sane and the insane", said Don Quixote, "every knight-errant is obliged to defend the honor of women, especially when they are queens of high rank and dignity such as was Queen Madásima, whom I revere because of her many qualities. In fact, she was beautiful, intelligent and resilient; allow me to add that her life was not easy. The advice and presence of Master Elisabat enabled her to carry out her duties with patience and wisdom. The ignorant, malicious people inferred from this that she was his mistress. Let me say and repeat that all those who say and think such a thing lie and will lie each time they will say and think such a thing!"

"I neither say nor think such a thing", said Sancho. "One day they will have to pay for what they have done: God will investigate the matter. I am just a peasant who is ignorant of other people's lives, but I know that he who bribes people and lies is to pay dearly for his sins. I was born naked and I am still naked: I neither win nor lose. I don't care about their love affair. You can't judge a book by its cover. Besides, you cannot lock humanity up. They said that God..."

"Good Lord!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "What are all these absurdities that you are stringing together? What does the subject of our conversation have to do with the proverbs which you are threading as if they were beads? If you want to stay alive, shut up! Spur your ass and mind your own business. Look at, listen to, smell, touch and taste what I am about to tell you! What I do, have done and will do is connected with the rules of chivalry, which I know better than all the knights in this world who have ever followed them."

"Sir", responded Sancho, "does the code of chivalry state that we must wander those deserted, faraway mountains and get lost? Must we look for a lunatic who, when we find him, may feel like finishing what he began? I don't mean his story but his task: stone Your Lordship's head, trample my ribs and break us into pieces."

"Once again, Sancho, I tell you to be quiet", said Don Quixote. "I must inform you that it is not only my desire to find a madman that leads me to cross this region, but also my desire to perform here a deed that will make me eternally famous. The exploit will be so great that I will be regarded as the most perfect knight-errant of all."

"And will it be a very dangerous exploit?", asked Sancho.

"No, it won't", replied the Weepy Knight. "Of course the throw of the dice may help us, or not, but everything will depend on your diligence."

"On my diligence?", said Sancho.

"Yes", said Don Quixote, "for if you return quickly from the place where I want to send you, my suffering will end and I will become famous in the blink of an eye. Since it is not right to leave you in suspense with regard to the meaning of my words, I want you to know, Sancho, that the famous Amadís of Gaul was one of the best knights-errant… 'One of the best' is not the correct phrase; he was the sole, the first, the only overlord of all the knights who lived during his lifetime. Shame on Don Belianís and on all the others who claimed that they were as skilled as he in any field! They are wrong, I swear they are! When a painter wants to become famous, he strives to imitate the original paintings of the most talented ones. The same rule applies to all the other important artists and craftsmen who decorate the nations. Thus, the man who wants to be admired for his intelligence and bravery must follow in Ulysses' footsteps and read Homer's lively book, which depicts his character's virtues. Similarly, Vergil, in the person of Aeneas, shows us the courage of a pious son and the shrewdness of a brave, skilled captain. These characters were not described as they were, but as they should have been, so that the men who came after them might be influenced by those heroes' virtues. In the same manner, Amadís was the North Star, the Morning Star, the sun of all the valiant, lovelorn knights; all those of us who serve under the banner of love and chivalry should imitate him. Hence, in my opinion, Sancho my friend, the knight-errant who most closely imitates Amadís will be closest to attaining chivalric perfection. This knight most clearly displayed his intelligence, skills, courage, endurance, volition and love when, having been rejected by lady Oriana, he went to Peña Pobre to do penance and called himself Beltenebros, a name that was meaningful and suited to the life he had chosen. So, it is easier for me to copy his behaviour than to cleave giants, behead serpents, slay dragons, defeat armies, sink fleets and break spells. Since the place where we are satisfies the necessary requirements, I must seize the opportunity, which is offering me its forelock now."

"Well", said Sancho, "what do you want to do in this remote place?"

"I have not told you yet", replied Don Quixote, "but I want to imitate Amadís by playing the part of a desperate, raving madman. I will also imitate Don Orlando when, near a fountain, he discovered a message which said that Angelica the Beautiful had committed an immoral action with Medoro. This knight went mad because of his sorrow. He uprooted trees, polluted the transparent waters of the springs, murdered shepherds, killed livestock, set fire to huts, demolished houses, stole mares and did a hundred thousand other unusual things that are worthy of eternal renown and publicity. I won't try to do exactly what Roland, or Orlando, or Rotolando (he bore these three names) did; I won't copy his behaviour, or say what he said, or think like him. I will do my best to replicate what seems most essential to me. Maybe I will content myself with merely imitating Amadís, who did not cause any damage of that sort; he just burst into tears, sighs and became as famous as Orlando; he became even more famous than him."

"I think", said Sancho, "that those knights had a reason to do these foolish things and penances. But what reason do you have to go crazy? What damsel has

rejected you? What leads you to believe that lady Dulcinea del Toboso has flirted with a Muslim or a Christian?"

"That's the point", said Don Quixote. "Knight-errantry is fine art. It is no surprise to see a knight-errant going mad. In fact, it is important to go crazy for no reason and make my lady friend understand that if I can do this *on the spot*, I can also *put her on the spot*! Moreover, I have not seen her in a long time, and you have heard the shepherd Ambrosio say: 'He who is absent becomes suspicious.' So, Sancho, my friend, don't waste time asking me to abandon my remarkable, funny and original impersonation. Mad I am and mad I will remain until you return with the written response to a letter which I want you to give to Dulcinea. Should her answer be such as my devotion merits, my madness and penance would end. Should it be the contrary, I would become a genuine madman: I would not feel the pain anymore. Whatever her response, I will conclude this story and struggle; I will enjoy, as a sane man, the good news you will bring or, as a madman, I will ignore the bad news. But tell me, Sancho, were did you put Mambrino's helmet? I saw that you picked it up from the ground when that wretch tried to crush it but could not, from which you inferred that he was a refined man!"

"Lord Weepy Knight", said Sancho, "I cannot stand some of the things that you say! I think that what you have told me about chivalry, winning kingdoms and empires and bestowing islands and other privileges, as is the custom in knight-errantry, is false and illusory. You keep building castles in the air, or in Spain, or wherever. You say that a barber's basin is Mambrino's helmet; after four days you still insist that it is; honestly, nobody would dare to say that you are not crazy! The dented basin is in my bag. If God allows me to go and see my wife and children, I will take it home to have it fixed so that I may use it to trim my beard."

''Look, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "by that same God, I swear that you are the stupidest squire of all time. You have traveled with me and you have not yet noticed that all the things that have to do with knight-errantry seem crazy, foolish, chimerical and messy. This is not their true nature. In fact, there are always lots of enchanters around who change and alter things; they turn them into other things depending on whether they wish to favor or destroy us. So, what seems to you a barber's basin seems to me the helmet of Mambrino and will seem another thing to someone else. The magician who protects me has been intelligent enough to make people believe that this helmet, which really belongs to Mambrino, is as a mere basin. If it were known that it is of so great a worth, everybody would pursue me in order to steal it from me. Since they mistake it for a barber's basin, they do not intend to obtain it, as was shown when that fellow tried to smash it, left it on the ground and went away. Believe me, if he had recognized it, he wouldn't have done that. You can keep it, my friend, for I don't need it for the moment. I must remove my armor in order to be as naked as when I was born since I have decided to do penance and imitate Orlando rather than Amadís."

Talking in this manner, they reached the foot of a tall rocky mountain which was surrounded by peaks. A brook gently flowed down into a meadow so green and peaceful that the eyes of the onlookers were awed by this exquisite scenery. There were many fir trees and a few plants and flowers which added tranquility. The Weepy

Knight chose this spot to do penance. When he caught sight of it, he cried out, as if he had lost his mind:

"Good heavens! This is the place I designate and choose to cry over the misfortune I must endure because of you. This is the place where the fluids from my eyes will increase the waters of this little brook while my deep endless sighs will constantly move the needles of these fir trees, as a sign and proof of the pain my grief-stricken heart is suffering. O you rustic deities, whoever you may be, who live in this desolate place, hear the lament of the unfortunate lover brought to this rough terrain by long absence and pointless jealousy to complain about the cruelty of the ungrateful lady who is the epitome of beauty! O you nymphs and dryads who are used to dwelling in mountain forests like the lascivious agile satyrs who love you in vain, never disturb your sweet tranquility, but help me to lament my misfortune; I hope that it will not bore you to death! O Dulcinea del Toboso, day of my night, glory of my grief, compass of my journeys, star of my fortunes, may Heaven enable you to realize that, because of your absence, I am here and have been plunge into this difficult situation! May your kindness recognize my faithfulness. O solitary trees that are compelled to become the companions of my solitude, show me, with the gentle movement of your branches, that my presence does not displease you. O you my squire, the agreeable companion of my successful and adverse adventures, remember well what you will see me do here so that you may tell the story to the one who is the sole cause of it all."

Having said this, he dismounted Rocinante and, in an instant, he removed the saddle and the bridle, slapped the hack on the rump and said:

"The man who is not free frees you now, O horse that was congratulated for its deeds and punished by its fate. Go wherever you want to go, for on your forehead is written that neither Astolfo's Hippogriff nor the renowned Frontino that cost Bradamante so dear could equal your high velocity."

As he saw his master do this, Sancho said:

"I want to thank the man who has spared us the trouble of unsaddling the ass; we will have to applaud and praise him. If the donkey were here, I wouldn't allow anybody to unsaddle it because this would be purposeless. In fact, there was neither love nor despair; I, its master thanks to God, was not a desperate lover! In truth, lord Weepy Knight, if you mean what you say about my departure and your madness, then we will have to saddle Rocinante again so that it may take the donkey's place. This will save me time coming and going. If I walk, I don't know when I will arrive or when I will return, for, to make a long story short, my pace is not rapid."

"Do as you like, Sancho", said Don Quixote. "Your idea is not bad. You will set out three days from now. In the meantime, I want you to see what I do and say for her sake so that you may tell her the whole story."

"Is there anything else I must see?", asked Sancho.

"You do not know what you are talking about", said Don Quixote. I have yet to tear my clothes, scatter my armor, *attack castles* in these mountains and do other things of that kind, all of which will enrapture you."

"For God's sake", exclaimed Sancho, "you should be cautious about attacking those castles, for the first attack might put an end to your penance. You think that you must attack castles and that you cannot achieve your goal without doing so, but, since it's all make-believe, illusion and buffoonery, you should *besiege castles in the air*, or

even *build them in Spain,* and just leave the rest to me. I will tell lady Toboso that you have come across an *Ivory tower*!"

"I thank you for your good intentions, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "but I can tell you that the things I am doing are not jokes but certainties. If they were jokes, I would be contravening the rules of knighthood, which command us never to lie. I don't want to be regarded as a recidivist; to do one thing instead of another is the same as lying. Hence, my castle must be real, solid and valid; deception and illusions are to be banned. You will have to give me some bandages to heal my wounds since we unexpectedly lost the balm."

"It was worse losing the ass", said Sancho, "for we lost the bandages and all the rest when we lost it. Please, don't refer to that bloody potion; the very mention of it turns my stomach, not to speak of my soul. I have something else to tell you: the three days you gave me to see the mad things you did have already passed. As far as I'm concerned, I've seen them and judged them; I will praise them before lady Toboso. So, write the letter at once and send me there: I am longing to return in order to take you out of the purgatory where I'm leaving you."

"You call it Purgatory, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "but you should call it Hell or find a word that would describe a worse reality, if there is anything worse than Hell."

"I have heard people say that there is no detention [salvation] for those who are in Hell."

"I do not understand what detention means."

"Detention means that whoever is in Hell never gets out and cannot get out. But it will be the opposite with you unless my feet lose their mind when they spur Rocinante forward. First of all, send me to El Toboso to meet lady Dulcinea. I will describe all the foolish things that you have done and are still doing. She will become softer than a glove, even if I find her harder than a cork tree. When I have her *sugary, honeyed answer*, I will come back, riding my broomstick through the air like a wizard. I'll take you out of this purgatory which resembles Hell. Since it is not Hell, you can escape from that place. I do not think you will contradict me."

"That's true", said the Weepy Knight, "but what will we use to write the letter?"

"And the certificate of indebtedness for the ass", added Sancho.

"I will put the two things together", said Don Quixote. "Since there is no paper, we should write this as the ancients did, on leaves or wax tablets, although they would be as difficult to find now as paper. I think that it would be a good idea, an excellent idea, to use Cardenio's notebook. Then you will have it neatly written on a sheet of paper in the first village where you will find a schoolmaster or a sacristan. Do not give it to a notary, for their handwriting is so poor that Satan himself would not be able to understand it."

"But what must we do about the signature?", asked Sancho.

"Love letters were never signed", Don Quixote assured him.

"That's fine", said the squire, "but the certificate of indebtedness must be signed. If they see that it is a copy, they will say that the signature is false and I won't have the donkeys."

"The certificate of indebtedness will be written in the same notebook; it will be signed. When my niece sees it, she will gladly comply with my instructions. As for the love letter, you will have them write this at the end: 'Yours until death, the Weepy

Knight.' It will make no difference whether it is in some other person's handwriting, for, if I remember correctly, Dulcinea does not know how to read or write, nor has she ever seen a letter of mine or anything else that I wrote. In fact, our love has always been platonic and has never gone beyond a modest glance. Besides, there were not so many glances: in the course of the dozen years that I have loved her more than the light of these eyes that would like to devour the planet, I have not seen her more than four times. With regard to these four times, I am not even sure that she noticed the one time that I looked at her: such is the seclusion and demureness in which her father, Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother, Aldonza Nogales, have reared her."

"Aha!", exclaimed Sancho, "lady Dulcinea del Toboso is Lorenzo Corchuelo's daughter, otherwise known as Aldonza Lorenzo."

"Yes, it is she", said Don Quixote, "and she deserves to rule over the entire universe."

"I know her well", Sancho went on, "and I can tell you that she can throw a javelin as well as the strongest lad in the village. God be praised, for she is a good girl who is as strong as an ox; she can help any knight-errant or any knight who is about to wander and is her paramour. Holy smoke! She is so strong! And what a voice she has! I can tell you that, one day, she climbed the stairs of the village belfry to call some lads who were stepping on his father's field, which had just been sown; although they were more than half a league away, they heard her as plainly as if they were standing at the foot of the tower. The best thing about her is that she is not prudish; she is very friendly; she keeps laughing and joking. I just want to say, lord Weepy Knight, that you can and should do crazy things for her and that you have reason to despair. Hence, you have the right to hang yourself. Nobody will dare to say that you didn't do the right thing, even if the devil carries you to Hell. I'd like to be on my way, just to see her again, for it's been a long time since I saw her; she must have aged: the sun and the air can wrinkle the skin of the face of a woman who works in the fields. Lord Quixote, I am willing to admit that I was mistaken, for I thought that lady Dulcinea was a princess with whom you were in love or a woman who deserved the important presents which you sent her – I mean the Biscayan, the galley slaves and many others, for you probably won many victories before I became your squire. By the way, does Aldonza Lorenzo – I mean Lady Toboso – care about those men whom you defeated and sent to kneel before her? Actually, when they arrive, she will be probably dressing flax or threshing wheat; they will run away when they see her; she will laugh at the present and get angry."

"Sancho", said Don Quixote, "I have told you many times that you are too talkative. You are blunt and your tongue is too sharp. So that you may see how stupid you are and how intelligent I am, I am going to tell you a short story. Once upon a time, there was a widow who was pretty, young, rich, unattached and, above all, uninhibited. She fell in love with a young lay brother who was plump and strong. When his superior heard of this, he scolded the good widow in a monastic fashion. He said to her: 'Madam, I am surprised to learn that a distinguished rich beautiful woman like you is in love with Fulano, a man who is coarse, common and stupid. In this place, there are many teachers, undergraduates and graduates who could be chosen by Your Ladyship like pears on a pear tree. You would say: I want this one, I don't want that one.' She answered him with self-confidence and biting wit: 'Father Abbot, you are mistaken

and your ideas are old-fashioned because you think that I have made a bad choice. In fact, Fulano seems stupid, but the reason why I love him turns the idiot into a philosopher who knows more things than Aristotle himself.' So, Sancho, my love for Dulcinea del Toboso leads me to cherish her as if she were the most important princess on earth. All the poets who pretend that they love a woman, and whose names are invented, don't have a girlfriend. Do you think that the Amarillises, the Phyllises, the Sylvias, the Dianas, the Galateas, the Alcidas, and all the others who haunt the books, ballads, barbershops, plays and theaters are flesh-and-blood women and the girlfriends of those who praise them? No, of course not, for most of the poets invent these ladies to bring their verses to life. Hence, people take them for paramours and people who can fall in love. Similarly, Aldonza Lorenzo must become my modest beautiful lady friend. As for her lineage, that is not a major issue; no one is going to ask for her family tree in order to see whether she can become a knight Templar or not! I think she is the most important princess in the world, and this is the only thing that matters to me. You know, Sancho, there are only two qualities that can make a man fall in love: beauty and a good reputation. Dulcinea is endowed with these two qualities to the greatest degree: nobody can surpass her beauty, nor can many women equal her good reputation. In conclusion, I believe that all that I say is perfectly true. My expectations depict her beauty and prominence in my mind. Neither Helen, nor Lucretia, nor any of the other women of Ancient Greece, Rome, or Germany can be as perfect as she. Let any man say what he wants; if the ignorant scold me for having said this, the learned will not rebuke me."

"I agree with all that you said", replied Sancho. "I know that I am an ass, but I don't know why my mouth says ass, since one must not allude to ropes in the house of a hanged man. Write that letter. Then I will say goodbye to you and leave."

Don Quixote took out the notebook. He retired to a quiet place and calmly began to write the letter. When he had finished, he called Sancho. He told him that he wanted to read it so that he might memorize it. Should he lose it along the way because he was unlucky, he would know its content.

"Sir, just write it two or three times in that book", said Sancho, "and give it to me; I will take very good care of it. It is nonsense to think that I am going to learn it by heart: my memory is so bad that I often forget my own name. But read it to me; I will enjoy hearing it, for it must be as clean as a whistle."

Don Quixote said: "Listen, then, for this is what it says:

LETTER FROM DON QUIXOTE TO DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO

Highborn sovereign lady,

The man whose heart has been wounded by absence's spearhead, O sweet Dulcinea del Toboso, wishes you good health, although he is sick. If your beauty belittles me, if your high rank ignores me, if your disdain wants to become my faithful enemy, even though I am sufficiently inured to extreme suffering, l will not be able to stand this affliction, which is severe and long-lasting. My good squire Sancho will tell you, O

ungrateful beauty, my beloved enemy, that my current condition depends on your determination. Should you help me, I would become your servant. Should you ignore me, you would be free. My death will please your cruelty and satisfy my desire.

Yours until death.

The Weepy Knight."

"By my father's life", exclaimed Sancho when he had heard the letter, "that is the grandest thing I have ever heard. You manage to say everything just the way it should be said, and your signature, the Weepy Knight, fits the content of the letter. To tell you the truth, you are a genius: there is nothing you don't know."

"The chivalric tasks", replied Don Quixote, "demand competence."

"And now", said Sancho, "would you mind writing the certificate of indebtedness on the reverse and signing it very clearly: I want them to recognize your signature when they see it."

"With pleasure", said Don Quixote. He wrote it and read it aloud. It said:

"My dear niece, upon presentation of this certificate of indebtedness, you will give three of the five donkeys that I left at home, which you are tending, to Sancho Panza, my squire. Upon presentation of this certificate and the receipt, the aforesaid donkeys must be given in exchange for three others that had been acquired here. Done in the heart of the Sierra Morena on the twenty-second day of August of the current year."

"That's fine", said Sancho, "and now sign it."

"there is no need to sign it," said Don Quixote. "I just have to add my flourish, which is the same as a signature; it will suffice for three donkeys and even three hundred."

"I trust you completely", said the squire. "Now I must go and saddle Rocinante. You are going to give me your blessing, for I'd like to leave at once without seeing the crazy things you must do. I have had my fair share of your idiosyncrasies!"

"Because it is necessary", the knight said, "I want you, at least, to see me naked and performing one or two dozen foolish actions, which will take me less than half an hour. Having seen them with your own eyes, you will be able to describe them accurately and add a few others. I can assure you that you will not add as many as I want to perform."

"My goodness", exclaimed Sancho, "don't let me see you naked, for my offended eyes will never stop weeping. I cried so much over the donkey last night that I have no more tears left to shed. If you want me to witness some of your insane actions, please perform them with your clothes on, choose those you prefer and act swiftly. Actually, all this is unnecessary. As I have told you, the sooner I leave, the sooner I will come back with the news you require and deserve. Let lady Dulcinea get ready. Should her answer be unreasonable, I solemnly swear that my kicks and slaps would get a sensible one out of her stomach. Why should a famous knight-errant go mad without rhyme or reason because of a…? Don't let her make me say it, for I could go mad and

destroy everything. I am pretty good at that sort of thing. She doesn't know me very well. If she did, she would respect and fear me."

"Sancho", said Don Quixote, "you are as crazy as I!"

"I'm not as crazy as you", said Sancho; "I am just angry, that's all. Let us change the subject; what are you going to eat until I return? Are you going to wander the mountains, as Cardenio did, and steal the food from the shepherds?"

"This is not a major issue", said the knight, "for if I had proper food, I would eat nothing but the leafy plants and fruits that this meadow and these trees would offer me. The best part of my mission consists in starving and putting up with other hardships of the same sort."

"Goodbye, then", said Sancho... "Do you know what I am afraid of? I don't know whether I will be able to find this place again, for it is really isolated."

"You must pay attention to the landmarks", said Don Quixote. "I will remain in this area. I will also climb the highest mountains in order to try to see you on your way back. So that you may not lose your way, you should cut a few bushes, which are so abundant around here, and scatter them along the way, at intervals, until you reach the plain. They will serve as signs and milestones and will replace the thread of Theseus in the labyrinth. They will enable you to find me when you return."

"I will do that", said Sancho.

Then he cut a few bushes and asked his master to bless him. They burst into tears! Sancho took his leave and mounted Rocinante. Don Quixote had entreated him to take as good care of the horse as he would of his own person. He set off for the plain and started to scatter the branches at intervals, as his master had advised. So he left, although Don Quixote was still asking him to watch two stupid jokes.

He had not gone a hundred paces when he turned, looked back and said:

"You know, I think that you were right. So that I may swear with a clear conscience that I saw you do crazy things, I really ought to see you do at least one, although your remaining here is already a bit of tomfoolery."

"Didn't I tell you so?", said Don Quixote. "Wait, Sancho, I will do them before you can say a Credo!"

He quickly removed his breeches and, wearing his underpants, he jumped into the air a couple of times. Then he fell heels over head, revealing things that led Sancho to pull on Rocinante's reins so that he might not have to see them again. Now the squire could swear that his master was still mad. So we are going to let him go on his way until his return, which will not take long.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The continuation of the exquisite adventure
of the lovelorn knight-errant in the Sierra Morena.

Let's come back to what the Weepy Knight did when he found himself alone. The story says that after Don Quixote, who was naked from the waist down and clothed from the waist up, had finished turning those somersaults and after Sancho had departed without waiting to see any more of his master's antics, he climbed a tall cliff and reached its top. He began to ponder a problem which had been upsetting him

for a long time, but to which he had never been able to find the answer: be as restless as Roland or as depressed as Amadís. He said to himself:

"Orlando was a valiant, good knight; people should not be surprised at that. After all, he was enchanted and no one could kill him except by running a big nail through the sole of his foot. He always wore shoes with seven iron soles, but this trick did not deceive Bernardo del Carpio, who discovered it and crushed him in his arms at Roncesvalles. But let us leave aside his courage in order to consider his madness. He lost his mind because of the evidence he discovered in the fountain and the information which the shepherd gave him: Angelica had taken more than two siestas with Medoro, a curly-haired young Moor who was Agramante's page. He was convinced that his girlfriend had been unfaithful to him; this unsettled him, and he went mad. But how can I copy his madness if the root of our insanity is not the same? I daresay my sweet Dulcinea has never seen a single Moor, a Moor like him, a man with all his attributes, if you know what I mean! She is today as she was on the day she was born; I would clearly bring shame on her if, mistaking the saint for a whore, I became as mad and furious as Orlando. On the other hand, I know that Amadís of Gaul, without losing his mind or performing foolish actions, achieved as much fame as a lover as any other knight. According to his history, he was scorned by Oriana, who commanded him not to meet her until she so willed it. Hence, he retired to Peña Pobre in the company of a hermit, where he kept weeping and praying; then Heaven relieved him of his grief and impotence. Since this is true, why should I strip completely and upset these trees which haven't harmed me? Similarly, I mustn't muddy the clear water of these streams, which enable me to drink when I am thirsty. Long live the memory of Amadís, and let him be imitated in every way possible by Don Quixote de La Mancha. People will say, as usual, that if he did not accomplish great things, he died when he started to perform them. I am neither scorned nor rejected by Dulcinea del Toboso, but, as I have said, I am already absent from her village. To work! I must recall what Amadís did so that I may start to imitate him. I already know that he kept praying and begging for God's help, but... what about the rosary? I don't have one!"

He thought of what he could do to make one. Then he tore a large strip from the tail of his shirt, which hung down over his buttocks, tied eleven knots in it, one bigger than the others, and this served as his rosary during the time he was there, when he said a million Hail Marys. He was worried about one important issue: find another hermit who would hear his confession and console him. So he spent his time walking through the little meadow, carving inscriptions on the bark of the trees and writing many sad verses in the sand. Some of them praised Dulcinea. When they met him there later, the only ones that proved to be legible were the following:

Trees, grass and plants
That inhabit this place,
You are so tall, green and numerous.
If you care about my grief,
Listen to my holy complaint.
My bottomless suffering
Must not agitate you;
In order to pay what he owes,

Don Quixote cried here
Over the absence of Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

Here is the place where
The most faithful lover
Hides from his paramour.
He is on the wrong track,
But he does not know why.
Love, which is a bad counselor,
enticed him to do stupid things.
Until he filled a small barrel,
Don Quixote cried here
Over the absence of Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

He sought adventures
Among the rough rocks,
Those heartless hearts of stone.
In the mountains and in the bush,
He found nothing but misadventures.
Love's whip wounded him,
For the strings were made of steel.
The lashes lacerated his neck;
Don Quixote cried here
Over the absence of Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

Those who came upon the foregoing verses laughed because of the addition of "del Toboso" to Dulcinea's name. They assumed that Don Quixote believed that if he did not add those words, the stanza would be unintelligible, which was true, as he later confessed. He wrote many others, as has been said, but only these three could be deciphered in their entirety. He spent his time writing poems, sighing and asking the fauns and satyrs of the woods, the nymphs of the rivers and the heartbroken, tearful Echo to listen to him, answer him and console him. He also looked for plants that would sustain him until Sancho returned. If the squire had stayed away for three weeks instead of three days, the Weepy Knight would have been so skinny that his mother wouldn't have recognized him.

Let us leave him wrapped up in his sighs and verses so that me may relate what happened to Sancho Panza during his mission. The latter reached the highway and headed for El Toboso. The next day he came upon the inn where the unfortunate affair of the tossing had occurred. No sooner had he seen it than it seemed to him that he was flying through the air once again. He did not want to enter, although it was dinnertime and he felt like eating something hot; for many days he had eaten nothing but cold food. This basic necessity compelled him to approach the inn, but he was

unable to decide to enter. As he stood there, two people came out of the inn and recognized him immediately. One said to the other:

"Father, isn't this horseman Sancho Panza, the man who became the squire of our adventurer, according to his housekeeper?"

"Yes, it is he", said the priest, "and this horse belongs to Don Quixote."

They knew him well because they were the priest and barber of his village, the ones who had examined and burned some of Don Quixote's books. As soon as they recognized Sancho and Rocinante, they went over to the squire because they wanted to have news of Don Quixote. The priest called:

"Sancho, my friend, where is your master?"

Sancho knew who they were. He resolved not to tell them where he had left the knight or what had happened to him. He thus replied that Don Quixote was in a certain place, doing something very important, but he could not reveal what it was.

"You must tell us more", said the barber. "If you don't tell us where he is, we will think, and we already think, that you killed and robbed him since you are riding his horse. If you don't tell us what happened to the owner of the hack, there will be an uproar."

"You won't intimidate me. I am not the kind of man who robs or kills people: let fate or the God who made them kill them. My master is doing penance in those mountains; he is amusing himself!"

Then, in a rush and without stopping, he told them what had happened to him, the adventures that had befallen him, and how he was carrying a letter to lady Toboso, who was the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, with whom the knight was madly in love.

What they heard astonished the two men; although they were well acquainted with the knight's madness, it never ceased to amaze them. They asked Sancho to show them the letter he was carrying to lady Toboso. He said that it was written in a notebook and that he had to have it written on a sheet of paper in the first village he reached. The priest asked him to show it to him; he added that he would copy it neatly. When Sancho thrust his hand into the inside pocket of his jacket to take the notebook, he did not find it. He would not have found it if he had looked for it from then until now because Don Quixote had kept it. He had not given it to him. Of course Sancho had forgotten to ask for it.

When he realized that the book was not there, he turned pale. He quickly felt his whole body and did not find it. He plunged both hands into his beard and tore out half of it. Then, rapidly and without stopping, he punched his face and nose half a dozen times until he was covered with blood. Seeing this, the priest and the barber asked him why he mistreated himself in this manner.

"Why?", interjected Sancho. "In the blink of an eye, I've lost three donkeys, which were three genuine castles in Spain!"

"What do you mean?", inquired the barber.

"I've lost the notebook", said Sancho, "which contained the letter to Dulcinea and the certificate of indebtedness signed by her uncle. He asked his niece to give me three of the four or five donkeys that he has at home."

Then he recounted the loss of the gray ass. The priest consoled him and told him that, when he returned, his master would give him another certificate. This time,

they would have it done on paper, as was the custom, for those that were written in notebooks were never accepted or regarded as valid.

Sancho felt relieved. He remarked that the loss of the letter did not worry him greatly, since he knew it almost by heart. So he could dictate it wherever and whenever they wished.

"Tell us, then, what was in it", said the barber, "we will copy it later."

Sancho scratched his head, stood first on one foot and then on the other, stared at the ground and gnawed off half a fingertip as the barber and the priest waited anxiously for him to begin. He turned to them and said:

"Father, the Devil must have taken a part of the letter away since I don't remember it! At the beginning it said: 'Highborn *suffering* lady…'"

"He did not say *suffering*", the barber corrected him; "he must have said *superhuman* or *sovereign* lady."

"That's it", said Sancho. "Well, then, if I remember correctly, it said: 'Tired and wounded, I kiss the hands of Your Ladyship, O ungrateful, unknown beauty.' Then he wished her good health… or bad health and a few other things. It ended with: 'Yours until death, the Weepy Knight.'"

The two men were quite pleased with the good memory that Sancho Panza displayed. They congratulated him and asked him to repeat the letter a couple of times so that they might memorize it and be able to write it later. He repeated it three more times, saying, each time, three thousand pieces of nonsense.

Then he told them other things about his master, but he did not say a word about the way he had been tossed in a blanket in this inn, which he refused to enter. He also told them how Don Quixote, if he had a favorable reply from Dulcinea del Toboso, would manage to make him an emperor or, at least, a king, for they had agreed on that. This was an easy task since his master was courageous and strong. When he had achieved it, he would find his squire a suitable wife because, by then, he would already be a widower. The knight would allow him to marry one of the ladies-in-waiting of the empress, the heiress to a rich large estate on the continent, for he disregarded islands now.

He said all this with so much composure and so little rationality, wiping his nose from time to time, that the two men were astonished again. They thought that Don Quixote's madness had worsened a lot, which had led this poor man to rave. They did not take the trouble to disabuse Sancho of his illusions. Since his conscience was still sound, it was better to enable him to daydream so that they might continue enjoying his nonsense. Hence, they advised him to pray to God for his master's well-being. They added that, with the passage of time, he would certainly become an emperor, as he said, or, at least, an archbishop, or some other dignitary of equal rank. To which Sancho responded:

"Gentlemen, if fortune ordered my master to become an archbishop in place of an emperor, what would he give me? In fact, what do archbishops-errant usually give to their squires?"

"Usually", replied the priest, "they give them stipends or curacies; they can also make them sacristans, which brings in a nice fixed income, all the more so because their ministry enables them to make a lot of money."

"Of course", replied Sancho, "but the squire must not to be married, and he must assist the priest when he says Mass. Woe is me! I am an illiterate married man! What will happen to me if my master decides to become an archbishop and not an emperor, which is the custom of knights-errant?"

"Don't worry, my dear fellow", said the barber, "for we will entreat him, advise him and even make his conscience force him to become an emperor. That will be easier for him since he is more versed in warfare than in Divinity."

"That's my point of view too", said Sancho, "although I can tell you that he is omniscient. So, I am going to ask Our Lord to lead him to a place where he will win lots of kingdoms so that he may grant me lots of privileges."

"You are a wise man", said the priest, "and you will show yourself to be a good Christian. Now we must elaborate a plan of action for getting your master out of that useless penance which you say he is doing. In order to think it over, we are going to enter this inn and eat something, for it is dinnertime."

Sancho told them to go in, saying that he would wait outside. He added that he would tell them later why he did not want to set foot in this tavern. However, he asked them to bring out something to eat that was hot and also some barley for Rocinante. They went inside and left him alone; a short while later the barber brought him some food.

When they had thought carefully about how they would achieve their goal, the priest hit on a plan that fitted Don Quixote's ideals and the purpose that they had in mind. He told the barber that he wanted to disguise himself as a damsel-errant; his friend would try to impersonate a squire. Then they would go to the place where Don Quixote was. The girl would pretend to be a maiden in distress who had come to ask him to do her a favor, which a valiant knight-errant like him could not refuse to do her. He would follow her to a place where he would right a wrong which a wicked knight had done her. She would implore him not to tell her to remove her veil or ask any question about her affairs until the wrong done by the wicked knight had been righted. The priest did believe that Don Quixote would comply with that kind of request. Thus, they would be able to get him out from that place and take him to his house, where they would endeavor to see if his strange madness could be treated.

CHAPTER XXVII.

How the priest and the barber carried out their plan,
along with other things worthy of being related in this great story.

The barber thought that the priest's plan was not a bad one: they resolved to implement it. They asked the innkeeper's wife for a skirt and veils; the priest pledged his new cassock as security. The barber made a long beard out of a carroty or reddish oxtail into which the innkeeper used to stick his comb. The innkeeper's wife asked why they wanted those things. The priest described Don Quixote's madness briefly, explaining that this disguise was necessary to get him out of the mountains where he was now. The landlord and his wife deduced that the madman had been their guest, the one who had prepared the balm and whose squire had been tossed in the blanket.

She then told the priest all that had happened, not neglecting to mention the incident which Sancho had hushed up.

In short, she neatly dressed the priest up. She gave him a woolen skirt with black velvet stripes as broad as your hand; the folds had a different color. The bodice was made of green velvet; a white satin trim beautified it; the garments were so outdated that they seemed to date back to the days of King Wamba. The priest did not want his head to be completely covered; he put on a quilted linen nightcap and bound his forehead with a piece of black taffeta. He fashioned a veil out of another piece of silk fabric, with which he could easily conceal his beard and face. He put on his hat, which was big enough to serve him as a parasol, and wrapped himself in his cape. He mounted his mule side-saddle; the barber mounted his mule too. As has been said, is beard, which was carroty or reddish, fell all the way to his waist, for it was made from the tail of a brown ox.

They bade farewell to everybody, including Maritornes, a good girl, but a great sinner, who promised to pray the rosary so that God might grant them success in so arduous and Christian a task as the one they had undertaken.

No sooner had they left the inn than the priest began to believe that it was a bad idea to dress up like that since his job was to set an example: the end did not justify the means! So he asked the barber to swap costumes with him. The latter would be the damsel in distress while the priest would play the squire: the dignity of his calling would be less profaned. If the barber did not agree on this, he would not implement the plan, even if the devil wanted to take Don Quixote to Hell.

Sancho approached. When he saw them dressed in that manner, he could not refrain from laughing. The barber agreed to everything the priest said and, as they swapped outfits, the priest told what he had to say and how he had to behave in Don Quixote's presence so that they might persuade and compel him to come with them; he would therefore leave the place which he had chosen in order to do his useless penance. The barber replied that he did not need instructions because he knew what he had to do. He did not want to put on his disguise until they were near the place where Don Quixote was. Hence, he folded up his garments. The priest adjusted his beard. They resumed their journey. They were led by Sancho Panza, who was recounting the story about the madman they had met in the mountain. However, he did not tell them that he had found a suitcase which contained a small treasure; he was a bit stupid, but not stupid enough to reveal what he had to conceal.

On the following day, they reached the place where Sancho had strewn the branches as a landmark to guide him to the spot where he had left Don Quixote. He recognized the signs. He told his companions that this was the way into the mountains. So they had to put on their costumes since this was the condition that would help them to save his master. Actually, they had already pointed out that they had to disguise themselves and behave in this manner in order to free the knight from the evil way of life he had chosen. They insisted that he should not reveal their identity or say that he knew them. Of course his master would ask him if he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea; Sancho would say that he had done so. He would add that, since she did not know how to write, she had spoken her reply. She had said that she insisted that her lover should come to see her at once; should he refuse, she would stop loving him. Thanks to all this and what they wanted to say to him, they felt certain that they

would enable him to lead a better life: he would certainly become an emperor or a king. As for becoming an archbishop, there was no reason to worry about that.

Sancho listened to everything and memorized it. He thanked them a lot because they had made the effort to advise his master to become an emperor instead of an archbishop; he still thought that emperors could grant their squires more privileges than archbishops-errant could. He also said that it would be a good idea if he went first in order to find him and tell him what his lady friend had answered. This might be sufficient to persuade him to leave; they would not have to deal with that issue. What the squire said seemed adapted to the situation. So they decided to wait there until he returned to tell them that he had found his master.

Sancho entered the ravines of this mountain range, leaving the priest and the barber in a gully through which a gentle rivulet flowed. It was overshadowed by other cliffs and a few trees that cast an agreeable cool shadow. They reached this place in August; it was three o'clock in the afternoon. As usual, the heat was unbearable, which made this spot even more pleasant and inviting; they could wait here until Sancho returned, which is what they did.

While the two men were resting in the shade, they heard a melodious voice that was not accompanied by an instrument of any kind. They were really surprised because they did not expect to hear so good a singer in a place like this. It is said that in the forests and fields one can come upon shepherds with superlative voices, but, in truth, this is an overstatement. They wondered still more when they discovered that these were not rustic verses but sophisticated ones, as evidenced by what follows.

What discredits my property?
Disdain.
What increases my sorrow?
Jealousy.
What challenges my patience?
Absence.
Nothing can cure
My ailment.
Hope, disdain, jealousy and absence
Are killing me.

What is the cause of that pain?
Love.
What is upset by my bliss?
Fortune.
Who acquiesces in my grief?
Heaven.
I am afraid of dying
Of this strange malady.
Love, fortune and Heaven have formed an alliance
In order to defeat me.

What can improve my fate?

Death.
What benefits from Love?
Change.
What can cure lovesickness?
Madness.
It is unwise
To try to cure passion,
For the remedies are
Death, change and madness.

The hour, the weather, isolation and the beautiful voice of the singer enraptured the listeners. They waited to see if the song would resume. When the silence had lasted for some time, they decided to look for the singer with the beautiful voice. As they were about to do so, the voice began again; they froze. They heard the voice sing the following sonnet.

A sonnet.

Holy Friendship, you leave
Your appearance on the ground
And fly towards the empyrean,
Where the blessed souls dwell.
Whenever you want,
Unveil the statue of justice
So that we may see the face of the person who
Sends us presents which sometimes are troublesome.
O friendship, leave the skies! Don't allow
Deceit to resemble you,
For it destroys good intentions.
Should you fail to do so,
You would see the world plunge once more
Into primordial chaos.

The song ended with a deep sigh. Once again the two men waited for another song. When they realized that the music had turned into sobs and mournful cries, they resolved to discover who was the poor man who sang so well and wept so much. They had not gone far when, as they rounded the edge of a cliff, they saw a man whose figure resembled the one described by Sancho Panza when he told them the story of Cardenio. When this man beheld them, he did not jump in the air; he stood still, head bowed. He looked as if he were lost in thought. He did not raise his eyes to look at them again.

The priest already knew of Cardenio's misfortune. He was able to identify him thanks to what Sancho had said. Since he was used to speaking with people, he went up to him and, with a few brief but compelling arguments, he endeavored to persuade him to stop leading this wretched life. If he stayed here, he could die, which was the greatest misfortune of all. At that moment Cardenio was in his right mind and free of

those furious fits that so frequently altered his personality. He was surprised to see two people dressed in a manner that was so unusual among those who wandered these solitudes. He was even more surprised when he heard them speaking of his personal affairs as if they knew them very well (the priest's arguments led him to believe this). He thus replied as follows:

"Gentlemen, whoever you may be, I understand that God, who succors the good and also the wicked very often, has sent me here, although I do not deserve it. This remote place is ignored by people. Some of them have made me understand, with various compelling arguments, that this kind of life is sheer folly. They have tried to persuade me to abandon it in order to lead a better life. But they do not know what I know: if I solved this problem, I would encounter greater difficulties. You may consider me to be an idiot or a fool, which is worse. I think that I am a fool, for I believe that my obsessions are so intense that they can lead me to be on the road to perdition. I won't be able to avoid it, since I am a stone that lacks reason and consciousness. I begin to perceive this truth when people tell me what I do when that terrible madness overtakes me. When this happens, I lament and curse my fate, which is useless. I apologize for my ravings and tell the cause of my torments to the people who want to hear it. Since they are sane and know the root of the problem, they are not surprised by the effects. If they cannot remedy the situation, at least they do not blame me: upset by my self-confidence, they end up pitying me because of my misfortune. Gentlemen, since your intention is similar to that of those who came here in the past, before you go any further in your argumentation, I ask you to listen to the unwritten story of my misadventures. Perhaps when you have heard it, you will spare yourselves the trouble of trying to ease a pain that cannot be eased."

The two men wanted to hear him say what was the cause of his problem. So they asked him to tell it to them. They also promised that they would follow his instructions regarding the way of helping and consoling him.

Then the unfortunate man began to tell his pitiful story. He repeated what he had said to Don Quixote and the goatherd a few days before, when, because of Master Elisabat and Don Quixote's obsession with chivalric decorum, he had not been able to finish his story, as has already been said. Fortunately, this time he was in his right mind: he had an opportunity to tell it to the end. So, when he had to recite the letter Don Fernando had found in *Amadís of Gaul*, Cardenio said that he knew it by heart; he told it in this manner:

LUSCINDA TO CARDENIO

Each day I discover your qualities, which compel me to esteem you more. If you want to relieve me of this duty without besmirching my reputation, you can very easily do so. My father knows you and loves me; without opposing my volition, he will accede to your fair request if you love me as you say and as l believe you do.

"This letter led me to ask for Luscinda's hand in marriage, as I have already told you; it also led Fernando to believe that she was one of the most intelligent, enlightened women of her time. This missive filled him with the desire to destroy me before my hopes could be fulfilled. I told Don Fernando that Luscinda's father was

waiting for my father's formal request; I did not dare to mention this request to my father because I feared that he would not give his consent. He knew her virtue, kindness and beauty and that her qualities would ennoble any family in Spain. However, I thought that he did not want me to marry so soon: wasn't he waiting for Duke Ricardo's decision about my future? Finally, I told him that I had not ventured to speak to my father because of this problem and many others I feared although I could not identify them. It seemed to me that my wishes were unattainable. Don Fernando told me that he would speak with my father in order to persuade him to talk to Luscinda's father. O ambitious Marius! O cruel Catiline! O murderous Sulla! O deceitful Galalon! O treacherous Vellido! O vindictive Julian! O greedy Judas! O treacherous, cruel, vindictive and deceitful Fernando! What disservice has this wretch done to you? Hasn't he willingly revealed the contentment and secrets of his heart? How have I offended you? What words and advice of mine have tarnished your reputation and handicapped you? Why does this wretch complain? We know that when the course of the stars brings misfortunes, they fall upon us violently because they come from on high. No human skill or earthly force can stop them. Don Fernando is an illustrious, intelligent gentleman who must protect my interests. He can go wherever he wants and love all the girls but mine. Who would have believed that he would stoop, as the saying goes, to depriving me of an ewe that I had not purchased? But let us change the subject, for these considerations are useless and unimportant, and continue recounting my unfortunate story. So, my presence prevented Don Fernando form implementing his treacherous, wicked plan. He resolved to send me to his elder brother's residence. I had to ask for money so that I might pay for the six horses he had purchased in order to make me leave and implement more easily his dreadful plan. On the same day that he offered to speak with my father, he asked me to collect the money. Could I have foreseen this betrayal? Could I by any chance have imagined it? Certainly not! So I departed for his elder brother's residence; he had made a bargain, which filled me with joy. That night I told Luscinda about the arrangement with Don Fernando. I also said that I felt certain that our fair, legitimate desires would be fulfilled. As ignorant as I of Don Fernando's treachery, she told me to return home quickly because she believed that the fulfillment of our hopes would take no longer than the time it took my father to speak to hers. I don't know what happened to her, but, as she said this, her eyes filled with tears and the lump in her throat prevented her from saying anything else, though I thought she would have liked to tell me more about the issue. I was amazed because I had never seen her react in that fashion. In fact, when we were reunited thanks to good fortune and my wits, we always talked happily; our conversations were free of tears, sighs, jealousy, suspicions and fears. I used to praise my fate because Heaven had allowed me to become her boyfriend. Hence, I overstated her beauty and extolled her worth and intelligence. She returned my compliments: the woman in love praised my qualities, the ones which deserved to be valued. We spoke of our neighbors and acquaintances. The most daring thing I did was to take, almost by force, one of her white hands and raise it to my lips, for an opening in the grating that separated us enabled me to do so. However, on the night that preceded the sad day of my departure, she wept, moaned, sighed and left. I was bewildered and shocked. Actually, I was surprised at Luscinda's unusual, distressing grief. In order to keep the faith, I decided to attribute everything to the power of her

love for me and the sadness felt by those who miss their lovers when they are absent. Finally, I set out. I was downcast and pensive; my inquisitive mind kept thinking of things I could not identify: this portended the misadventure that awaited me. I reached my destination. I gave the letter to Don Fernando's brother. I was well received, although, much to my disappointment, I was not sent back at once. He ordered me to wait for a week in a place where his father, the duke, would not see me, for Fernando had asked his brother to send him some money without their father's knowledge. All this was a story made up by the treacherous Don Fernando. Since his brother had the money, he could allow me to leave at once. I felt like disobeying the order because I could not spend so many days of my life away from Luscinda, especially because she was sad, as I have already told you. Nevertheless, since I am a good servant, I obeyed the order, though I knew it would cost me dearly. I had not been there four days when a man arrived with a letter for me; he handed it to me; I recognized Luscinda's handwriting on the envelope: the letter was from her. My fearful hand unfolded it. I believed that something important had moved her to write to me while I was traveling, for when I was near her, she rarely did so. Before I read it, I inquired about the identity of the man who had given it to him and about the duration of his journey. He told me that he was walking down a city street at noon when a beautiful lady called to him from a window; she was crying; she said urgently:

'Sir, you seem to be a Christian. So I beg you to take this letter as quickly as you can to the place and person that are written on the envelope; it will be easy to find them. By so doing, you will render a great service to Our Lord. In order that you may carry out this instruction, take what you find in this handkerchief.'

Then the man added: 'Saying this, she rolled a handkerchief into a ball and tossed it down from the window; it contained one hundred reales, this gold ring and the letter that I have given to you. Without waiting for a reply, she left the window, but she had seen me pick up the letter and the handkerchief and nod to make her understand that I would comply with her instruction. The substantial amount of money I had received, the address which confirmed your identity and showed that you were the recipient of the letter and the tears of the beautiful lady led me to distrust everybody and come here in order to hand it to you. Besides, it has been sixteen hours since it was given to me, and, as you know, the distance is eighteen leagues.'

The grateful newly arrived messenger told me all this. While I was hanging on his every word, my legs started to tremble: I could hardly stand. I opened the letter and found this:

'Don Fernando fulfilled his promise. To his own satisfaction rather than to your benefit, he spoke to your father in order to compel him to speak to mine. Sir, I must tell you that he asked him for my hand in marriage. Since my father considers that he is a better match for me than you, he acceded to his request with such alacrity that the betrothal is to take place in two days' time; this must remain secret: Heaven and a few servants will be the witnesses. I am devastated. I don't know whether you will come or not. However, I will tell you about the outcome of this affair, which will enable you to know whether I love you or not. I hope that you will receive this letter before the man who cannot keep his word promises to marry me.'

This is the summary of the letter which persuaded me to set out at once. I did not wait for the reply or the money which I was supposed to bring back, for I now

knew that it was not the purchase of horses but his own pleasure that had prompted Fernando to send me to his brother's residence. I resented him and I was afraid of losing the privileges which many years of service and hope had won me. All this persuaded me to reach home the next day, at a moment that was well suited to go and speak with Luscinda. I reached the city; nobody saw me. I left my mule at the house of the good man who had brought me the letter. Fortunately, I found Luscinda at the grating which had witnessed our love affair. *I met her; we met; I met with her; my eyes met hers; I met a problem:* who can pride himself on being able to understand a woman's confused mind and hesitations? Nobody, of course. As soon as she beheld me, Luscinda said:

'Cardenio, I am wearing a wedding dress. The deceitful Don Fernando, my greedy father and a few servants are awaiting me in the sitting room; they will witness my death rather than our wedding. Don't worry, my friend; just try to be present at this sacrifice. If my arguments cannot prevent it, the dagger that I have concealed here will stab definite decisions. I will kill myself and reveal that I love you.'

I was alarmed; I thought that I would not have the time to answer her. I said:

'Madam, may your deeds confirm your words. You carry a dagger to make them believe you; I carry a sword to defend you or kill myself if fate is unfavorable.'

I do not think that she could hear all that I said, for I heard them tell her to come quickly; the bridegroom was waiting for her and was growing impatient. Hence, the night of my sorrow fall; the sun of my happiness set; I was blind and puzzled. At first, I could not enter her house, since I could not move. Then, thinking of what would happen if I did not move, I plucked up courage to go in. I knew all the entrances and exits in that house; the secret turmoil that prevailed there prevented them from noticing me. I hid myself in a recess located before a window of the sitting room. The curtains were drawn: I could see everything that happened in this room without being seen. My heart was pounding. I kept ruminating on the affair. I was assailed by so many unpleasant thoughts that they cannot and must not be told. Suffice it to say that the bridegroom entered the room dressed in his ordinary garments, without ornament of any kind. The best man was one of Luscinda's first cousins; all the people but the servants belonged to their family. A short while later, Luscinda emerged from a dressing-room, accompanied by her mother and two bridesmaids. She was dressed like a person of her rank and beauty: she was as elegant and majestic as a princess. Surprised and bedazzled, I could not take note of the details of her outfit. I just noticed the colors, which were red and white, and the gleam of the gems and jewels on her headdress and all over her gown. They were eclipsed by the dazzling beauty of her blond hair, which, more than the precious stones and the four candelabras that illumined the room, blinded the onlookers. O memory, mortal enemy of my inner peace! Why are you showing me the incomparable beauty of my beloved enemy? Wouldn't it be better, O cruel memory, reminding me of what she did? This wrong would lead me to kill myself since I cannot avenge myself. Gentlemen, I hope that you will not tire of these digressions; my sorrow is not one of those that can be related briefly and succinctly: I think that each event deserves to be described in minute detail."

The priest replied that they were not tired of listening to him. They liked the little things that he had recounted, all the more so because they were not mere details: they deserved the same attention as the main theme of the story.

"Well, then", Cardenio went on, "when they were all in the sitting room, the parish priest entered and, taking the two of them by the hand, he performed the required ceremony. He said: 'Lady Luscinda, do you take Don Fernando to be your lawfully wedded husband according to the Church's rules?' I thrust my head and neck all the way out from behind the curtains. My tormented soul and inquisitive ears were awaiting Luscinda's response. Her reply would be either a death sentence or a condition for my survival. I should have dared to come out and shout: 'Ah, Luscinda, Luscinda, look what you are doing. You owe me a debt of gratitude; you belong to me; nobody else can become your husband! Should you say yes, my life would come to an end! Ah, deceitful Don Fernando, you have stolen my bliss and murdered me! What do you want? What are you after? As a Christian, you cannot fulfill your desires, for Luscinda is my wife and I am her husband!' I am a fool! Now that I am far away and safe, I keep telling myself that I should have done what I did not do. Now that I have let him steal my jewel, I curse the thief I would have chastised if I had wanted to do so instead of complaining. In short, I was both a coward and a fool: it is no surprise to see an abashed, repentant madman dying. The priest was waiting for Luscinda's reply; she took a long time to give it. I thought that she would grasp her dagger in order to assert her honor or untie her tongue so that it might tell the truth, which would redound to my advantage. Unfortunately, I heard her say in a weak voice: 'Yes, I do.' Don Fernando repeated the same sentence and placed the ring on her finger: the bound was indissoluble now. The groom tried to embrace the bride, but she placed her hand over her heart and fainted in her mother's arms. I must tell you now what I felt when I heard that yes, which mocked my hopes, revealed Luscinda's lies and forbade me to get the lost treasure back. I felt helpless. Heaven had left me. The earth that fed me had turned into my arch-enemy. The air prevented me from sighing. Water had deprived my eyes of tears. Fire alone grew stronger: I was burning with rage and jealousy. Luscinda's dizzy spell agitated them. Her mother loosened her bodice so that she might breathe easier; she found a sealed note which Don Fernando promptly took. He approached a candelabra and read it. Then he sat on a chair and rested his cheek in his hand: he was probably lost in thought. He paid no attention to what they were doing to make his wife regain consciousness. Confusion encouraged me to slip out in spite of the danger. If they had seen me, I would have committed a barbarous crime in order to make them understand that my feelings had the right to punish the perfidious Don Fernando and the irresolute heart of the swooning traitor. However, my fate, which wants me to endure greater misfortunes, if there can possibly be any, bestowed temporary sanity upon me, a quality that I have lacked since then. So I resolved not to take revenge on my greatest enemies, which would have been an easy thing to do since they did not know that I was lying in ambush. I preferred to punish myself instead of them. The severity of the penalty was greater than if I had killed them, for a brief suffering is more bearable than the ones that last a lifetime. Finally, I left this place and returned to the house where I had left the mule. I had it saddled and, without saying goodbye, I mounted it and left the city. Like Lot, I did not dare to turn my face to look at it. I found myself alone in the country; the darkness of the night covered me; silence

encouraged me to vent my anger. I was not afraid of being heard or recognized. I raised my voice and untied my tongue: I cursed Luscinda and Don Fernando to exorcise the pain caused by the wrong which they had done me. I called her cruel, ungrateful, false and, above all, covetous, for my enemy's wealth had blinded her volition in order to steal her from me and give her to a man favored by fortune. In the midst of this outburst of anger, I still found excuses for her decision. I thought that this young lady who lived in seclusion in her parents' house and who was used to obeying them had yielded to their choice. They had asked her to marry a titled, wealthy and charming young man. If she had refused to obey them, people would have thought that she was stupid or in love with another man, which would have tarnished her reputation. Then I imagined another situation. If she had told them that I was her husband, they would have forgiven her since they would have understood that her choice was not bad. Before allowing Don Fernando to marry her, they would have examined my proposal, which would have made them realize that I was the best choice. Instead of marrying him, she would have told them that I had already married her; of course I would have backed up her claim. At last, I came to the conclusion that too little love, too little understanding, too much ambition and delusions of grandeur had made her forget the words with which she had deceived me and which had kindled and nourished my unshakable hopes and virtuous desires. Talking to myself in this manner and restless, I traveled the rest of the night. At dawn I found myself in a mountain pass; I rode for another three days; there was no road or footpath. I halted in a meadow that lies on one side of this range, though I cannot tell you which side it is. I asked some shepherds where I could find the roughest terrain in the mountains. They told me it was where we are now. So I came here. I wanted to kill myself. As I was entering these solitudes, my mule fell, murdered by exhaustion or hunger. In fact, I think that it wanted to get rid of so useless a burden. I was on foot and tired; I felt hungry; nobody would help me and I had not planned to look for help. I do not know how long I lay there on the ground. After a while, I awakened. I was not hungry anymore. I beheld some goatherds. Those men had certainly provided me with food and other necessities, for they told me how they had found me. They also described my ravings, which clearly indicated that I had lost my mind. Since then I have felt that I am not always in my right mind. Sometimes I am so sick and weak that I do a thousand mad things such as tearing my garments, shouting in these solitudes, cursing my fate and repeating in vain the name of my beloved enemy. My yells are aimed at putting an end to my existence. When I am in my right mind again, I am so tired and bruised that I can barely move. My most common abode is in the hollow of a cork tree that is large enough to shelter this vile body. The drovers and goatherds who wander these mountains have taken pity on me. Now they bring me food; they place it along the paths and near the cliffs where they think that I may pass by and find it. Although I may be out of my mind, the basic necessities of life show me what sustenance is and lead me to look for it and accept it. When I am in my right mind, they tell me that I wander the mountains and sometimes take food by force, although they want to give it to me; it is the food the shepherds carry from the village to the place where the animals graze. I will spend my wretched, abnormal life in this manner until Heaven decides to end it or reset my memory so that I may forget the beauty and betrayal of Luscinda and the offense committed by Don Fernando. If He does this without putting

an end to my life, I will be saner. If He doesn't do so, I will ask Him to save my soul, for my enfeebled mind has not the courage to remove my body from the unwelcoming place where I have decided to put it. Gentlemen, this is the sad story of my misfortune. Tell me if its nature allows the storyteller to recount it with less emotion than you have seen me display. You should spare yourselves the trouble of persuading or advising me to acknowledge the efficacy of the remedy that reason wants me to employ, for it will be as useless as a drug administered by a famous physician to a patient who refuses to take it. I don't want to be healthy, since Luscinda is not with me. Although she was my betrothed, she chose to marry another man. I could have been happy; let me be unhappy. Her fickleness wanted to perpetuate my misfortune. I want the latter to please her volition. Future generations will understand that I lacked what all unfortunate men have in abundance: they console themselves with the fact that they cannot be consoled. This makes my sorrow and misfortunes worse; I do not think that they will disappear when I am dead."

Cardenio ended his long speech which was filled with misfortunes and love. The priest was about to say something nice to cheer him up, but he froze when he heard a voice crying pitiably. What it said will be related in the fourth part of this narrative, for Cid Hamete Benengeli, the wise, diligent historian, concluded the third part here.

PART FOUR

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The pleasing new adventure that befell
the priest and the barber in the same mountains.

Most happy and fortunate were the days when the bold knight Don Quixote de la Mancha sallied forth. His noble determination has led him to bring back the moribund knight-errantry, which is why we can enjoy in our own time, which desperately needs merry entertainment, not only his sweet, truthful history but also the stories and episodes interpolated into it; they are no less pleasing, *superb… superficial* and true than the history itself. The *clean, twisted and tangled thread of the story unwound* when the priest, who was about to say something nice to cheer Cardenio up, heard a voice crying:

"O God! Have I found a place that may serve as a hidden grave for the heavy body which I so unwillingly bear? Yes, I have, but these mountains must remain isolated. These crags and bushes will become my friends and serve my purpose just fine: they will enable me to complain to Heaven, for no human being on earth can clarify difficult situations, console complainers, or solve problems."

The priest and his companions heard this complaint. The voice seemed to come from nearby, which was the case. So they began to search for the moaner. They had not gone twenty paces when, behind a large rock, they beheld a lad dressed as a peasant. He was seated at the foot of an ash tree. They could not see his face, since he had bent

his head to wash his feet in the rivulet that flowed there. They approached so silently that he did not hear them: he was focusing his attention on his feet. They resembled two pieces of white crystal. They stood out against a pebbly background. The men marveled at the whiteness and beauty of those feet. It seemed to them that they did not belong to a man who walked on clods or behind a plow pulled by oxen. Was he a peasant? They realized that he had not heard them. The priest, who had gone ahead, signaled to the others that they had to crouch down and hide themselves behind nearby rocks. All of them did so, watching attentively what the lad was doing. The latter wore a brown cape belted at the waist with a piece of white fabric. He also wore breeches, gaiters made of coarse brown cloth and a brown cap. His gaiters were rolled halfway up his legs, which did look like white alabaster. He finished washing his beautiful feet. Then, with a large handkerchief he took from beneath his cap, he dried them. He removed the handkerchief and lifted his head: the onlookers beheld his beautiful visage. It was so beautiful that Cardenio said to the priest in a low voice:

"Since this creature is not Luscinda, it cannot be a human being: it is an angel!"

The lad removed his cap and shook his head from side to side; a mass of hair that might have filled the sun with jealousy fell down over his shoulders. All of a sudden, they understood that the lad who seemed to be a peasant was a dainty woman, the prettiest woman that the priest and the barber had ever seen. If Cardenio had not met Luscinda, he would have considered her to be the epitome of beauty. He later affirmed that only Luscinda's beauty could compare favorably with hers. Her long blond hair was so abundant that it covered her shoulders and the rest of her body except her feet. She used her two hands as a comb. Her feet in the water resembled two pieces of white crystal and her hands in her hair looked like solid snow. The three men who were watching her were ecstatic. They longed to know who she was.

Hence, they resolved to show themselves. They rose to their feet; the noise made the lovely young lady raise her head. Moving her hair away from in front of her eyes with both hands, she looked at the people who had made this sound. No sooner did she see them than she rose. She did not put on her shoes or pin her hair up; worried and scared, she quickly seized a bundle of clothing that was beside her and started to run. She had not taken six steps when she fell to the ground: her delicate feet had been scratched by the rough stones. The three men headed toward her. The priest was the first to speak; he said:

"Madam, don't flee! The people you see here only want to serve you. You must not run away, for your feet will not stand it, nor will we allow you to do so."

Amazed and bewildered, she did not utter a word. They came closer to her; the priest took her by the hand and resumed:

"Madam, your hair shows us what your clothes conceal. You must have your reasons for hiding your beauty in so unworthy an outfit and coming to so lonely a place where we have chanced to find you. If we cannot remedy your grief, we at least will give you advice, for no sorrow, so long as life lasts, can be so overwhelming or so extreme that the one who suffers refuses to listen to well-intentioned counsel. Dear lady, or dear sir, whichever you prefer, try to overcome the fear you felt when you saw us and tell us about your good or bad situation, for, in all of us together or in each of us individually, you will find a person who will help you to perceive your misfortunes."

As the priest said this, the girl in disguise seemed spellbound. Without moving her lips or saying a word, she stared at them like a villager who is suddenly shown some curious thing that he has never seen before. The priest went on with other arguments, which served the same purpose, until she heaved a sigh, broke her silence and said:

"Since these isolated mountains have not been able to conceal me and the loosening of my uncombed hair forbids my tongue to lie, it would be useless to pretend to be a person I am not. In fact, if you believed me, it would be out of politeness rather than for any other reason. Hence, gentlemen, I thank you for the offer you have made, which compels me to accede to your request. However, I fear that the story of my misfortunes will fill you with sadness and compassion, for you won't be able to remedy the situation or console me. You know that I am a woman who wanders those solitudes dressed as a shepherd: things that can tarnish any woman's reputation. Since I don't want to be discredited, I will tell you what I would prefer to hush up if I could."

The good-looking woman said this without hesitating. Her eloquence and soft voice led them to admire her intelligence and beauty. They repeated their offer, begging her to fulfill her promise. She did not need to be pressurized. She put on her shoes chastely, pinned her hair up and settled herself on a rock. The three men gathered around her. Holding back her tears, she began the story of her life in a calm, clear voice.

"In Andalusia, there is a place that belongs to a duke who is a grandee. He has two sons. The elder, the heir to his estate, is as decent as his father. As for the younger, I don't know what he will inherit, but he is already as treacherous as Vellido and as deceitful as Galalón. My parents are the vassals of this overlord. Their lineage is not prominent, but they are wealthy. If the quality of their blood had equaled their fortune, they would have fulfilled their biggest dream and I wouldn't have been afraid to be as unhappy as I am now. Perhaps my misfortune springs from theirs: they are not of noble birth. However, their status is not low enough to lead them to be ashamed, nor is it high enough to make me forget that my misfortune comes from their humble background. In fact, they are farmers, people whose lineage has never been corrupted by any addition of impure blood: all their ancestors were old Christians. Their wealth and luxurious lifestyle are slowly leading people to believe that my father is a baron or even a count. However, the wealth and nobility that they most value is being my parents. Since I am their only child and heiress, they were loving parents: I was one of the most pampered young ladies that ever was. I was the mirror in which they looked at themselves, their old age pension and raison d'être, the latter being watched over by God. My kindness mirrored theirs. I was the mistress of their hearts and the genuine owner of their estate. Actually, I hired and dismissed the servants; I took care of the sowing, the harvest, the oil mills, wine presses, livestock and hives, all the things that a rich farmer like my father possesses. I kept count of them all. I was the owner and the director. I was deeply involved in my work, which filled my parents with joy; no word can describe this reality. After I had dealt with the overseers, foremen and laborers, I devoted my leisure time to activities in which young ladies can and must take part: sewing, embroidery and spinning. At times, I changed activities to strengthen my character: I read a religious book or play the harp. Experience has taught me that *a*

good composer's composition can fix the *decomposed spirits* and set *restless* people's minds *at rest*. This was the life I led in my parents' house. I have not described it in detail to boast about my wealth. I just want to show you that, although I am not responsible, my situation has worsened: happiness has turned into sorrow. I was kept in my parent's house, but I led a busy life. I looked like a nun: I think that only the servants could see me. When I went to Mass, it was always early in the morning. I was accompanied by my mother and the women of the household. My veiled visage could hardly see the ground on which I set my feet. However, the eyes of love, or rather, of idleness, with which those of the lynx do not compare, beheld me. Don Fernando, for this is the name of the duke's younger son of whom I spoke, was attracted to me."

No sooner had Cardenio heard Fernando's name than he turned pale and began to perspire. The priest and the barber, who were watching him, feared that he would have one of the fits that overcame him from time to time, according to some people. But he did nothing more than sweat, remain still and stare at the girl. He was trying to find out who she was. Without paying any attention to him, she resumed:

"As he said later, he saw me and fell madly in love with me. His subsequent actions substantiated his statement. Since I want to finish the story of my endless misfortunes as soon as possible, I will pass over what Don Fernando did to make me realize that he loved me. I just want to say that he bribed all my servants; he also offered presents to my relatives. In our street, every day there were parties with lots of cheerful people; at night, the music prevented us from sleeping. Many love letters filled with passion and proposals ended up in my hands. They contained more promises and oaths than clever arguments. However, I did not soften my position. In fact, he was getting on my nerves; I came to look upon him as my arch-enemy; everything he did to enrapture me had just the opposite effect. I did not dislike his gallantry or find it excessive. I liked to be loved and held in such esteem by an illustrious gentleman. I enjoyed reading his polite remarks in his letters. You see, women, even when they are ugly, like to be called beautiful. My modesty opposed all this, all the more so because my parents kept advising me to be cautious. They were well aware of Don Fernando's intentions, for he did not try to conceal his feelings. My parents told me that their dignity and reputation depended on my chastity and kindness. The social disparities between me and Don Fernando led them to believe that, whatever he might say, he was more concerned about his own pleasure than about my welfare. If I wanted to oppose his unfair pretensions to my affections, they would marry me immediately to a man of my choice. He would have to belong to one of the leading families of our region: my father's wealth and my good reputation would lead me to fulfill my hopes. My parents' reliable promises and recommendations strengthened my resolve: I never said a word to Don Fernando that might have led him to believe that he could achieve his goals. This distance, which he probably mistook for disdain, aroused his sex drives; that's the only name that can describe his state of mind. If it had been what it should have been, you would not know of it now because I wouldn't have met you. Finally, he learned that my parents were about to marry me to another man in order to put an end to his hopes or, at least, to protect me. This news or suspicion led him to do what I am going to tell you. One night, I was in my bedroom, my sole companion was a young female servant. The doors were well locked because I feared that in some way, though I did not know how, my virtue might be endangered.

In spite of my modesty and those precautions, he appeared before me, in the silence and seclusion of my bedroom. I was so shocked that I could not take my eyes off him or utter a word; I do not think that he would have allowed me to do so. He came up to me and took me in his arms; as I have told you, I was so shocked that I could not defend myself. He began to say all sorts of things which were lies, but he managed to make up a story that was plausible: his ability to lie astounded me. The traitor's tears and sighs added credibility to his words and intentions. I was an unlucky girl who felt alone because I had rarely experienced that kind of situation. Hence, I began to think that all his lies were true, but his deceitful tears and sighs forbade me to feel pity for him. I regained my composure. Then I plucked up courage to speak to him; my boldness surprised him. I said to him: 'Sir, it seems to me that I am in the arms of a fierce lion. I want to escape your grip, but don't expect me to say or do anything that could tarnish my reputation. You cannot change people's nature, nor can you change the past. You are embracing me, but my soul is chained to my worthy desires, which are very different from yours, as you will see if you try to subdue them. I am your vassal, not your slave. Your noble blood must not or should not give you permission to dishonor and belittle my humble blood. I am an untitled farmer, but I am as proud as a nobleman like you. Your strength will not defeat me; your wealth will not impress me; your words will not deceive me; your sighs and tears will not soften my position. If I were to find any of the qualities I have mentioned in the husband chosen by my parents, I would always obey him. This situation would displease me, but my unchallenged pride would lead me to give him what you are trying to take by force. I have told you all this in order to explain that a man who is not my legitimate husband cannot obtain anything from me.' Then the faithless gentleman replied: 'beautiful Dorotea', (that's the name of this unfortunate woman), 'since this is a major issue, I promise to marry you. Let God, who watches over everything, and the picture of Saint Mary, which is here, bear witness to this genuine proposal.'"

When Cardenio heard her say that her name was Dorotea, he turned pale once again. It confirmed him in his opinion. He did not interrupt her, for he wanted to know the ending, which he already knew. He just said:

"Madam, is Dorotea your name? I have heard another story about a certain girl named Dorotea. Perhaps there is a connection between her misfortunes and yours. But go on. I will certainly tell you some things that will astonish and sadden you."

Dorotea heard Cardenio's remarks. She noticed his strange, worn-out outfit. She told him that if he knew anything else about her, he would have to tell it to her at once, for, thanks to good fortune, she was able to bear any calamity. According to her, nothing could be worse than the one that had befallen her.

"Madam", replied Cardenio, "If my suspicions were true, I would tell you what I think. For the time being, you don't need to know them."

"Anyway", said Dorotea, "I am going to resume. Don Fernando took a holy image that was in the room and asked it to attend our betrothal. With compelling arguments and extraordinary oaths, he promised to become my husband. Before he said this, I asked him to consider his engagement to me, for his father would certainly be angry at him: I was just a commoner and the daughter of one of his vassals. He did not have to be fooled by my beauty; it was not great enough to lead his father to excuse him. If he really loved me, he would let my fate guide me within the boundaries of my social

class, for when marriages are unequal, the rapture with which they begin never lasts very long. I told him all this and many other things I don't remember, but he did not change his mind: he who does not want to pay does not notice the problems when he signs the unlawful agreement. Then I said to myself: 'I won't be the first woman to become a noblewoman by way of matrimony, nor will Don Fernando be the first man to marry a commoner because of her beauty or his blind affections, which is more likely. Since this situation is not new, I should accept the privilege that fate offers me, even if his love for me lasted no longer than the achievement of his desire. After all, I will be his lawfully wedded wife. Should I reject him disdainfully, I know that he would achieve his goal by force. I would be dishonored by him. People would not know that I am not guilty of a misdemeanor, and they would put the blame on me. What kind of argument could lead my parents and other people to believe that this gentleman entered my bedroom without my consent?' I turned all these questions and answers over in my mind. Moreover, Don Fernando's oaths, the witnesses he chose, the tears he shed, his kindness and sex appeal, which were accompanied by so many manifestations of true love, led me to be on the road to perdition, but I hadn't realized. His qualities might have defeated any heart, even one as free and shy as mine. I summoned my maid so that an earthly witness might join the heavenly ones. Don Fernando repeated and confirmed his oaths; he asked new saints to become witnesses; he cast a thousand spells on himself in case he did not fulfill his promise. Once again, he cried and sighed deeply as he clasped me: he had never let go of me. My maid left the room; I ceased to be one; he became a genuine traitor and a barbarian. I guess that the day that followed the night of my misfortune did not come as quickly as Don Fernando would have liked, for when a *desire* is satisfied, the main *desire* is to *desire* to leave the place where the *desired desire* has been satisfied. I say this because Don Fernando hastened to leave me. Thanks to my maid, who was the one who had brought him there, he slipped out into the street before dawn. When he said goodbye to me, he assured me, with less earnestness and vehemence than when he had arrived, that his good intentions and oaths were definite and true. In order to confirm what he said, he removed a beautiful ring from his finger and placed it on mine. Then he left; I don't know if I was sad or happy, I can only say that I was confused, pensive and almost beside myself with anger because of what had just happened. I did not have the courage (or I forgot) to scold my maid for having allowed Don Fernando to enter my bedroom, which is a betrayal; I did not know whether what had befallen me was good or bad. When he left, I told him that until he made the matter public, he could use the same means to visit me on other nights since I belonged to him now. However, with the exception of the following night, he did not come again; for more than a month, I did not see him on the street or in church. I vainly tried to meet him; I just knew that he was in the city and went hunting almost every day, which was a sport he really liked. I remember that I was sad and stressed. I began to doubt Don Fernando's promise. I had occasion to chastise my maid for her boldness. I can say that I had to restrain myself from crying and to put on a brave face in order to prevent my parents from inquiring about the cause of my sorrow. So, I did not lie to them. Nevertheless, propriety and fair talks came to an end, for I grew impatient and I became aware of my secret thoughts. This happened because, some days later, I learned that Don Fernando had married an exceedingly beautiful girl in a nearby city; her parents were important

people, although they were not that rich: her dowry should not have led her to contract so prestigious a marriage. People said that her name was Luscinda and that certain extraordinary things had happened at their wedding."

Cardenio heard Luscinda's name; he hunched forward, bit his lips and arched his eyebrows: a double stream of tears poured from his eyes. However, Dorotea did not break off. She said:

"I heard this sad news. My heart did not freeze. In fact, it flew into a rage: I was on the verge of running out into the street in order to tell everybody how I had been deceived. My wrath cooled when I thought of the plan I implemented that very night, which was to put on this outfit. It had been given to me by one of the strong shepherds, as they are called by the peasants. He was a servant of my father's. I had told him about my misfortune; I had asked him to accompany me to the city where I had heard that my enemy was. He condemned my boldness and wicked determination, but he saw that I was unbending. So he offered to accompany me to the ends of the earth, as he said. I hurried to put a dress, some jewels and money into a linen pillowcase in the event that I needed them. In the silence of the night, without saying anything to my treacherous maid, I left my house, accompanied by my servant and my many suppositions. I set off for the city on foot; I was motivated by a strong desire to reach my destination, although I could not change what had already been done. At least I wanted to inquire about Don Fernando's motivations. I arrived at my destination in two days and a half. When I entered the city, I inquired about the house of Luscinda's parents. The first person who heard the question gave me pieces of information which I did not really want to know. He told me where they lived and what had occurred at the wedding of their daughter, a thing so well-known throughout the city that people gathered in the street to talk about it. He said that on the night when Don Fernando married Luscinda, she promised to be his wife and fainted! He loosened her bodice so that she might breathe easier and found a letter. It had been written by Luscinda; it said that she could not be his wife because she belonged to Cardenio. The man assured me that the latter was a prominent member of the same community; she had said yes to Don Fernando in order to obey her parents. In short, according to the letter, she wanted to kill herself after the ceremony; she also explained why. Her statement was confirmed by a dagger that they found in a part of her outfit. Don Fernando thought that she had mocked, insulted and belittled him. So, before she had been revived, he grasped the same dagger and tried to stab her. He would have done so if the parents and the other people who were present had not stopped him. Don Fernando went away at once. Luscinda did not regain consciousness until the next day. Then she told her parents that she was the true wife of Cardenio, the man I have already mentioned. I learned that Cardenio was present at the wedding. When he realized that she was married, which was an incongruity, despair impelled him to leave the city. Nonetheless, he wrote a letter in which he explained how she had fooled him; he added that he had decided to retire to a place where nobody would find him. All the inhabitants knew the story; they kept talking about it, all the more so because they learned that Luscinda had left the city and her parents' house: she was missing! Her parents were frantic: they did not know what to do to find her. All this rekindled my hopes; Don Fernando's absence was more encouraging than his wedding since my problem could be sorted out. I inferred that Heaven had aborted the second marriage

in order to make him realize that he was tied to the first one: as a Christian, his soul was more important than earthly decorum. I turned all these things over in my mind, which cheered me up, although nobody could console me. I invented distant faint hopes so that I might live a life that I now abhor. I was in the city. I did not know what to do, since Don Fernando was not there. I heard a town crier say that a large reward would be given to the person who would find me. He told people my age and gave a description of the clothes I wore. He said that I had run off with my male servant. He had besmirched my reputation, which saddened me, for he had reported my flight; he had also added that I had run off with a social inferior unworthy of my affections. As soon as I heard the town crier, I left the city with my servant, whose loyalty was already lessening. That night, we reached a remote part of these mountains; we were afraid of getting lost. As the saying goes, one evil leads to another, and the end of one problem is usually the beginning of a greater one: that's what happened to me. In fact, my servant, who up to that time had been faithful and trustworthy, realized that he was alone with me. His cruelty rather than my beauty impelled him to take advantage of this situation: a woman in an isolated place! The shameless lad did not fear God, nor did he respect me, which is why he tried to seduce me. I blamed him vigorously for his outrageous proposals; he stopped arguing, which was his first approach, and began to use force. But Heaven, who is just and almost always favors good intentions, helped me. With the little strength that I had and not too much effort, I pushed him over a precipice, where I left him; I do not know whether he was dead or alive. Then, although I was tired and fearful, I hurried to disappear into these mountains. I wanted to hide from my father and those he had sent here to look for me. This desire had impelled me to come here, but I don't remember the date. There I met a stockman who hired me and took me to the very heart of these mountains, where I have worked as a shepherd up to now. I have striven to stay out in the meadows in order to conceal the hair you have seen by chance. This precaution was useless: my master discovered that I was not a man. The bad idea of my servant struck him. Since fate does not always provide a remedy along with a misfortune, I did not find a precipice where I could *lessen* his feelings, teach him a *lesson* and make him *listen* to me, as I had formerly done. So, the best solution was to leave him here and hide myself again in these mountains; I did not want to have an argument with him. As I said, I came back here to look for a *spot* where nobody would put me on the *spot.* Hence, I would beseech Heaven to take pity on this unfortunate woman and either fix her problems or let her live in this isolated place, forgotten by everybody. This innocent girl did not deserve to be scorned by vicious gossips from her village or abroad."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Dorotea's wits
and other very interesting, funny matters.

"Gentlemen, this is the true story of my sad life. The sighs and words you heard and the tears that flowed from my eyes might have been more numerous. The nature of my misfortune forbids consolation since it is impossible to remedy this situation. I ask you to give me advice, which is a thing that you can and should do. According to

you, where could I spend the rest of my life without being constantly afraid of being discovered by those who are searching for me? My parents do love me, which guarantees that they won't reject me. However, I am ashamed to meet them because the situation is not the one they wish for. Hence, I prefer to hide myself forever rather than see their eyes look at my face: it cannot display the decency which they expect."

She fell silent and blushed, which clearly showed that she was ashamed. The eyes of the people who had listened to her exhibited as much pity as wonderment. Although the priest was ready to console and counsel her, Cardenio took a step towards her and said:

''In fact, madam, you are the beautiful Dorotea, the only daughter of the wealthy Clenardo."

Dorotea was surprised to hear her father's name and to see the plebeian mien of the person who had spoken; I have already said that Cardenio was dressed in rags. She said to him:

"Who is the man who knows my father's name? If I am not mistaken, I have not mentioned his name when I have recounted my sad story."

"As you said", replied Cardenio, "according to Luscinda, I am her husband; I am the unfortunate Cardenio. The wicked demeanor of the man who has hurt your feelings has driven me into the state in which you see me now: ragged, half-naked, alone and, what is worse, insane, except when Heaven decides to restore me to health for a brief while. Dorotea, I was present when Don Fernando committed those wrongs, and I heard Luscinda say yes, which made her his wife. I did not dare to look at her when she fainted or listen to the man who read the letter he had found underneath her blouse, for my soul could not bear so many misfortunes. I felt hopeless. I left the house and gave a letter to my host. I asked him to give it to Luscinda in person. Then I came to these solitudes in order to spend the rest of my life here, a life that had turned into my arch-enemy; I hated it. Fate did not want to kill me; it contented itself with depriving me of my reason; did it try to prevent me from meeting you? Since I believe that your story is true, Heaven may have planned episodes that surpass expectations. Luscinda cannot marry Don Fernando because she is mine; according to her, Don Fernando cannot marry her because he is yours; consequently, we have the right to hope that Heaven will give us back what belongs to us, for it still exists, it is in good shape and it has not been lost! Since we can hope for this, which is not an unattainable dream or a hallucination, I beg you, madam, to change your mind. I will do so. The future will bring good things. As a gentleman and a Christian, I swear that I won't desert you until you marry Don Fernando. If my arguments do not make him realize that he owes you a lot, my high status will lead me to challenge him to a duel because of the wrong he has done you. I will not take the wrong he has done me under consideration, for Heaven will take revenge on him, which will enable me to solve your earthly problems."

Cardenio stopped speaking. Dorotea's opinion of him had improved. She did not know how to thank him for so great an offer. She tried to kiss his feet, but Cardenio refused. The priest began to speak. He approved of Cardenio's suggestions. Then he asked, advised and persuaded them to accompany him to his village where he could supply them with the things they lacked and where they could plan how to find Don Fernando and take Dorotea to her parents' house. They would have made other

arrangements if they had deemed it necessary. Cardenio and Dorotea thanked him and accepted his offer.

The barber had been listening to them without saying a single word; he delivered a fine speech and offered, with no less goodwill than the priest, to help them in any way he could. He briefly told them why he and his companion were there; he described Don Quixote's strange madness and said that they were waiting for the latter's squire: he had gone to look for him. Then Cardenio recalled, as if it had been a dream, the argument he had had with the knight. He related the incident to the others, but he could not discover its cause.

They heard shouts. The priest and the barber recognized Sancho Panza's voice. He was calling to them since he had not found them where he had left them. They thereupon headed toward him. They asked what had happened to Don Quixote. He said that he was wearing only a shirt when he found him. Thinking of his lady friend, the famished skeletal yellowish knight kept sighing. Sancho had told his master that Dulcinea had commanded him to leave this place in order to go to El Toboso, where she was awaiting him. He had replied that he did not want to appear before *Her Most beautiful Majesty,* since he had not yet performed exploits that made him worthy of her kindness. Should this situation last longer, he probably would never become an emperor, as was the custom, or even an archbishop, which was the humblest job he could take up. Hence, Sancho asked them to devise a scheme to get him out of there.

The priest replied that Sancho should not worry, for they would rescue the knight against his will. Then he explained their plan to Cardenio and Dorotea. They hoped to solve his problem or, at least, take him home. Dorotea said that she could play the part of the damsel in distress better than the barber. Moreover, she possessed the garments that would enable her to be a credible damsel. All they needed to do was to leave it all to her; she would do what was necessary to implement their plan, for she had read many books of chivalry and knew how the maidens behaved when they begged for the help of knights-errant.

"Well, then", said the priest, "we just have to implement our plan. Fortune is undoubtedly favoring you since it has so unexpectedly opened the door to your remedy, which will facilitate our task."

Dorotea opened her pillowcase and took a dress made of thin woolen fabric and a scarf made of light green fabric. She took a necklace and other jewels from a small box. She dressed in the blink of an eye; she looked like a wealthy noblewoman. She told them that she carried all these things and others in case she needed them, but up to then she had had no occasion to use them. They were all bedazzled by her grace, charm and beauty. They understood that Don Fernando was an idiot, for he had disdained so much beauty. Sancho Panza was the one who admired her the most. It seemed to him, which was true, that he had never, in all the days of his life, beheld so ravishing a creature. So he asked the priest eagerly to tell him who the beautiful woman was and what she was looking for in this isolated place.

"Brother Sancho", replied the priest, "this lovely lady is the outstanding heiress in the direct male line to the great kingdom of Monkeymonkey. She has come here to ask your master to do her a favor: right a wrong which a wicked giant has done her. Since all the inhabitants of the world know that he is the best knight of all, this princess has left Guinea to find him."

“Lucky search and lucky find!”, exclaimed Sancho. “It would be even better if my master succeeded in righting this wrong by killing the bloody giant you have mentioned. He will kill him if he finds him, unless he is a ghost, for he cannot vanquish specters. Father, there is one thing among others that I must say to you. I fear that my master is going to take it into his head to be an archbishop. So, could you advise him to marry this princess, for this would forbid him to become a holy man, which would lead him to conquer an empire and give me a kingdom? I have considered the problem very thoroughly and have come to the conclusion that I would not benefit from his new religious status. In fact, I am married: the Church does not employ people like me. A man with a wife and children needs a dispensation to belong to the Church and receive money. It would be an endless enterprise to try to get it. Sir, my master must marry lady… I cannot call her by her name because I don’t know it.”

‘‘Her name”, said the priest, “is Princess She-monkeymonkey. Since her kingdom is called Monkeymonkey, she was named after her kingdom.”

“That’s logical”, replied Sancho, ‘‘for I have seen many people use the name of the place where they were born, calling themselves Pedro of Alcalá, Juan of Úbeda and Diego of Valladolid. They must have the same custom in Guinea. Hence, those queens are named after their kingdoms.”

“That must be the case”, agreed the priest. “As for the marriage of your master, I will do my best to influence him.”

This sentence satisfied Sancho. His simplicity and the fact that his master’s madness made him rave astounded the priest: Sancho was convinced that Don Quixote would become an emperor.

By this time Dorotea had seated herself upon the priest’s mule and the barber had attached the oxtail beard to his face. They told Sancho to lead them to the place where the knight was. They warned him not to say that he knew the priest and the barber, for if he did not recognize them, they could convince him not to become an emperor. However, neither Cardenio nor the priest wanted to accompany them; the former feared that Don Quixote would remember their quarrel; the latter thought that his presence was not indispensable. So they let the others go ahead while they followed slowly on foot. The priest did not fail to remind Dorotea of what she had to do. She replied that they did not have to worry about that, for she would carry out their instructions to the letter, as ordered and described in the books of chivalry.

They had gone about three-quarters of a league when they came upon Don Quixote; he was in a place which was surrounded by many mountains. He was dressed but he was not wearing his armor. Dorotea beheld him; Sancho assured her that this man was Don Quixote; she tapped her palfrey with her riding whip. The bearded barber followed them. They drew near to where the knight stood. Then the squire jumped from his mule above the ground in order to take Dorotea in his arms. She dismounted with ease and kneeled before Don Quixote. Although he did his best to lift her up, she did not rise to her feet and addressed him in the following manner:

“I will not rise from this spot, O brave, vigorous knight, until your kindness and courtesy grant me a boon, which will redound to your advantage and to the benefit of the most disconsolate, aggrieved maiden ever beheld by the sun. If the strength of your arms corresponds to what people say about your competence, you must help this

unfortunate girl and solve her problems, for, attracted by your famous name, she has come from distant lands."

"I will not utter a word, beautiful lady", said Don Quixote, "nor will I listen to you until you rise."

''Sir, I won't rise", responded the grief-stricken damsel, "unless your kindness first leads you to grant me the boon I am requesting."

"I will grant it to you", said the knight, "provided that it does not do any harm to my king, or my country, or the lady who has enslaved my heart."

"Sir, it won't do any harm to them", responded the grief-stricken damsel.

Sancho came up to Don Quixote and whispered:

"Your Lordship, you can grant her this boon, for it will be an easy task: you'll just have to kill a giant! Besides, she is an important personage: Princess She-monkeymonkey, queen of the great kingdom of Monkeymonkey, in Ethiopia."

"I don't care", said Don Quixote, "I will obey the rules of knighthood and do what my conscience compels me to do."

Turning to the damsel, he added:

"Rise, beautiful lady; I grant you whatever boon you ask of me."

"Well, then", said the young lady, "I implore you, O magnificent hero, to follow me. Promise me you won't undertake any other task or carry out any other mission until you have taken revenge on a traitor who, in defiance of all the human and divine laws, has usurped my kingdom."

"I promise", said the knight. "Madam, you can rejoice and be optimistic, for, with the help of God and my strong arms, you will soon recover your great ancient kingdom and sit on your throne in spite of the messy people who denied you that privilege. So, let's get to work: never put off until tomorrow what you can do today."

The poor girl insisted on kissing his hands, but Don Quixote, who was a courteous, mild-mannered gentleman, did not consent to this. Instead, he helped her get up and embraced her with great gentleness and politeness. He thereupon ordered Sancho to see to Rocinante's girths and bring him his armor, which hung like a trophy from the bough of a tree. The squire obeyed: he tightened the horse's girths, took down the armor and helped his master to put it on. When the knight saw himself armed, he said:

"Let's go; God wants us to help this important lady."

The barber was still on his knees. He was trying to restrain his laughter and prevent his beard from falling off. If it had fallen off, they would have been unable to achieve their legitimate goal. He heard Don Quixote grant her the boon and saw him prepare to carry out his task; he rose and grasped the lady's other hand; the two of them helped her on the mule. Then the knight mounted Rocinante and the barber settled himself on his animal. Sancho had to walk, which led him to think once more of the gray ass he had lost: he needed it so much now. However, he accepted this situation since he was convinced that his master was on the verge of becoming an emperor, for he would certainly marry this princess and become, at the very least, king of Monkeymonkey. One thing upset Sancho: this kingdom was in black Africa. Hence, all his vassals would be black people. He figured out a solution and said to himself:

"I don't give a damn about their color! I will take my vassals to Spain, where I will trade them for cash. Thanks to this money, I will buy some title or official position,

which will enable me to live a life of comfort. I am skilled and intelligent: I can sell thirty or ten thousand vassals in the blink of an eye! By God, I must try to sell them all: the big and the small ones. I am going to turn those black men into silver and gold coins! Come here! I'm a funny man, you know."

These thoughts filled him with joy. He forgot that he was doing something he did not like: walk! Cardenio and the priest were looking at them from afar. They needed a pretext for joining the others. The priest was an intelligent man: he worked out a solution. He took a pair of scissors from a sheath, skillfully trimmed Cardenio's beard and gave him his brown cape and a black coat. The clergyman was wearing only breeches and a shirt. Cardenio's appearance had completely changed: he would not have recognized his own image in a mirror. The others had already moved on while they were disguising themselves, but they reached the highway before them, for the bushes and the rough terrain handicapped those who traveled on horseback. They positioned themselves on the plain at the entrance to the mountain pass. As soon as Don Quixote and his companions appeared, the priest began to stare at the knight from afar; his expression showed that he had recognized him. He gazed at him in this fashion for a little while. Then he headed toward him, his arms opened wide.

"Lucky me!", he exclaimed, "I am happy to meet the epitome of chivalry, my compatriot Don Quixote de la Mancha. You are the crème de la crème of nobility, the savior of the weak, the quintessence of knight-errantry!"

He was embracing the knight's left knee. What the man said and did surprised Don Quixote. He stared at him and recognized him at last. He was astonished to see him there. He made an effort to dismount, but the priest did not allow him to do so, which led him to say:

"Father, let me dismount, for I can't remain on horseback while a holy man like you goes on foot."

"I will never give my consent to that", replied the priest. "Stay on you horse, for you need it to perform the greatest deeds and engage in the greatest adventures of our age. You see, I am just a priest: I will content myself with sitting on the haunches of one of the mules that belong to the people who are traveling with you, if you don't mind. It will be like riding Pegasus, or a zebra, or the charger of the famous Moor Muzaraque. This enchanted man was buried underneath the hill of Zulema, near Alcalá de Henares."

"Father, it did not occur to me to let you walk", said Don Quixote. "I am sure that Her Royal Highness wants to please me: she will ask her squire to give up his place on the mule. He will ride on its haunches if it can bear the weight of two men."

"I think that it can", said the princess. "I won't have to ask my squire to do so, for he is so polite that he will never let a holy man walk when he can ride."

"That's true", said the barber.

He dismounted and offered his seat to the priest, who accepted it at once. Unfortunately, the mule was a low-quality animal for hire: when the barber climbed onto its haunches, it raised its hindquarters a little and kicked out twice. If Master Nicolás had been hit in the head or chest, he would have cursed himself for having gone in search of Don Quixote. The kicks frightened him so much that he fell to the ground. He could not protect his face: his beard fell off. Finding himself without it, he resolved to cover his face with both hands and say that his teeth had been broken.

When Don Quixote saw that big clump of hair lying there, far from the squire's face, with no bone fragments or blood stains, he cried out:

"Good heavens, this is a miracle! It seems that his beard has been cut off neatly."

The priest understood that he was on the verge of discovering his trick. He ran over to the beard and carried it to the place where Master Nicolás was; he kept moaning. He pulled the barber's head down to his chest and attached the oxtail beard, murmuring an incantation; he told him that it enabled the beards to stick to faces, which proved to be true. Then he moved aside: the squire was as hairy and intact as before. Don Quixote was blown away by this; he asked the priest to teach him that incantation, for he thought that it could be used in other circumstances. In fact, when beards are torn off, the skin bleeds. Since the man had not bled, the incantation could cure serious diseases.

"That's true", said the priest. He promised to teach it to him at the first opportunity.

They agreed that the priest would ride the mule for the moment; the three of them would take turns to ride it until they reached the inn, which was two leagues away. Three of them rode the mule: Don Quixote, the princess and the priest; Cardenio, the barber and Sancho were walking. Don Quixote said to the young lady:

"Your Highness, would you mind leading the way?"

Before she could reply, the clergyman said:

"Toward what kingdom will you guide us? Is it Monkeymonkey? It must be this country. You see, I know many things about kingdoms!"

The attentive girl understood that she had to say this:

"Yes, sir, I am heading for that kingdom."

"So", said the priest, "we will cross my village. Then you will take the highway to Cartagena, where fortune will allow you to embark if the weather conditions are favorable and the sea is calm. In less than nine years, you will reach the *Black Pee* – I mean the *Black Sea* – which is only a little more than a hundred days' journey from your kingdom."

"Sir, you are mistaken", she replied. "I left this place less than two years ago; although I never had good weather, I am here to behold the man I longed to see: Don Quixote de la Mancha. No sooner had I set foot in Spain than I heard of his exploits, which moved me to seek him out, ask for his help and entrust my cause to the might of his invincible arm."

"Please, stop flattering me!", said Don Quixote. "I am opposed to any kind of adulation. Although this is not adulation, this non-adulation offends my chaste ears. Madam, I can tell you that my strongest arm or my weakest one will defend you until the end of my life. But let us change the subject. Father, what brought you to this place? I am astonished, for you are alone, you don't have any servant, and you are lightly clad."

"I can answer you briefly", said the priest. "Your Lordship, I and Master Nicolás, our friend and barber, were going to Seville to collect the money that a relative of mine who went to the Indies many years ago had sent to me. It is a fair amount of money since it amounts to sixty thousand unadulterated pesos, which are worth twice as much as ordinary ones. Yesterday, as we were crossing this area, four highwaymen

attacked us. They stole everything, even our beards. So the barber resolved to put on a false one." He pointed at Cardenio. "They also mistreated this young man: he was unrecognizable. According to a local rumor, our attackers were certain galley slaves who had been freed in this very place by a valiant man who had assaulted the lieutenant and the guards in order to release them all. He was certainly a lunatic, or as great a villain as they, or a heathen without a conscience, for he wanted to set the wolf loose in the sheepfold, the fox in the chicken coop, the fly in the hive: he wanted to defraud justice and oppose the king, his natural lord, since he disobeyed his fair orders. I can tell you that he wanted to sink the galleys and disrupt the Holy Brotherhood, which had been at peace for many years. In fact, he endangered his soul and did not save his body."

Sancho had told the priest and the barber about the adventure of the galley slave, which had turned him into a successful warrior. Hence, the priest overstated the facts in order to see what Don Quixote would say or do. The knight changed color at every word; he did not dare to tell them that he was the man who had freed those worthy people.

"Those men", continued the priest, "robbed us. May our merciful God forgive the man who prevented them from enduring the punishment they deserved."

CHAPTER XXX.

The amusing trick and means that released
our lovelorn knight from the harsh penance
he had imposed on himself.

No sooner had the priest finished speaking than Sancho said:

"Father, the man who performed that deed was my master. You see, I had told him to be cautious about implementing his plan since it was a big mistake to free men who were there because all of them were barbarians."

"Stupid idiot!", cried Don Quixote. "Knights-errant do not have to determine whether the wretches, the mistreated and the oppressed whom they meet along the roads are criminals or unlucky people. They just have to help them because they are in distress: they take their sufferings into consideration, not to their wickedness. I came upon a chain gang composed of depressed, unfortunate people; the chivalric rules compelled me to help them; the rest is irrelevant. If someone disagrees with me, except the priest, who is an honorable, dignified man, I will say that he doesn't know anything about chivalry and lies like a rug. I will teach him this with my sword wherever he will be."

He thrust his feet into the stirrups and adjusted his headgear, for the barber's basin, which he had mistaken for Mambrino's helmet, hung from the saddle tree in front of him. The galley slaves had damaged it: it needed to be repaired.

Dorotea, who was intelligent and charming, knew that Don Quixote distorted reality and that all the others mocked him except Sancho. She also wanted to make fun of him. Seeing him so angry, she said:

"Sir, I must remind you of the boon you have promised me. According to it, you cannot engage in any other adventure, even if it is urgent. So, calm down. If he had

known that the galley slaves had been freed by your invincible arm, he would have shut his mouth and bitten his tongue three times before saying things which would upset you."

"That is true", said the priest. "I would even have cut part of my mustache off."

"Madam, I will be silent", said Don Quixote. "I will repress the just wrath that has arisen in my soul. I will remain quiet until I have accomplished my mission. In return for my help, I beg you, if it does not trouble you too much, to tell me about the nature of your grievance and the identity of the people whom I must chastise in order to please you and take revenge on your offenders."

"I will be glad to accede to your request", replied Dorotea, "but you will have to hear laments and misfortunes."

"Madam, I don't mind", said Don Quixote.

"Very well, then", continued Dorotea. "Gentlemen, please, pay attention."

As she said this, Cardenio and the barber came closer to her, for they wanted to see what kind of story the clever girl would make up. Sancho did the same, for he was as credulous as his master. Having straightened herself in the saddle, she coughed and gesticulated a bit. Then the charming girl began her narrative.

"First of all, gentlemen, I want to tell you that my name is..."

At this point she paused for a moment because she had forgotten the name the priest had given her, but he came to her rescue, for he understood why she hesitated. He said:

"It is no surprise, madam, to see you stopping in mid-sentence because your misfortunes deprive those who endure them of their memory. Hence, they cannot even remember their own names. That's what has happened to Your Royal Highness; you have forgotten that your name is Princess She-monkeymonkey, legitimate heiress to the great kingdom of Monkeymonkey. Thanks to this reminder, you can recall now all that you want to recount."

"That's true", said the damsel. "From now on, I think that I won't need anybody to remind me of anything. I will succeed in telling my true story. So, the king my father, whose name is Smallbath The Sage, knew lots of things about what we call divination. By means of his knowledge, he learned that my mother, whose name was Queen Bigjug, would die before him and that he himself, shortly after, would pass away, which would make me an orphan. But this did not upset him a lot. In fact, he was obsessed with a monstrous giant who is the owner of a great island that is close to our kingdom. His name is Chaingang With The Frightening Eyes. Everybody knows that his eyes are in the proper place, but he keeps looking the wrong way round, as if he were cross-eyed, because he is wicked. Hence, those who look at his eyes are afraid... As I said, my father knew that this giant, upon learning that I was an orphan, would conquer my kingdom and take everything from me. He would not even allow me to take refuge in a hamlet. I would avoid this calamity if I married him, but my father knew that I would never agree to such a mismatch of social classes, which was true, for I have never entertained the idea of marrying either that giant or any other, no matter how tall and vulgar he might be. My father also said that, after his death, Chaingang would begin to conquer my kingdom. He advised me not to try to defend my country, since that would lead to my death. I had to leave this place in order to avoid the slaughter of my good, loyal vassals. I could not defend myself against his diabolic strength. Instead, with

some of my servants, I had to set off for Spain, where I would find the solution to my problems in the person of a knight-errant whose fame extended throughout the country and whose name, if I remember correctly, was Don *Zygote* or Don *Quick Shot*."

"He must have said Don Quixote", Sancho Panza corrected her, "also known as the Weepy Knight."

"Yes, that's it", said Dorotea. "My father also said that he was tall, that he had a bony face and that, on his right side, under his left shoulder, or somewhere near there, he had a brown mole covered with a few hairs which resembled bristles."

Upon hearing this, Don Quixote said to his squire:

"Sancho, hold me and help me to undress, for I wish to check whether I am the knight described in that wise king's prophecy."

"But why do you want to undress?", asked Dorotea.

"To see if I have the mole mentioned by your father", replied Don Quixote.

"There's no need for you to undress", said Sancho, "for I know that you have a mole of that kind in the middle of your spine, which proves that you are a strong man."

"That won't be necessary", said Dorotea. "We are not distrustful of our friends: whether it is on his shoulder or his spine does not really matter. We know it is a mole and we don't care about its place because it is made of the same flesh. Without a doubt my father was right about everything and I was correct in asking for Don Quixote's help, for he is the man of whom my father spoke. In fact, his features correspond to the descriptions of his face and exploits given not only by the inhabitants of the province of Spain but also by those of the great country named La Mancha. No sooner had I disembarked in Osuna than I heard of all his exploits: my heart told me at once that he was the man I was looking for."

"But, madam", said Don Quixote, "how could you disembark in Osuna, given that it is not a seaport?"

Before she could reply, the priest hurried to say:

"The princess means that after she disembarked in Málaga, the first place she heard of you was in Osuna."

"That's what I meant", said Dorotea.

"This is crystal clear", said the priest. "Your Majesty can continue."

"There is nothing more to add, except that, in the end, fate has been kind to me since I have found Don Quixote. Hence, I already look upon myself as the ruler of all my realm since he kindly promised to go with me wherever I may take him, which will be nowhere else than to the place where he will meet Chaingang With The Frightening Eyes. So he will kill him and enable me to recover what the giant has so unjustly stolen. All this will happen as I have said, for my father, Smallbath The Sage, has prophesied it. He also said and wrote, in Chaldean or Greek characters, which I can't read, that if this knight, after having beheaded the giant, wanted to marry me, I would have to accede to his request and give him my kingdom along with my body."

"Sancho, my friend, what's your point of view?", inquired Don Quixote. "Did you hear that? Didn't I tell you? Now we have a kingdom to rule and a queen to marry."

"You're right", said Sancho. "Woe to the man who doesn't marry after he slits Mr. Chaingang's throat! In truth, the queen is not ugly! I wish the fleas in my bed resembled her!"

Saying this, he happily kicked the air twice. Then he went to grasp the reins of Dorotea's mule, which compelled her to halt. He kneeled before her and begged her to allow him to kiss her hand and reveal that she was his queen and betrothed. The madness of the master and the naivety of the servant made the people who were present snigger. Dorotea let him kiss her hand and promised to make him a great lord of her kingdom whenever Heaven would allow her to recover and enjoy it. Sancho thanked her with words that made them laugh a bit more.

"Gentlemen", continued Dorotea, "this is my history. I just have to add that almost all the people who accompanied me drowned in a great storm which overtook us when the harbor was in sight; the bearded squire survived. Miraculously, he and I managed to reach land on a couple of planks. You have noticed that my life is a miracle and a mystery. I may have embroidered my story, but you can blame what the priest mentioned at the beginning: constant, extraordinary misfortunes deprive those who endure them of their memory."

"They will not deprive me of mine, O highborn, worthy lady!", said Don Quixote. "Honestly, it will make no difference if I have to endure many great, unusual misfortunes. Once again I confirm the boon I promised you and swear to accompany you to the ends of the earth until I encounter that fierce enemy of yours. Thanks to God and my arm, I will cut off his arrogant head with the edge of this... I cannot say good sword. You know, Ginés de Pasamonte stole mine."

He murmured the last sentence and went on:

"After I have cut off his head and peacefully enabled you to recover your kingdom, you will have to think about your future. I am obsessed by a certain lady… but I cannot reveal her identity. If the Phoenix were a girl, I wouldn't even think of marrying her."

What his master said about his unwillingness to marry displeased Sancho very much. Raising his voice, he said:

"Your Lordship, you are not in your right mind! Why are you reluctant to marry so important a princess? Do you think that fortune will offer you a better one? Is lady Dulcinea more beautiful? No, she is not as pretty as she; allow me to say that she is less beautiful than this lady's shoes. Woe is me! I will never get the county I'm waiting for if you persist in asking for the moon. Marry, marry right now: you must entrust your life to Satan! Take this kingdom which is at hand, although you haven't lifted a finger. When you are king, you will make me a marquis or more; the Devil will take care of the rest."

Don Quixote could not stand such disrespect for his lady Dulcinea: he raised his lance and, without uttering a word, he struck him twice, which made him fall to the ground. If Dorotea had not shouted at him to stop, he would have certainly finished him off.

"Contemptible peasant", he said after a while, "do you think that you can be disrespectful to me, talk nonsense and be forgiven? Just forget it! You are nothing but a wicked pagan, since you have criticized the peerless Dulcinea. Redneck, impertinent man, loser, don't you know that if she did not encourage me to raise my strong arm, I would not dare to kill a flea? Tell me, sarcastic gossip, who do you think has conquered this kingdom, cut off the head of this giant and made you a marquis, goals which, in my opinion, have been accomplished? Didn't Dulcinea's courage use my arm to perform

her exploits? It is she who fights and wins the battles when I am at war; it is I who live and breathe when she lives and breathes. O cruel son of a whore, how ungrateful you are! Your benefactress turns the ugly toad into an aristocrat and you speak ill of her in return for her kindness!"

Sancho was not unconscious; he heard all his master said to him. He rose to his feet quite rapidly and went to stand behind Dorotea's palfrey. From there, he said to his master:

"Your Lordship, are you determined not to marry this great princess? You know, that kingdom will not be yours. So, what privilege will you bestow upon me? I am complaining about that. Marry this queen at once; don't let her go: it is a gift from God! This will not prevent you from living with lady Dulcinea. After all, there must have been kings in this world who had concubines. As for beauty, I won't argue. To tell you the truth, I like them both, although I have never seen lady Dulcinea."

"Blasphemous traitor, are you saying that you have never seen her?", retorted Don Quixote. "You have just brought me a message from her!"

"I am saying", replied Sancho, "that it was a brief encounter. I could not examine her in order to determine whether she was pretty or not, but I can venture that she looks fine."

"Then I forgive you", said Don Quixote. "I regret having lost my temper; men do not control their first impulses."

"I can see that", said Sancho. "My first impulse is always the desire to speak; I can't help saying all the things I have in mind."

"Nevertheless", said his master, "you should pay attention to what you say because the more you speak... I won't say anything else!"

"Fair enough", replied his squire, "but God is in the skies and he sees all our tricks. He will discover who is the greater sinner: the man who does not say the right thing or the one who does not do it."

"Stop arguing", said Dorotea. "Sancho, go and kiss your master's hand and apologize. From now on, you will have to criticize people less and praise them more, and do not speaking ill of lady Toboso, whom I do not know but whose servant I am. Meanwhile, put your trust in God: He will provide you with an estate which will enable you to live like a prince."

Sancho bowed his head and asked for his master's hand. Don Quixote calmly stretched out his harm. After the squire had kissed his hand, the knight gave him his blessing and told him to walk ahead, for he had to ask him a few things and refer to important matters. Sancho did so. They moved ahead of the others and Don Quixote said:

"Since you returned, I have not had the time nor the opportunity to ask you about your mission and the answer you brought back. Thanks to fortune, we now have time and an opportunity. So, would you be kind enough to delight me with such good news?"

"You can ask whatever you want", said Sancho. "I will give you an answer that will be as good as the question, but I beg you to take things easy now."

"Why do you say this, Sancho?"

"I say this because the blows you have just delivered to my chest are linked to the quarrel we had the other night because of the Devil rather than what I said about

lady Dulcinea, whom I love and revere like a relic, although she is not a reliquary, since she does not contain relics. Let us say that she is a monstrance that belongs to Your Lordship."

"Give me a break, Sancho!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "Stop quibbling over details, for it upsets me. I have forgiven you and you know the saying: 'a new sin demands a new penance.'"

As the two men were conversing in this manner, the priest told Dorotea that she had shown a great deal of cleverness when she had told her story, made it so short and preserved so close a resemblance to the books of chivalry. She replied that she had often amused herself by reading those books. Unfortunately, she did not know where the provinces or the sea ports were, which is why she had made the big mistake of saying that she had disembarked at Osuna.

"I noticed your mistake", said the priest, "which is why I came to your assistance and said what I said, which restored your credibility. It's strange that this unfortunate gentleman believes all these inventions and lies simply because they are in the style of those absurd tales."

"It is so strange and unusual", said Cardenio, "that I feel certain that no intelligent person could make up a story as false as this one."

"But this is not the major issue", the priest went on. "This good gentleman talks nonsense when her refers to his absurd chivalric world, but his arguments are intelligent and his mind sound when he speaks of other matters. Hence, when the topic of chivalry is not mentioned, everybody believes that he is sane."

While this conversation was in progress, Don Quixote was saying to Sancho:

"Dear Sancho, let us make peace. Now, laying aside all resentment, tell me where, how and when you found Dulcinea. What was she doing? What did you say to her? What did she reply? What was the expression on her face when she read my letter? Who copied it out for you? Tell me all the things you saw and which you regard as important. Do not add anything or tell me anything that is not true merely to please me. Do not shorten the story, for that could take my pleasure away."

"Sir", replied Sancho, "in truth, nobody copied the letter out for me, for I did not have it."

"That is true", said Don Quixote. "In fact, a couple of days after you had left, I found the notebook in which I had written the letter out. I was very upset because I did not know what you would do when you discovered that you did not have it. I believed that you would return."

"I would have done so", said Sancho, "if I hadn't learned it by heart while Your Lordship was reading it to me. So I was able to recite it to a sacristan who transcribed it with precision. He said that in the course of his career he had read many excommunication letters, but he had never seen or read a letter as nice as that one."

"Do you still remember it, Sancho?", asked Don Quixote.

"No, sir, I don't", responded Sancho. As soon as I had recited it, since I did not need it anymore, I proceeded to forget it, but I remember the part about the suffering... I mean the sovereign lady and the ending: 'Yours until death, the Weepy Knight.' Between those two things, I put in more than three hundred souls, lives and eyes of mine."

CHAPTER XXXI.

The pleasant conversation between
Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, his squire,
together with other events.

"All this does not displease me", said Don Quixote. "You may continue. What was that beauty doing when you arrived? You must have found her threading pearls on a string or embroidering something in gold thread for her captive weepy knight."

"She did not do this", replied Sancho; "she was threshing 111 liters of wheat in the courtyard of her house."

"In that case", said Don Quixote, "the grains of wheat resembled pearls in her hands. My friend, did you notice if it was durum wheat or spring wheat?"

"It was hard red winter wheat", responded Sancho.

"I can assure you", the knight insisted, "that her hands can make the finest white bread out of ordinary wheat, but go on. When you gave her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she place it on her head? Did she perform a ceremony to show that it is an important document? What did she do?"

"When I was about to give it to her", said Sancho, "she was busy swinging the sieve, with a good part of the wheat in it. She said to me: 'Set this letter on that sack. I won't read it until I have finished sorting all the grains that are here.'"

"Clever lady!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "She said that because she wanted to read it slowly and enjoy it. Go on, Sancho. While she was working, what did she say to you? What did she ask about me? What did you reply? Come on, tell me everything; don't leave a single crotchet-rest in the inkwell."

"She didn't ask me anything", said Sancho, "but I told her how you were doing penance in order to serve her. Naked from the waist up, you lived in these mountains like a savage: you slept on the ground, you did not eat meals around a table or comb your beard, you kept crying and you cursed your fate."

"You shouldn't have said that I cursed my fate", said Don Quixote, "because I bless it and will continue blessing it since it allowed me to love Dulcinea del Toboso, a lady who *walks tall*."

"She walks so tall that she is much *taller* than I."

"How can you know that, Sancho? Did you compare your heights?"

"I measured myself in this fashion: when I went over to her in order to help her to load a sack of wheat onto a donkey, I was so close to her that I could see that she was 21 cm taller than I."

"That's true", said Don Quixote, "she is too tall, but this defect is offset by a thousand million moral qualities. However, you will not deny that, when you approach her, you can smell an Arabian perfume, a pleasing fragrance whose name I cannot remember. It's a kind of vapor you can smell in the shop of some special glove makers."

"I can tell you", said Sancho, "that I noticed a sort of mannish smell: she was working so hard that she was sweating like a pig."

"No, you are mistaken", said Don Quixote. "You had a common cold or you were smelling yourself, for I know very well the fragrance of that thorny rose, that wild iris, that dilute solution of ambergris."

"You may be right", said Sancho, "for very often that mannish smell comes from me; all devils look alike."

"Very well, then", continued Don Quixote, "she finished sifting the wheat and sent it to the mill. What did she do when she read the letter?"

"She did not read it", said Sancho, "because she said that she didn't know how to read or write. Instead, she tore it into small pieces; she said that she did not want anyone else to see it because the villagers would discover her secrets. She was satisfied with what I had told her about your love for her and the extraordinary penance you were doing for her sake. Finally, she asked me to tell you that she kissed your hands and that she would rather see you than write to you. The substance of your message led her to implore and command you to leave those solitudes, stop raving and set off at once for El Toboso unless something worse happened to you, for she did want to meet you. She laughed a lot when I told her that your name was the Weepy Knight. I asked her if the Biscayan we met a long while ago had stayed in the village; she told me that he had and that he was an aristocrat. I also asked her about the galley slaves, but she said that she hadn't seen a single one yet."

"Everything is fine up to now", said Don Quixote. "But tell me, when you took your leave, what jewel did she give you in return for the letter you brought her? You know, in order to express their gratitude to the people who serve them, knights-errant and their ladies are used to giving a precious jewel, a sort of tip, to the squires, maidens or dwarfs who deliver those messages."

"That may be true", said Sancho, "and I think it is a very good custom, but it's outdated. Nowadays they are used to giving a piece of bread and some cheese, which is what lady Dulcinea handed me over the barrier of a farmyard when I said goodbye to her. I want to add that it was sheep's milk cheese."

"She is extremely generous", observed Don Quixote, "I guess that she did not give you a golden jewel because she did not have one at hand, but gifts are greater after Easter: I will see her in order to fix this problem. Do you know what astonishes me, Sancho? It seems to me that you flew there and back, for it has taken you a little more than three days to go to El Toboso and come back, a distance of more than thirty leagues, which leads me to believe that the wise necromancer who watches over my affairs and is a friend of mine — there must be someone of that sort or else I would not be a good knight-errant — must have helped you, although you did not notice it. At times, those magicians pick up a knight-errant who is sleeping in his bed and, without his knowing how it was done, he awakens the following morning more than a thousand leagues away from where he was the evening before. Knights-errant need this support so that they may be able to assist one another when they are in danger, which is not uncommon. For instance, one of them is fighting in the mountains of Armenia with some dragon, or a fierce monster, or another knight; he is playing with fire; he is about to be killed; suddenly, another knight, a friend of his, appears on a cloud or in a chariot of fire; a short while before, he was in England; he has come to rescue him and save him from death; that same evening, he finds himself in his house, enjoying his dinner, although the distance between the two places is two or three thousand leagues. The skill and wisdom of those knowledgeable enchanters who watch over valiant knights lead them to perform such miracles. So, my friend, I can believe that you have made this journey in so short a time because, as I have said,

some friendly magician must have carried you through the air without your noticing it."

"You may be right", said Sancho, "because Rocinante was galloping like a gypsy's donkey with mercury in its ears!"

"Mercury, of course", said Don Quixote, "and a legion of devils, for they can walk and make people walk, without growing tired, whenever they want to. Anyway, do you think that I should go and see my lady since she has requested me to do so? I must obey her command, but what I promised to the princess who accompanies us prevents me from obeying it. In fact, the code of chivalry compels me to keep my word before I satisfy my desires. On the one hand, I really want to see my lady friend; on the other hand, my promise and the glory I will achieve in this undertaking are beckoning me over. I think that I will hurry to the place where this giant is; then I will behead him, which will enable the princess to recover her kingdom peacefully. I will see again the female light that illumines my senses; I will apologize to her; she will come to consider my delay as a good thing since she will see that it enhances her reputation. What I have achieved, achieve now and will achieve by force of arms depends on her love for me and my love for her."

"Ah", cried Sancho, "you must be mental! You want to make that trip for free and miss the chance of marrying so rich a woman. The bride's dowry is a kingdom. It is said that it is more than twenty thousand leagues around; it abounds with all the things that are required to support human life; it is bigger than Portugal and Castile together. For the love of God, shut up! You should be ashamed of yourself because of what you have just said. Forgive me and take my advice: get married in the first village where there is a priest or employ ours; he will do a great job. You know that I am old enough to give advice; the one I have just given you is appropriate, for it's better to be safe than sorry. He who chooses evil when good is an option cannot complain when his situation worsens."

"You see", said Don Quixote, "you advise me to marry because I will become a king once I have slain the giant, which will enable me to give you what I have promised. Allow me to tell you that I don't need to get married to satisfy your desire, for, before I start fighting, I will sign an agreement about my reward: once I have won the battle, whether I marry or not, they will have to give me a part of the kingdom so that I may give it to a person of my choice: you!"

"Me of course", said Sancho, "but make sure that you choose the part along the coast, for, if I don't like the life there, I will be able to make my black vassals embark on a ship in order to do what I have said. Meanwhile, you should not visit lady Dulcinea; you ought to go and kill the giant so that you may complete this task, for, by God, I feel certain that you will earn a lot of money and become very famous."

"You are right", agreed the knight. "I will take your advice with regard to meeting the princess before I see Dulcinea. I want you to say nothing to anyone, including those who are with us, regarding what we have discussed. Actually, Dulcinea is so discreet that she does not want her thoughts to be known; neither I nor anybody must reveal them."

"Well, then", said Sancho, "why do you compel the men you defeat thanks to your strong arms to present themselves before lady Dulcinea since this proves that

you love her? Moreover, they must kneel before her and say that they have been sent by you to be her servants. So how can her thoughts and yours remain secret?"

"You're such a simpleton!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "Can't you understand that this enhances her reputation? I can tell you that in our chivalric world ladies take pride in allowing many knights-errant to serve them. Those men only take care to serve them because they are who they are. They do no expect a reward for all their good intentions; they just want to be accepted as their champions."

"I have heard the preacher say", observed Sancho, "that we must love Our Lord selflessly, not because we hope for glory or fear punishment. I'd rather love and serve Him for what He can do."

"You're such a redneck!", cried Don Quixote. "Sometimes you say stupid things that make you look like a student."

"A student who does not know how to read", said Sancho.

Master Nicolás shouted to ask them to halt because the others wanted to stop and drink from a small spring. Don Quixote halted, which did not displease Sancho, for he was tired of telling so many lies and feared that his master would discover the truth: he knew that Dulcinea was a peasant girl from El Toboso, but he had never seen her.

In the meantime, Cardenio had put on the clothes that Dorotea was wearing when they found her. Though they were not very good, they were much better than the ones he took off. They dismounted beside the spring. With the food the priest had bought at the inn and which he had appreciated, they tried to satisfy, to some extent, the great hunger they all felt. As they were eating, a lad passed by. He stared at the people around the spring, ran over to Don Quixote, clasped him around the legs, burst into tears and said:

"Sir, don't you recognize me? Look at me closely; I am Andres, the lad you freed from the oak tree to which he was tied."

The knight recognized him and, taking him by the hand, he turned to the others and said:

"So that you may see how important it is to have knights-errant in the world to right the wrongs done by the insolent, wicked men who inhabit it, you should know that some days ago, as I was passing through a wood, I heard pitiful shouts that seemed to come from a person in distress. As was my duty, I went to the place from which the cries seemed to come. There I found a lad who was tied to an oak tree. He is before you now, which pleases me since this witness will forbid me to lie. As I said, he was tied to that tree, naked from the waist up, and a peasant — I learned later that he was his master — was beating him with the reins of his mare. When I saw this, I asked the man what was the reason for this awful flogging. The blockhead replied that he was whipping his servant because his carelessness indicated that he was a thief rather than a dunce. The lad spoke up and said: 'Sir, he is whipping me because I asked for my wages.' The master answered with all kinds of arguments and excuses which I heard but did not believe. I decided to force the peasant to release the boy. I made him promise to take him home and pay what he owed him and even a bit more. Andres, my son, is this not true? Didn't you notice how imperiously I commanded him to comply with this order and how humbly he promised to do so? Speak up; don't hesitate; tell

these ladies and gentlemen what happened so that they may be convinced that I was right when I said that knights-errant were an efficient highway patrol."

"All that you said is very true", replied the lad, "but the end of the matter was quite different from what you imagine."

"Quite different! What do you mean?", inquired Don Quixote. "Didn't the farmer pay you?"

"He not only did not pay me", said the boy, "but, as soon as you entered the wood and we were alone, he tied me to the same tree again and whipped me so many times that I was flayed like St. Bartholomew. Each lash was accompanied by a joke about how he had fooled you: if the pain had not been so great, I would have laughed. I have been in a hospital until now in order to recover from the injuries which that wicked peasant inflicted on me. You are responsible for everything. If you had continued on your way, minded your own business and ignored me, my master would have contented himself with whipping me one or two dozen times. Then he would have released me and paid me what he owed me. But you insulted and dishonored him for no reason, which kindled his wrath. Since he could not revenge himself on you, when we were alone, he vented his anger on me. It seems to me that I will never fully recover from this tragedy."

"I made a mistake", said Don Quixote; "I left, although he had not paid you. Experience should have taught me that no peasant keeps his word if he finds that it is not in his interest to do so. But you remember, Andres, I swore that if he did not pay you, I would go in search of him. I would find him, even if he hid in the belly of the whale."

"That's true", said Andres, "but I did not profit from it."

"Now you are going to profit from it", said Don Quixote.

He jumped to his feet and ordered Sancho to put the bridle on Rocinante; it was grazing; they were eating. Dorotea asked him what he proposed to do. He replied that he wanted to find the farmer, chastise him for his evil demeanor and force him to pay all that he owed to Andres in spite of all the rednecks in the world. She responded that, according to his promise, he could not undertake any other task until he had finished his current commission: he knew this better than anyone else. So, he had to calm down until he had returned from her realm.

"That is true", agreed Don Quixote. "Andres must wait patiently for my return. As I said, I swear and promise him again that I will not desist until I have compelled his attacker to pay him."

"I do not believe in those oaths", said Andres. "I'd rather go to Seville than wait for all the vengeance in the world. If you have some food here, give me some to take with me. God bless you and all the other knights-errant. May they be as fortunate as I."

Sancho took a piece of bread and some cheese from his bag. He gave them to the lad and said:

"Take this, brother Andres; we all sympathize with you."

"Which part is yours?", asked Andres.

"This one: the bread and cheese I'm giving you. God knows whether I am going to need them or not. My friend, I can tell you that the squires of knights-errant are subject to starvation, misfortune and other things that cannot be put into words."

Andres grasped the bread and cheese. Seeing that nobody offered him anything else, he lowered his head and, as they say, took to the road. Before leaving, he said to Don Quixote:

"For God's sake, if you meet me again, even if you see people turn me into minced meat, do not try to help me. Let me endure this misfortune, for it will not be as unbearable as the one I would endure if you helped me. May God curse you and all the knights-errant ever born in this world."

Don Quixote was about to rise to punish him, but the lad began to run so quickly that nobody ventured to follow him. The knight was terribly upset by Andres's story. The others had to do their best to keep from laughing so as not to distress him completely.

CHAPTER XXXII.

What befell Don Quixote's companions
at the inn.

They finished their good meal and saddled their animals. Nothing important happened until the following day, when they arrived at the inn that was Sancho Panza's bete noire. Although he did not want to enter, he could not evade it. When they saw Don Quixote and his squire approaching, the innkeeper, his wife and daughter and Maritornes went out to welcome them. The knight greeted his hosts with great dignity and kindness. He told them to prepare a better bed than the one he had had the last time. The landlady replied that if he paid better than he had the last time, she would give him a luxurious one. He assured her that he would. So they prepared a fairly comfortable pallet in the attic where he had slept before. He went to bed at once because he was exhausted.

No sooner had he closed the door than the landlady fell upon the barber, grasped his beard and said:

"By the sign of the cross, you must not continue using my oxtail as a beard. Give it back to me. It's a pity to see my husband's belongings always on the floor – I mean the comb that I used to stick into that pretty tail of mine."

She kept tugging at the tail, but the barber did not want to surrender it. The clergyman told him to return it since it was useless now. Instead, he should show himself as he was and tell Don Quixote that, after the galley slave had robbed him, he had fled to this inn. If the knight inquired after the princess's squire, they would say that she had sent him ahead to tell her subjects that she was on her way and was bringing their liberator with her. The barber willingly returned the tail to the landlady along with all the other implements they had borrowed in order to rescue Don Quixote.

The people who worked at the inn were bedazzled by the beauty of Dorotea and Cardenio. The priest asked them to prepare whatever food was available at the inn. The innkeeper, hoping to be better paid this time, prepared a decent meal. Don Quixote slept all this time; they agreed not to awaken him, since slumber would do him more good than food.

After the meal, the landlord, his wife, his daughter, Maritornes and all the guests spoke of Don Quixote's strange madness and their first encounter with him. The landlady recounted the incident between the knight and the carter. Then, looking around to see if Sancho was there and perceiving that he was not, she told them that they had tossed him in a blanket, which made them laugh. When the priest observed that the books of chivalry that Don Quixote read had turned him into a madman, the innkeeper said:

"I do not know why it happened, for, in truth, I think that there is no better literature in the world. I have two or three of them, along with other books, and they really have made us feel happier. For instance, in harvest time, many reapers gather here in their spare time. There's always a few who can read. One of them takes one of those books and thirty or more of us gather around him in order to listen to him and grow young again. I can tell you that I feel like doing the same when I hear about the terrible, violent blows delivered by the knights; I would like to listen to the storyteller for days on end."

"The same thing goes for me", said the landlady. "I never have a moment's peace in my house except when you are listening to them; you are so absorbed that you forget to scold people."

"That's true", said Maritornes. "I must confess I also like to hear those things, for they are very pretty, especially when they deal with some lady being embraced by her knight underneath an orange tree. A fearful chaperone watches over them; she is green with envy. This is so sweet."

"Young lady, what's your point of view?", inquired the priest, addressing the innkeeper's daughter.

"I really cannot tell you, sir", she replied. "Although I do not understand them, I enjoy listening to the storytellers. However, I don't like the combats that my father likes. I prefer the sad cries uttered by the knights when they cannot see their ladies; sometimes they make me weep because I sympathize with their grief."

"Madam", said Dorotea, "would you console them if they cried over you?"

"I don't know what I would do", answered the girl. "For all I know, some of those ladies are so cruel that their knights call them tigers, lions and a thousand other nasty things. Good Lord! Those women are heartless and immoral; they don't care about decent men; they let them die or go mad. Why are they so prudish? Since they are virtuous, they should marry them, for those men yearn for that."

"Be quiet, child!", said the landlady. "It seems that you know a lot about those things; it is not good for young girls to know or talk so much."

"This gentleman asked me a question", said she; "I had to answer him."

"Mr. innkeeper", said the priest, "would you mind bringing me those books: I want to see them."

"I'd be delighted", replied the innkeeper.

He entered his bedroom and exited form it with an old suitcase locked with a small chain. He opened it; there were three large books and some manuscripts neatly written. The first book the priest examined was *Don Cirongilio of Thrace*. The other ones were *Felixmarte of Hircania* and the *History of the Great Captain Gonzalo Hernández de Córdoba and the Life of Diego García de Paredes*. As soon as he had read the first two titles, he turned to the barber and said:

"We should call out our friend's housekeeper and niece."

"No, we shouldn't", said the barber, "for I can carry these books to the corral or the hearth: a good fire is burning there."

"Do you want to burn my books?", asked the innkeeper.

"Only these two: *Don Cirongilio* and *Felixmarte*", said the priest.

"Do you want to burn them because they are heretical or *phlegmatic*?"

"My friend, you mean *schismatic*", said the barber, "not *phlegmatic*."

"That's right", replied their host. "If you want to burn one, choose the *Great Captain and Diego García;* I'd rather let my son be burned than the other books."

"Brother", retorted the priest, "those two books are full of lies and nonsense, whereas the one about the *Great Captain* is a true story; it deals with the life of Gonzalo Hernández de Córdoba, who, because of his many exploits, deserves to be called Great Captain by everybody. Diego García de Paredes was a prominent knight, a native of the city of Trujillo in Extremadura, a most valiant soldier and a strong man: he could stop a mill wheel from turning at full speed with the finger of one hand. On one occasion, armed with a broadsword, he positioned himself at the entrance to a bridge and prevented a large army from crossing. He performed other comparable exploits which he recounted with the modesty of a knight who is his own biographer. Should an independent, impartial historian record them, they would eclipse the deeds of all the Hectors, Achilles and Rolands."

"You must be joking!", exclaimed the innkeeper. "You are astonished by a man who stopped a mill wheel! You should read what Felixmarte of Hircania did: with a single backward stroke he split five giants in two at waist level, as if they had been made of horse beans like the small friar-like dolls which children fashion. Another time he attacked a huge, powerful army composed of more than one million six hundred thousand soldiers wearing an armor: he defeated what resembled a flock of fearful sheep. As for the worthy Don Cirongilio of Thrace, he was a valiant knight, as you will see in that book, which says that, as he was sailing on a river, a fiery serpent rose up from the water. As soon as he saw it, he attacked it, straddled its scaly back and seized its throat. He squeezed it so tight that the serpent understood that it was being strangled. It had no choice but to reach the bottom of the river, taking with it the knight who did not want to loosen his grip. Down there, he found himself among palaces and breathtaking gardens. Then the snake turned into an old man; he told him many fantastic things. Should you hear this, you would be in seventh heaven. That great captain and Diego García are bit players!"

When Dorotea heard this, she turned to Cardenio and whispered:

"Our host could almost become Don Quixote's squire."

''Yes indeed", replied Cardenio. "As far as I can judge, he believes that everything happened exactly as it is described in those books. The barefooted friars themselves could not make him think otherwise."

"You know, brother", the priest went on, "there never was in this world a Felixmarte of Hircania or a Don Cirongilio of Thrace, nor any such knights as those mentioned in the books of chivalry. Those fictitious characters have been created by idle minds in order to kill time, as you said, which is what your harvesters do when they read them. I swear that those knights, exploits and nonsensical actions have never existed."

"I am not an idiot!", said the innkeeper. "I know that my hand has five fingers and my shoe is too tight. You won't fool me, for I am not naive. You want me to believe that all these good books are full of lies and nonsense, although the members of the Royal Council have allowed the editors to publish them. They are not the kind of people who consent to the publication of books that are full of lies, battles and foolish enchantments."

"My friend, I have told you", replied the priest, "that they are aimed at killing time. In ordered countries, games such as chess, ball and billiards entertain those who don't have to or cannot work. Hence, those books are allowed since the censors think, which is true, that nobody will be so ignorant as to believe that they recount true stories. Should you allow me to express my opinion, I would describe the characteristics which those novels should possess in order to be good books. Some people may appreciate that. I hope the time will come when I will be able to communicate my ideas to someone who can remedy the situation. In the meantime, Mr. innkeeper, you must believe what I have just said. Take your books and try to distinguish truth from falsehood. May God prevent you from behaving like Don Quixote, your guest."

"I won't", replied the innkeeper. "I am not crazy enough to become a knight-errant: times have changed!"

Sancho Panza had entered the room in the midst of this conversation. He got bewildered and thoughtful when he heard them say that there were no more knights-errant and that the books of chivalry were full of lies and nonsense. He resolved to wait for the outcome of his master's expedition. If the result did not meet his expectations, he would leave the knight, go back home, see his wife and children again and return to his customary work.

The innkeeper picked up the case and the books, but the priest said:

"Wait, I want to see the papers that are neatly written."

Their host took out the manuscript and gave it to him. He caught sight of eight sections. On the cover, there was a title, in large letters, which read: *Story of the inquisitive, demanding man*. He read three or four lines and remarked:

"The title is interesting; I'd like to read this novel."

"You can read it", replied the innkeeper. "I can tell you that some guests who read it here enjoyed it and asked me to lend it to them, but I refused: I wanted to give it back to the man who forgot to take this suitcase when he left. Its owner might come back here one day. I know that I will miss his books, but I swear that I will give them back to him: although I am an innkeeper, I am also a Christian."

"My friend, you are absolutely right", said the priest. "However, if I like the novel, you will have to allow me to copy it."

"I will be glad to do so", the landlord assured him.

While the two were conversing, Cardenio had picked up the book and begun to read it. Subscribing to the priest's opinion, he asked him to read it aloud so that all of them might hear it.

"I can read it", said the priest, "but we'd rather sleep than read."

"A tale", said Dorotea, "will enable me to relax; I am too excited to go to bed right now."

“In that case", said the priest, “I am going to read it. I am intrigued; we may discover something special and interesting.”

Master Nicolás and Sancho made the same request. Since everybody would enjoy the story, he said:

“Well, then. Pay attention, all of you. This is how the story begins.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The story of the inquisitive, demanding man.

In Florence, a rich, famous Italian city in the province of Tuscany, lived Anselmo and Lotario, two wealthy, important gentlemen. They were close friends, which is why the people who knew them used to call them “the two friends.” They were bachelors. Those young men were of the same age and shared the same lifestyle: two factors that explained their friendship. Anselmo was a seducer, whereas Lotario was a hunter. However, sometimes they switched their attention to their friend’s pastime. They always acted in unison: no chronometer could equal such precision.

Anselmo was deeply in love with a distinguished beautiful young lady from the same city. She and her parents were so estimable that he resolved to follow, once again, his friend’s advice: ask her parents for her hand in marriage. He implemented his plan. Lotario was his representative. He made a deal which was advantageous to Anselmo. The latter soon took possession of what he desired. Camila was so happy to be married to him that she kept thanking Heaven and Lotario, who had enabled her to be so happy. The first days of marriage were joyful, which is not surprising. Lotario continued to visit his friend in order to honor him, congratulate him and please him in every way he could. When the celebrations were over, the visits and congratulations became less frequent. He did not go so often to his friend’s house because he thought, like all intelligent people, that the nature of friendship evolves when men get married. Although good, true friendship cannot be vitiated, the reputation of a married man is always endangered: friends and even brothers can annoy him.

Anselmo heard the explanations given by Lotario; they upset him. He told him that he never would have married if he had known that matrimony would prevent them from communicating as they had before. When he was a student, their exemplary friendship had led people to nickname them “the two friends”: he did not want this sweet, famous epithet to disappear on account of decorum. So, he implored Lotario (is it the appropriate term?) to live in his house again. He added that Camila agreed with him; when she had learned that the two men were close friends, Lotario’s coldness had made her feel uncomfortable.

These and the many other arguments Anselmo used to persuade him to live in his house again led Lotario to reply with so much prudence, intelligence and thoroughness that his friend was satisfied with his good intentions. They agreed that twice a week and on feast days Lotario would eat with Anselmo. Lotario was determined to comply with this rule insofar as it did not blemish his friend’s reputation, which he valued more than his. He rightly said that the man to whom Heaven had given a beautiful wife had to choose carefully the friends he brought home and survey the women with whom his wife talked. In fact, what cannot be done or

planned in the streets, or in churches, or at public festivals, or on religious visits (husbands cannot always forbid their wives such opportunities) can be planned and arranged in the house of a trusted female friend or relative.

Lotario also said that every married man had to have a friend who would draw his attention to any negligence in his behavior, for, most of the time, a husband who is very much in love with his wife does not tell her, in order not to annoy her, to do or not to do certain things that could either please or displease him. If a friend advised him, he would easily resolve any problem. But where could one find a friend as intelligent, loyal and reliable as the one described by Lotario? I don't know. As for Lotario, he watched over Anselmo's reputation with much care and many warnings. He wanted to reduce a lot the number of days he went to his friend's house so that the inquisitive, malicious eyes of the idle commoners might not become suspicious of this wealthy, well-born attractive young man who frequented the house of a woman as beautiful as Camila. Although her kindness and other qualities could muzzle the gossips, he did not want people to whisper about her or his friend, which is why, on most of the days when he was supposed to visit them, he was busy doing things which, according to him, were unavoidable. Hence, they spent much time complaining and apologizing.

One day, as they were strolling in a meadow outside the city, Anselmo said to Lotario:

"You know, Lotario, God has privileged me; he has made me the son of my dignified parents and has generously bestowed privileges upon me such as wealth and beauty. I am grateful to Him, all the more so because He allowed me to become your friend and marry Camila, two blessings which I esteem, if not as much as I should, at least as much as I can. Though I possess what men require to live happily, I am the most depressed, disheartened man in the world. Actually, for some days now I have been overwhelmed by a strange feeling which is so weird that my reaction surprises me. I blame and reprimand myself; I try to conceal and forget it, but I feel like going out in order to disclose the secret information. It must be known; I want to tell it to you, for I feel certain that this revelation and the help of a diligent friend will relieve me of this distress. The joy I will feel thanks to your kindness will be as intense as the sadness I felt because of my stupidity.

Lotario's arguments perplexed Anselmo. What was the object of this long preamble? He was wondering about the nature of the feeling that overcame his friend. He hadn't the faintest idea. In order to relieve him quickly of the anxiety caused by perplexity, he told him that this verbiage, which did not make his most secret thoughts intelligible, was an offense to their great friendship. He was certain that he could help him to understand or satisfy his desires.

"That's true, my friend", replied Anselmo, "which is why I want to tell you that I don't know whether or not my wife Camila is as good and perfect as I think she is: this idea obsesses me. Like a miner who melts gold, I must test her so that I may discover the quality of her virtue and the truth. My friend, in my opinion, a woman is not more virtuous if men do not try to seduce her. One can think she is strong when she does not yield to promises, gifts, tears and the constant visits of lovers. If nobody urges a woman to be bad, she will be good. She will be shy and fearful if she cannot undress or fear a violent husband who would kill her if she made a single mistake. Hence, a woman who is virtuous because of fear or lack of opportunity is less estimable than

the one who is courted and does not surrender. These reasons and many others I could mention in order to strengthen my point of view lead me to accept that Camila, my wife, must face these difficulties. She must be loved and seduced by a man who can kindle her affections. If she resists temptation (I am convinced she will), I will consider myself fortunate. I will say that I am happy. I will say that I was lucky to find the strong-willed woman who, according to the Wise Man, is a pearl of great price. Should the outcome be the opposite of my expectations, I would stand the pain which this cruel experience could cause me since I would see that I was right. Since nothing you may say will dissuade me from carrying out my plan, I want you, Lotario, to be the instrument of my volition. I will enable you to act because I will provide you with everything one needs to seduce a woman who is honest, respected, reserved and unselfish. The main reason that leads me to entrust you with so arduous an undertaking is our friendship: should Camila fall in love with you, you would not defeat her; you would just enjoy this victory, for you respect me. Of course I would be vexed, but this wound would remain secret thanks to your virtuous silence, for I know that it would be as eternal as death itself. So, if you want me to lead a normal life, you must take part in this amorous battle. You cannot be lukewarm or slothful, for I want you to be thorough; I have confidence in you, my friend."

Lotario listened attentively to what Anselmo said. Apart from the remarks I have recorded, he did not make any until his friend had finished. After looking at him for a while as if he were looking at something amazing and terrifying that he had never seen before, he broke the silence by saying:

"Anselmo, my friend, you must be joking! If I had thought that you were speaking in earnest, I would have stopped listening to you in order to prevent you from talking so much. It seems to me that you don't know me or I don't know you. That's impossible, for I know that you are Anselmo and you know that I am Lotario. Unfortunately, I think that you are not the Anselmo you used to be, and you think that I am not the Lotario I used to be either. Actually, you would have never dared to say what you said, nor would have you dared to ask of me such a thing, for, as a heathen poet said, true friends must test and help each other in a manner that does not offend God. This was a pagan's point of view about friendship, which makes me believe that all Christians are convinced that God's goodwill must not be endangered by human friendship. When a man goes so far as to disregard Heaven's wishes in order to help his friend, the issue must be extremely important: it must be a matter of honor, a matter of life and death. Well, Anselmo, tell me now which is the threat so that I may condescend to do a thing as detestable as what you are asking. I suppose that there is no threat. I think that you want me to bring shame on you and myself and kill you and myself. If I brought shame on you, I would certainly kill you, for a disreputable man is in a deadly situation. If, as you wish, I inflicted so much harm on you, I would become a disreputable man, which would make me die. Listen to me, Anselmo, and don't answer me until I have finished telling you what I think of your wish. Later on I will hear what you have to say in reply."

"I will do so", said Anselmo. "Please, express your opinion."

"It seems to me", Lotario went on, "that your mind resembles the Muslims's; neither quotations from the Bible, nor rational arguments, nor those that are founded on articles of faith can make them understand that their sect is a heresy. They demand

palpable, comprehensible, demonstrable and indubitable examples and unquestionable mathematical proofs, something like: if we remove equal parts from two equal parts, the parts that remain are also equal. If they don't understand what you say, which happens frequently, you must use your hands and show them physical evidence. However, nobody succeeds in persuading them that what is written in the Bible is true. I will use the same technique with you, for your motivation is so misguided and irrational that I think it would be a waste of time to try to make you understand that you are stupid. For the moment, I will call it by no other name than that. I am tempted to leave you to your folly as punishment for your bad intentions, but our friendship will not allow me to treat you so harshly, nor will it allow me to let you be on the road to perdition. Don't you understand that you asked me to seduce a shy, faithful, unselfish and sensible woman? That's precisely what you told me. You already know that your wife is shy, faithful, unselfish and sensible. So what are you looking for? Since you are convinced, and you are right, that she will withstand my indecent proposal, what better titles will you bestow upon her than those that she already possesses? Will she be a better woman afterward? Either you doubt her qualities or you do not realize what you are asking? If you doubt her qualities, you should punish her, not take the trouble to test her. If she is as good as you believe she is, it is futile to prove the same thing since your opinion will not change. Hence, we must conclude that he who undertakes an action more likely to harm us than to benefit us is a raving maniac, especially when he is not compelled to do so and his action is sheer folly. One attempts to do difficult things for the sake of God, or mankind, or both. The saints undertake actions for the sake of God because, although they are human beings, they want to copy the angels. Those who seek the respect of mankind traverse great bodies of water, discover many climates and meet strange peoples in order to acquire riches. The men who perform deeds for God and mankind alike are valiant soldiers who, when they see a hole in the opposite wall no bigger than the one made by a cannon ball, sweep aside all fear, ignore the danger that threatens them and attack intrepidly, although death is lying in ambush, for they want to come back to defend their faith, their country and their king. People usually do this because they benefit from those perilous undertakings: they become rich and famous. However, yours will not enable you to be famous, or wealthy, or noticed by God. Actually, if the outcome is such as you desire, you will be neither happier nor richer, nor more honored than you are now. If your trick fails, you will be devastated. There will be no comfort in the thought that nobody knows of your misfortune, for you won't be able to forget it. In order to confirm this fact, I am going to recite a stanza written by Luis Tansilo, a famous poet. At the end of the first part of *The Tears of St. Peter*, one finds:

Peter's sorrow and shame increased when the day dawned.
Although nobody could see him, his sin made him blush:
A magnanimous heart does not need spectators
To feel embarrassed, for its mistakes shame it,
Though the skies and the earth ignore it.

Thus, secrecy will not lessen your sorrow. Instead, you will cry constantly or your heart will shed tears of blood like those shed by the stupid doctor who, according to

our poet, submitted to the test of the glass, whereas the intelligent Reinaldos refused. This is poetic fiction, but it contains secret moral values that should be noted, understood and adopted. Moreover, I am about to say things that will make you realize that your plan is a big mistake. Anselmo, suppose that Heaven or good fortune made you the owner of a beautiful diamond admired by all the lapidaries, who would all certify that nature could not produce a finer stone; suppose that, rejecting any argument, you believed them, would it be wise to take that diamond, place it between a hammer and an anvil and hit it to see whether it was as hard and fine as they said? If the stone withstood so foolish a test, its quality would not improve. If it broke, which is possible, wouldn't everything be lost? It would indeed, for everybody would regard its owner as an idiot. Anselmo, my friend, you must realize that Camila is a very fine diamond: nobody denies this. So it is foolish to enable her to be broken, for her quality would not improve if she remained whole. You may think that she will break. Hence, you must imagine how you will feel without her, considering that you will be the cause of her sorrow and yours. No jewel in the world can surpass a chaste, well-respected wife. The honor of women consists in their reputation. Since you know that her reputation is excellent, why do you want to question this truth? You see, my friend, woman is an imperfect creature. Hence, one should not lay down obstacles where she can stumble and fall. One should remove them and clear the path so that she may easily attain the perfection she lacks: to be virtuous. The naturalists say that the ermine is a small animal with pure white fur and that hunters, when they want to catch one, follow a particular procedure. Since they know its natural habitat, they block off the pathways with mud; then they make noise, which forces it to reach one of these fences. The ermine does not want to soil its fur: it lets itself be captured because it prefers cleanness to liberty and life. The chaste, well-respected woman is an ermine; respectability is whiter and purer than snow; he who wants her to keep and preserve it must use a different procedure. He must not compel her to face the mire of presents and visits of importunate lovers, for she may, or may not, be virtuous and strong enough to overcome these obstacles, which is why we must remove them and make her understand that good reputation is enticing. A good woman is like a mirror: the pane of glass makes us steam and darkens when any breath touches it. A respectable woman is a relic: one must adore it but never touch it. She must be guarded and cherished like a beautiful garden full of roses and other flowers whose master forbids anybody to enter and touch them. One can enjoy their beauty and fragrance from afar, through a grating. Finally, I want to recite some verses that I happen to remember. I heard them in a modern play which deals with what we are talking about. So, a wise old man was advising another, who had a young daughter, to keep the girl in his house. Among other reasons, he mentioned these:

Woman is made of glass,
But one must not test her in order to see
Whether she can break or not,
For it could happen.
It is easy to break a woman
And it is unwise
To venture to smash

What cannot be repaired.
I want everybody to agree,
For my opinion is based on this:
Since Danae exists,
Showers of gold exist too.

Anselmo, everything I have said so far is connected to you. Now you must hear something that has to do with me. I regret to inform you that it will take a long time, but the labyrinth which you have entered and from which you want me to free you demands it. You look upon me as a friend, but you want to besmirch my reputation, which is contrary to friendship. Moreover, you enable me to besmirch yours at the same time. Clearly, you want to besmirch mine, for when Camila sees me courting her as you ask me to do, she will certainly consider me to be a disreputable, weird man since I will be doing something that I never do and which is unkind. I understand that you want me to besmirch your reputation because, when I court her, she will think that I regard her as a frivolous woman, which will blemish your reputation since she is your wife. Because of all this, when the husband of an adulterous woman is not aware of his wife's misdemeanor, when his behaviour is irreproachable and when he is meticulous but cannot prevent his misfortune, people criticize him. Those who are aware of his wife's misdemeanor belittle him; they should pity him since it is not he but his wife who is responsible for his misfortune. I'd like to tell you why the husband of a wicked woman is rightly dishonored, although he is not aware of his wife's misdemeanor, he is not responsible for it, and his behaviour is irreproachable and is not the cause of this betrayal. You might grow weary of listening to me, but this information will benefit you. When God raised our first father in the Earthly Paradise, the Holy Scripture says that He put Adam to sleep, took a rib from his left side and fashioned Eve, our mother, out of it. When Adam awoke and saw her, he said: 'This is flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone.' God said: 'Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and they shall be one flesh.' Then the holy sacrament of marriage was instituted, with bonds so strong that death alone can undo them. This miraculous sacrament is so strong and good that it makes one and the same flesh of two different people. It does even more in the case of the happily married, for, although they have two separate souls, they have but a single will. Hence, the woman's flesh being one with that of her husband, the stains and defects that debase her rot his flesh, even though, as has been said, his behaviour is not the cause of her misdemeanor. So, the pain felt in the foot or in any other part of the body is felt throughout the entire body. Since it is all one flesh, the head feels the pain felt by the ankle, though it has not caused it; the husband logically shares his wife's dishonor because he is one with her. Since earthly honor and dishonor are connected to flesh and blood, and those of the wicked woman are of this sort, the husband inevitably bears a part of them: people besmirch him, but he is not aware of it. Anselmo, your reputation is at stake because you want to disturb your kind, quiet wife. Because of your useless, boring curiosity, you are going to awaken the feelings that are slumbering in your chaste wife's heart. You may gain almost nothing, but you may lose a lot; I prefer to shut up because I lack the words to describe it. If all that I have said cannot dissuade you from implementing your wicked plan, then you can find another

instrument of your dishonor and misfortune, for I won't be your henchman, even if we stop being friends, which is the greatest sorrow I can imagine."

The virtuous, intelligent Lotario fell silent. Anselmo was so perplexed and pensive that he remained silent. Then he said:

"Lotario, my friend, you have seen that I have listened attentively to what you wanted to say to me. Your arguments, examples and comparisons have demonstrated that you are a wise true friend. Besides, I am willing to admit that I would be on the road to perdition if I disagreed with you. You may believe that I am suffering from the disease that afflicts some women; they feel like eating earth, plaster, charcoal and worse things that are disgusting. Hence, you must follow a certain procedure to cure me. You could start by courting Camila for a while. She won't be too shy; the first dates will lead her to be less virtuous. This beginning will satisfy me. You will have helped a friend, not only by enabling me to come to life but also by persuading me not to lose my honor. You must do this for a single reason: since I want to make this test a reality, you must not allow me to reveal that I am insane, for I would endanger the reputation you are trying to enhance. When you court Camila, yours will be tarnished, but that doesn't matter because, very soon, when we see that she is a respectable woman, you will be able to tell her the truth about our trick. Hence, she will still respect you. Since you risk so little and can make me so happy, you must carry out this task even if you may face greater difficulties. As I have said, if you begin the mission, I will regard the problem as having been settled."

Lotario understood that Anselmo was resolute. Moreover, he had run out of arguments that could have made him change his mind. Anselmo had threatened to tell someone else about his wicked desire. Since Lotario wanted to avoid a greater evil, he decided to agree and do what Anselmo asked. He aimed to influence them in such a way that Camila's opinion would remain the same and Anselmo would be satisfied. Accordingly, Lotario told Anselmo not to contact anyone else, since he would implement his plan and begin whenever Anselmo wished. Anselmo embraced him tenderly. He thanked him for the offer as if Lotario had done him a great favor. They agreed to take action the following day. Anselmo would enable his friend and wife to have a tête-à-tête. He would also provide him with money and jewels, which would be offered to her. He advised Lotario to serenade her and compose a poem in her praise. If this was too much trouble, he would write the poem himself. Lotario agreed to everything, but his purpose was different from what Anselmo believed them to be.

Having reached this agreement, they returned to Anselmo's house, where they found Camila anxiously awaiting her husband, for he came home later than usual that day.

Lotario went to his house; Anselmo remained in his. Anselmo was satisfied, whereas Lotario was pensive, for he did not know what to do in order to solve this problem. That night, he figured out how to deceive Anselmo without offending Camila. The following day he went to his friend's house in order to have dinner. She treated him cordially since she knew that her husband held him in high esteem.

They finished eating; the servants cleared the table. Anselmo asked Lotario to stay with Camila: he had to solve a pressing problem, but he would be back in an hour and a half. Camila begged her husband not to leave; their guest offered to accompany him, but he declined this offer. In fact, he insisted that Lotario should wait for him

there because he had to discuss some important matter with him. He also directed Camila not to leave Lotario alone until he had returned. He craftily pretended that his *unnecessary* absence was *necessary*: nobody could have realized it was trickery. Anselmo left; Camila and Lotario remained alone at the table, for all the servants were dining. Lotario was experiencing a situation which his friend had desired. He was facing his enemy; her beauty alone could overwhelm an entire company of armed knights; Lotario had every reason to fear her.

He placed his elbow on the arm of his armchair and rested his cheek on the palm of his hand. Then, apologizing for his rudeness, he said that he wanted to have a rest until Anselmo came back. She replied that the sitting room would be more comfortable than the armchair. So she suggested to him that he go in there to sleep, but he refused. Instead, he slept in the armchair. When Anselmo came back, he found his friend slumbering; his wife was in her bedroom. He thought that since he had come home so late, they had had the opportunity to talk and sleep. He longed for Lotario to awaken so that he might take him outside and question him about the outcome.

Everything happened as he desired. Lotario awoke; they left the house together; he asked what he wanted to know. Lotario replied that he had been a bit circumspect because this behaviour was well suited to a first rendezvous. So he had praised Camila for her beauty and had assured her that, throughout the city, people kept saying that she was pretty and intelligent. It had seemed to him that it was a good beginning since his honeyed words would lead her to listen to him with pleasure on another occasion. He had used the stratagem that the Devil uses when he wants to deceive someone who is wary of him. The Angel of Darkness turns into an angel of light because he has good manners; at the end, he reveals his identity and achieves his purpose unless the ruse is discovered in the beginning. Anselmo was delighted. He said that he would play the same trick every day. However, he would not leave the house; he would busy himself with other matters so that Camila might not discover the truth.

Many days went by. Lotario did not speak with Camila. However, he kept telling Anselmo that he had talked with her but had not been able to lead her astray. It was a hopeless situation. Besides, she had told him that she would denounce him to her husband if he did not rid himself of those evil thoughts.

'Well', said Anselmo. 'So far Camila has resisted words; let us see now if she can resist actions. Tomorrow I will give you two thousand gold escudos, so that you may lend or offer them to her, and another two thousand *to bait your hook with jewels*, for women, especially when they are beautiful, and however chaste they may be, like to dress up. If she resists this temptation, I will be satisfied and won't inconvenience you any further.'

Lotario replied that since he had started this mission, he wanted to conclude it, although he knew that he would be exhausted and defeated. On the following day he received the four thousand gold escudos, which upset him, for he didn't know what story he could invent to fool him. Finally, he resolved to tell him that Camila had ignored the gifts and promises as she had ignored the chats. So it was useless to expend any more energy because it was a waste of time.

Fate, which is by nature a contrarian, left Lotario and Camila alone, as on other occasions, and forced Anselmo to shut himself in a room in order to listen to them and

spy on them through a keyhole. He noticed that, in more than half an hour, the pair had not exchanged a single word, nor would they do so if they were to remain there for a hundred years. He realized that all his friend had told him about Camila's replies was fictitious. He had to verify what he had seen. So he exited from the room, called Lotario to one side, asked him if there was any news and inquired about Camila's state of mind. Lotario replied that he did not want to go on with his task, for she had answered him so sharply that he would not have the courage to speak with her anymore.

'Lotario! Lotario!', exclaimed Anselmo. 'You have badly fulfilled your duty, although you owe me a lot and I trust you. I have been watching through this keyhole and I have not seen you speak to Camila, which leads me to believe that you have never talked to her. Is it true? Of course, it is! So why have you deceived me? Why do you want to deprive me of the means by which I might satisfy my desire?'

Anselmo stopped speaking. What he had said left Lotario confused and abashed. Anselmo had caught him lying: how shameful! He swore that from then on he would dedicate himself to satisfying him. He would stop lying since his friend could spy on him again. This would be unnecessary, for his diligence would eliminate all his suspicions. Anselmo believed him. In order to facilitate the fulfillment of his promise, he decided to leave his house for eight days. He would visit another friend who lived in a village not far from the city. Anselmo asked this friend to send for him so that Camila might think there was a reason for his departure.

Ah, unfortunate, ill-advised Anselmo! What are you doing? What are you plotting? What are you planning? In fact, you are planning your own dishonor and misfortune: this is self-destruction. Camila, your wife, is a good woman. She is quiet and obedient. Nobody spoils your happiness. Her thoughts do not escape from her house. You are her empyrean, the matrix of her desires, the fulfillment of her hopes and the ruler that measures her will, which always mirrors yours and God's. The mine of her honor, beauty, respectability and self-control gives you, with no effort on your part, all the precious stones that it contains and that you could wish for. So why do you want to dig deeper in order to find new, hypothetical treasures since everything may collapse? The roof is supported by the weak pillars of her frail nature. You see, when a man seeks the impossible, fate doesn't allow him to get what is possible to get. A poet explained it better; he wrote:

I am looking for life in death,
Health in disease,
Freedom in prison,
The exit in a cell,
Loyalty in a traitor.
My fate, which will never help me,
Agrees with Heaven;
Since I am *asking the impossible,*
They won't *give me the moon*.

The next day Anselmo set off for the village. He had told Camila that, during the time he was absent, Lotario would come to look after the house and dine with her. Hence, she had to treat him as she would himself. She was upset by her husband's

instructions as any intelligent, honorable woman would have been. She reminded him that nobody was allowed to occupy his seat at the table when he was absent. She thought that he did this because he believed that she was unable to manage the household. So she told him to let her do her job; he would see that she could undertake greater tasks. Anselmo replied that he had made up his mind; she just had to bow her head and obey. Camila said that she would, although it was against her will.

Anselmo left. Lotario came to the house on the following day. He was kindly received by Camila. She contrived to be always accompanied by her male and female servants, especially a maid named Leonela, whom she loved because the two of them had grown up together in the house of Camila's parents. When she married Anselmo, she brought her with her. For the first three days, Lotario did not address her, although he could have when the table was cleared and the servants left to eat their meal quickly (that's what Camila wanted). She had even ordered Leonela to eat first so that she might stay beside her. However, the maid, who had more interesting things in mind, needed that time and opportunity to amuse herself, which is why she did not always obey her mistress on this point. Hence, she left them alone, as if they had deliberately sent her out of the room. Camila's shyness, her grave face and her aristocratic mien discouraged Lotario from speaking.

However, the silence imposed by her many virtues did harm to them both. In fact, he was *silent*, but his mind *kept speaking to himself.* He stared at her and noticed that she was extraordinarily pretty and kind: a marble statue could fall in love with her, let alone a human heart. He did not converse with her; his mind started to wander. He came to the conclusion that she was worthy of being loved, which began, little by little, to impair the great respect he had for Anselmo. A thousand times he wanted to leave the city and go where he would never see his friends again, but the pleasure of looking at Camila prevented him from fleeing. He endeavored not to feel the joy he felt when he looked at her. When he was alone, he blamed himself for his folly; he called himself a bad friend and a bad Christian. He kept thinking of his situation and always reached the same conclusion: Anselmo's madness and trust outweighed his insincerity. Since he believed that God and men would forgive him, he did not fear punishment.

In fact, Camila's beauty and kindness, together with the opportunity connected to her stupid husband's plan, anesthetized Lotario's loyalty: he had a crush on her. After Anselmo had been gone for three days, during which time he had tried to overcome his feelings, he began to compliment Camila so violently and passionately that she did not know what to do. Actually, she rose to her feet and retired to her bedroom without uttering a word. Her coldness did not discourage Lotario. Since hope and love go together well, he was even more obsessed by her. Camila did not think that Lotario was able to do that; she was a bit overwhelmed. It seemed to her that it would not be safe or proper to enable him to speak to her again. So, that night, she resolved to send a messenger to the place where Anselmo was. She wrote a letter which read as follows.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The continuation of the story
of the inquisitive, demanding man.

'It is said that a general must command his army and that the owner of a castle must supervise his soldiers. So I think that a young married woman who is left alone must be looked after by her husband, especially when nothing important forbids it. I miss you and I cannot endure your absence. If you don't come quickly, I will seek refuge in my parents' house and leave yours without a guardian. I think that the guardian you left here, if he still deserves that title, is more concerned with his own pleasure than with your interests. Since you are intelligent, I ought to stop writing.'

Anselmo received this letter and understood that Lotario was implementing his plan and that Camila had reacted as he wished. Overjoyed at this news, he told the messenger to tell his wife not to leave his house under any circumstances because he would return very shortly. Camila was surprised by Anselmo's reply, which left her more perplexed than ever since she could neither remain in her house nor go to the house of her parents. In fact, if she remained, her virtue would be at stake, and if she left, she would be disobeying her husband.

Finally, she decided to stay, which was the worst decision. She wanted her servants to see her chat with Lotario so as not to arouse suspicion. She regretted having written to her husband, for she feared that he would think that Lotario's boldness had been encouraged by her frivolous demeanor. However, she knew that she was virtuous. So, putting her trust in God and herself, she resolved to ignore Lotario's pleas. She would not inform her husband of them in order not to worry him. She even tried to find a way to excuse Lotario's behavior when he asked why she wrote that letter. With these thoughts more honorable than accurate or beneficial in mind, she spent another day listening to Lotario. He was so insistent that Camila's resolve began to weaken. Her virtue had to help her eyes to conceal the fondness that his words and tears had awakened in her heart. Lotario noted all this, which inflamed his feelings.

It seemed to him that, because of Anselmo's absence, he had to besiege this fortress. Hence, complimenting her on her beauty, he attacked the pretentious lady, for when the tongues of adulation exhale vanity, the ivory towers of pretty women's vanity collapse. In short, he carefully buried dynamite underneath her integrity; had she been made of bronze, she would have fallen to the ground. He wept, implored, promised, flattered, insisted and simulated with so much emotion and conviction that he overcame Camila's shyness and won the battle that he least expected and most desired.

Camila surrendered; yes, Camila surrendered, but his friendship with her faltered, which shows that one must flee from love in order to overcome it. Nobody should confront so powerful an enemy, for divine strength is needed to subdue its human power. Leonela alone knew of her mistress's weakness because the two ex-friends and new lovers were unable to conceal it from her. Lotario did not wish to tell Camila about Anselmo's plan, nor did he wish to tell her that Anselmo had enabled him to reach this point, for he did not want her to underrate his love or think that he had been forced to court her.

Anselmo returned to his house a few days later, but he did not notice what was missing: the thing he cherished most but had disregarded. Then he went to Lotario's house. They shook hands and Anselmo asked for the latest news, which were important to him.

'Anselmo, my friend', said Lotario, 'I just want to say that your wife is the epitome of female faithfulness. She ignored what I said, belittled my offers, declined my gifts and laughed at me when I shed crocodile tears. In brief, she is the epitome of beauty, respectability, temperance, shyness and of all the qualities that make a respectable woman admirable and happy. So, you can take your money, my friend, for I did not spend it: Camila does not yield to things as vulgar as presents or promises. You should content yourself with all this; do not search for any further proof. Since you have already overcome the suspicions which a man can have of women, try to stay out of trouble; don't ask another man to test the woman whom Heaven has allowed you to marry so that you may live with her until you die. Since you are safe, you must come to your senses and do nothing until Judgment Day.'

Anselmo rejoiced at Lotario's words. He believed them as if they had been spoken by an oracle. Nevertheless, he begged him not to give up his task, since it was interesting and amusing. He didn't have to be as zealous as before; he just wanted him to write some verses in praise of Camila. He would call her Clori, for Anselmo would tell Camila that Lotario was in love with a lady whom he called in this fashion so that he might praise her with the decorum her reputation demanded. If Lotario did not wish to compose the poem, he would do it.

'That will not be necessary', said Lotario, 'for the Muses are not my enemies; at times, they visit me. Tell Camila about my fictitious love affair; if they are not as good as the subject deserves, at least they will be the best I can write.'

The inquisitive man and his treacherous friend agreed on that. Anselmo returned to his house and asked Camila the question which she wondered why he had not asked before: why had she written the letter that she had sent him? She responded that it had seemed to her that Lotario looked at her more often than when Anselmo was at home. She added that she was mistaken and that it was on account of her imagination, for now Lotario shunned her. Her husband told her that she was right because he knew that his friend was in love with a wealthy young lady who lived in the city. He had nicknamed her Clori. So she could not question Lotario's loyalty or their great friendship. If Lotario had not told Camila that his love for Clori was a lie and that he had told Anselmo this in order to spend some time writing a poem in her praise, she undoubtedly would have been desperately jealous. Since she had been forewarned, this surprising piece of information did not upset her.

One day, the three of them being together at table, Anselmo asked Lotario to recite some of the verses he had composed for his beloved Clori; since Camila did not know her, he could say whatever he wished.

'Even if she knew her', said Lotario, 'I would not conceal anything, for when a lover praises his girlfriend for her beauty and says that she is his cruel enemy, he does not besmirch her reputation. However, I can tell you that yesterday I composed a sonnet on Clori's ingratitude; it says:

Sonnet.

In the silence of the night,
When the mortals are asleep,
I tell the story of my beloved tragedy
To Heaven and Clori.
When the sun rises
And opens the rosy gates of the east,
My sighs and unpredictable groans
Restart the old dispute.
When, seated on his blazing throne,
The sun throws sunbeams at the earth,
My groans and tears redouble.
Then the night returns and I tell the sad story again.
Neither Heaven nor Clori wants to hear
My dreadful complaint.'

Camila liked the sonnet. Anselmo liked it even better. He praised it and said that the lady was exceedingly cruel because she did not pay attention to what was expressed. Camila said:

'So, do all poets who are in love speak the truth?'

'Poets don't', replied Lotario, 'and when they are in love, they fall short of it."

'I have no doubt about that', replied Anselmo, for he wanted to support Lotario's view in order to influence Camila, who was unaware of her husband's trick because she was already in love with Lotario.

She was bedazzled by him. She also knew that she was the real Clori since he loved her and had composed that sonnet for her. So she asked him to recite another poem if he knew one.

'I know one', said Lotario, 'but I don't think it is as good as the first one – I mean less mediocre. You may judge it, for here it is:

Sonnet.

I know that I am dying. If you don't believe me,
I will certainly die. O ungrateful beauty,
I can't stop loving you: I will soon
Be lying dead at your feet.
You will forget me;
Life, fame and your affections will ignore me,
But when you open my heart, you will discover
A sculpture depicting your beautiful visage.
I keep this relic because my stubbornness,
Which is inflamed by your unkindness,
Leads me to go into ecstasies over you.
When night falls and the Polestar hides,
When there's neither a harbor nor a map,
Nobody should set sail.

Anselmo also praised this sonnet; he was making the rope that was fastening him to his dishonor, for the more Lotario dishonored him, the more respected Anselmo was, according to him. Hence, the more disgraced Camila was, the more her husband revered her.

Then, being alone with her maid, Camila said to her:

'Dear Leonela, I very much regret having abased myself, for I willingly yielded to Lotario: he did not defeat me. I fear that he will notice my alacrity and frivolity and forget that I could not resist him because he courted me.'

'Don't worry, Madam', replied Leonela, 'alacrity does not diminish the value of the thing given, provided that it is a good, estimable thing. People often say that he who gives something quickly gives it twice.'

'They also say', added Camila, 'that what is cheap is valued less.'

'This rule does not apply to you', observed Leonela, 'for, they say that love sometimes flies and sometimes walks. It runs, walks leisurely, freezes, burns, injures some people and murders others. It begins and ends at the same point. In the morning, it besieges a fortress; by night, it will have overwhelmed it, for no force can withstand it. So, calm down; the same thing must have happened to Lotario, for your husband's absence enabled love to overcome you. What love had planned had to take place before Anselmo returned and thwarted its plans. Love needs an opportunity to achieve its goals; it makes use of it in all its undertakings, especially at the beginning. I know this because I am experienced, not because I have heard it. You see, I'm also young and made of flesh and blood. Besides, you did not yield so quickly. In fact, Lotario's eyes, sighs, words, promises and gifts proved that he was worthy of being loved. Hence, don't let those scruples and subtleties upset you; make sure that Lotario esteems you as you esteem him. You should be happy to know that although you fell in love, it is he who manipulates you with his compliments. He not only has the four Ss that a true lover must have but also a whole alphabet. Listen to me, I am going to recite it, for I know it by heart. In my opinion, he is Amiable, Brilliant, Courteous, Devoted, lovelorn, Faithful, Gallant, Honorable, Illustrious, Loyal, Manly, Noble, Open, Prominent, Qualified, Rich, Self-willed, Solitary, Sensible, Secretive, Trustworthy and Vibrant. The X does not suit him, for it's an ugly letter. Y is like I, and Z is for Zealous, for he watches over you.'

Camila laughed at her maid's alphabet. She discovered that she was more experienced in love matters than she admitted. Leonela even told her that she was having an affair with a well-born young man from their city. This alarmed her mistress. She feared that her own honor would thus be endangered. So she inquired whether the matter had gone beyond mere words. The shameless girl dared to reply that it had. It is well-known that the behavior of neglectful ladies encourages their maids to be shameless: when they see their mistresses stumble, They don't care whether people see them limp or not.

Camila beseeched the girl to say nothing to the man who was supposed to be her lover and to conceal her love affair with him from Anselmo and Lotario. Leonela responded that she would, but her conduct made Camila believe that her maid would damage her reputation. In fact, when the brazen, dishonest girl saw that her mistress's behavior was not what it had once been, she dared to bring her lover into the house

since she knew that her mistress would not denounce him if she saw him. This is one of the many punishments caused by the sins of ladies: they become the slaves of their own servants, which happened to Camila, and are obliged to cover up their maids' misdemeanors. Although she often saw Leonela with her lover in one of the rooms of the house, she did not dare to scold her. She even helped her to hide him and did all she could to keep her husband from finding him.

However, she could not keep Lotario from seeing him one day as he was slipping away at daybreak. He did not know who he was. At first, he thought that it was a spectre, but when he saw him walk and cover his face to hide it, he became suspicious of the ghost. This would have been the ruination of them all if Camila had not clarified the situation. Lotario thought that the man he had seen leaving Anselmo's house at so unusual an hour had not visited Leonela; he had forgotten that she existed. In fact, he believed that Camila, who had been friendly to him, was also being friendly to another man. You see, sinful women are mistrusted by the men who seduce them, for they are convinced that they will yield readily to other men. So they give credence to this kind of suspicion. It seems that, at this point, Lotario became delirious and forgot his sensible arguments. Filled with impatience and insanely jealous, he stupidly decided to revenge himself on Camila, although she had not offended him. Hence, since Anselmo was still in bed, he rushed over to his bedroom and said:

'Anselmo, I am remorseful. For some time now, I have been trying to conceal things from you, but I must reveal them. You know, I have vanquished Camila, and she obeys me now! I did not tell you this earlier because I wanted to see if it was a passing whim or if she was evaluating the fictitious love which you entreated me to display. Moreover, if she was as virtuous as she should have been and as we thought she was, she would already have told you about my impertinence. Since she has not, I realize that the promises she has made are true. So, the next time you are absent from your house, in order to talk with me, she will take me to the closet where your keep your jewels.' It was true that Camila used to converse with him there. 'I don't want you to avenge yourself right now, for as yet the sin has not been committed: this is just a sinful thought. So, before she commits it, Camila may change her mind and repent. Since I have always influenced you, I am going to give you advice so that you may easily choose the best option. Tell your wife that you are going away for two or three days, as you have done on other occasions, but stay in your closet: the tapestries and other things will enable you to hide yourself. Then, you and I will see what Camila wants. Should she misbehave, you would silently, wisely and cautiously take revenge on the offenders.'

Anselmo's idea perplexed and surprised Lotario because he did not expect to hear this. He believed that Camila had already defeated Lotario; he felt proud of her victory. He remained silent for a while, stared at the ground and did not bat an eyelid. Then he said:

'Lotario, there is no friend as loyal as you. So, I will follow your advice in everything. Do as you see fit, and keep what I said to yourself, for this is necessary here.'

Lotario promised that he would do so. When he left Anselmo, he began to regret having said those foolish things. Now he knew that he could revenge himself on Camila in an honorable, humane way. He cursed his lack of intelligence and his stupid

decision. He did not know how he could undo what he had done or ensure a more reasonable outcome. He finally decided to tell Camila everything. Since there was no lack of opportunity, he met her on that day. She was alone and could speak freely. She said to him:

'Lotario, my friend, my heart aches so much that it seems that it is about to burst; it would be surprising if it did not. You see, Leonela is debauched: every night, she brings her lover into this house and stays with him until daybreak. If anyone saw him leave my house early in the morning, it would damage my reputation. I am upset because I cannot punish or scold her: since she is acquainted with our love affair, I must hush up hers. I fear that something unfortunate will ensue.'

At first, Lotario believed that it was a ruse to make him think that the man he had seen leaving was Leonela's lover, not hers. However, when she started to cry, lament her fate and ask for his help, he began to believe her; he was confused and remorseful. He nonetheless told her not to worry: he would find a means to stop Leonela's insolence. He also told her what he had said to Anselmo when he was insanely jealous and what they had planned in order to unmask her treachery, namely, to hide in the closet. He apologized for his foolish action and asked her what he could do to get out of the complicated situation in which he was because of his impetuosity.

Camila was shocked and infuriated with him. Using sensible arguments, she scolded him for having tried to implement this wicked plan. Women are more righteous than men, although they lack morality when they speak to people. So, Camila soon found a way to remedy what appeared to be an irremediable situation. She asked Lotario to tell Anselmo to hide himself, the next day, in the aforesaid closet, for she wanted to make use of this trick in order to enable them to enjoy each other's company from then on. They would not be afraid of being discovered anymore. She did not explain everything, but she entreated him to come when Leonela called him, once Anselmo was behind the tapestry, and to reply to anything that she said to him exactly as he would have done if he had not known that her husband was listening. Lotario insisted that she should provide more information so that he might be able to act in a safer and more adapted manner.

'I can assure you', said Camila, 'that there are no precautions to take; all that you have to do is to answer the questions I ask you.' She did not want to reveal her plan because she feared that he might reject it, although it was a very good one. Instead, he would look for or implement one that would not be as good.

Lotario took his leave. The next day Anselmo said that he had to go to the village where his friend lived. He left the house and returned to hide in the closet, behind the tapestry, which he did easily since Camila and Leonela had enabled him to do so. He was very nervous because he was about to see the autopsy of his honor and lose the supreme good that he had thought he possessed in his beloved Camila.

Camila and Leonela knew that Anselmo was there. They entered the closet. No sooner had Camila set foot in the room than she heaved a sigh and said:

'Ah, Leonela, before I implement the plan which I want to conceal from you so that you may not prevent it, I beseech you to take Anselmo's dagger, the one I asked you to bring, and pierce my wicked heart with it. But don't do that, for I must not pay the penalty for another's mistake. First of all, I would like to know what Lotario's bold, shameless eyes beheld in me. In fact, this impelled him to reveal a desire as evil as the

one he has exhibited. He belittled his friend and besmirched my reputation. Leonela, go to that window and call him, for I know that he is in the street, waiting to put his wicked ideas into practice. But, first, I will put my cruel, respectable ideas into practice.'

'Ah, madam!', replied the clever Leonela, who knew the plot, 'what do you want to do with that dagger? Do you want to kill yourself or Lotario? Either action will blemish your reputation. You should hush up the offense and forbid this wicked man to enter our house and find us alone. Madam, we are weak women and he is a resolute man. Before you can implement your plan, his bad intentions and impulses may impel him to do a thing that would be worse than killing you. Woe to Lord Anselmo, who has allowed this thug to terrorize the people who live here. Madam, if you kill him, for I think this is your intention, what will we do with the body?'

'What will we do with it?', replied Camila. 'We will do nothing! Anselmo will handle that, for he will enjoy burying his own infamy. Call him right now; the more I delay avenging this offense, the more I betray my husband.'

Anselmo listened to all this; each word Camila said perplexed him. When he understood that she was determined to kill Lotario, he wanted to come out in order to prevent her from doing that, but he didn't do anything because he wished to see the outcome of this noble, virtuous resolve. He would come out in time to stop her. Then she fainted. Leonela laid her on a nearby bed and began to cry. She exclaimed:

'Ah, woe is me! I don't want the epitome of decency and chastity, the best woman in the world, to die here in my arms!' She went on uttering other similar lamentations. Anybody hearing her would have taken her for the most loyal, woebegone maid in the world and her mistress for another distressed Penelope.

Camila soon regained consciousness. Then she said:

'Leonela, why don't you call the most loyal friend on earth? Finish your job, run, hurry up, go. I don't want delay to blow out the flames of my wrath. The just vengeance that I hope for must not be replaced by threats or curses.'

'Madam, I will call him', said Leonela, 'but first give me the dagger. While I am gone, you won't be able to do a think that will make those who love you weep for the rest of their lives.'

'You can rest assured, Leonela, that I will do nothing of the kind. You think that I am reckless and stupid because I am trying to protect my reputation, but I am not as stupid as Lucretia. It is said that she killed herself although she was blameless. She had not even killed the one responsible for her misfortune. I may kill myself, but, first, I must revenge myself on the man who has brought me to this place in order to cry over his misdemeanors, for which I cannot be held responsible.'

It was difficult to persuade Leonela to call Lotario. Finally, she left the room. While she was gone, Camila said to herself:

'Good Lord! It would have been better to send Lotario away, as I have done many times, rather than enable him, as I am doing now, to look upon me as an evil, dishonest woman, even for the short space of time that it takes to make him understand that he is mistaken. It would have been better indeed. However, I wouldn't have avenged myself, nor would my husband's reputation have been enhanced if Lotario's sinful behavior had been excused. The lascivious traitor must perish. Everybody should know that Camila remained faithful to her husband and revenged

herself on the man who had dared to offend him. Besides, I think that it would have been better to inform Anselmo of this. I alluded to this in the letter that I wrote to him while he was in the village. In my opinion, he did not solve the problem I mentioned because he is a good, trusting man; he did not acknowledge that the heart of his good friend could betray him. I could not believe it myself for a long while, nor would I ever have believed so if Lotario's gifts, great promises and constant tears had not been over the top. But why am I referring to all this? Does a wise man need advice? No, certainly not. Away, traitors! Come, vengeance! Let the liar approach and enter; let him die! So be it! I was pure when I married the man chosen by Heaven, and I will be pure when I leave him behind. I will be covered with my chaste blood and with the impure blood of the most insincere friend who ever lived.'

As she said this, she paced the room with the dagger unsheathed. Her disorderly gestures and movements suggested that she was out of her mind. She resembled a desperate ruffian, not a refined woman.

Anselmo watched her from behind the tapestries, where he was hiding. He was astonished. It seemed to him that what he had seen and heard substantiated his suspicions. He did not want Lotario to come now, for he had sensed that something unexpected might happen. He was about to come out and embrace his wife and tell her the whole story, but he stopped short when he saw Leonela returning, leading Lotario by the hand. As soon as Camila saw him, she drew a long line across the floor with the dagger and said:

'Lotario, listen to what I am saying: If you dare to cross this line, or even approach it, at the very moment I see you intend to do so, I will pierce my heart with the dagger I am holding. Before you speak, I want you to answer my questions. Then you will say whatever you like. Do you know Anselmo, my husband? What do you think of him? Do you know me? Don't worry; answer me. You must not think too much about what you will reply, for the questions are simple.'

Lotario was not an idiot. When Camila had told him to have Anselmo hide, he had discovered her purpose. Hence, he had astutely and promptly helped her to implement her plan, which had led the two of them to make the lie resemble the truest truth. So he replied to Camila in this fashion:

'Beautiful Camila, I did not think that you called me in order to ask me things so foreign to what brought me here. I don't know whether you are doing this to defer the promised help, but you should have postponed it longer, for the closer the hope of getting what one's want, the deeper the sadness. However, so that you may not be able to say that I have not answered your questions, I will tell you that your husband and I have known each other since we were children. You know that we are friends, which is why I will shut up; I don't want you to witness what love compels me to do: love is a credible excuse for mortal sins! Yes, I know you, and, like your husband, I hold you in high esteem. If it were not so, less constraints than those imposed by you on me would not lead me to abandon my convictions and violate the holy laws of true friendship because of love, which is a mighty enemy.'

'You dislike what deserves to be loved', replied Camila, 'you admit it and you dare to appear before the lady who is the mirror in which Anselmo beholds himself. Should you look in it, you would see that you have little reason to offend him. Woe is me! I now realize that you have been led astray by some frivolity on my part. I won't

call it dishonesty, since it was not deliberate. It was just carelessness: women do certain things when they think that they don't need to protect their chastity against certain men. Am I right? O traitor, when did I respond to your entreaties with any word or sign that might have led you to hope to satisfy your dirty desires? When were your amorous words not adamantly rejected? Did I ever believe your many promises or accepted your lavish gifts? Since I know that no one can remain lovelorn without a motivation, I want to blame myself for your impudence. I am convinced that my carelessness has encouraged your boldness, which is why I want to punish myself and pay the penalty for your mistake. So that you may see that I must be cruel to you because I am cruel to myself, I have brought you here to witness the sacrifice that I am about to make in order to repair the reputation of my honorable husband. You wronged him immensely; so did I, for I believe that I was unable to prevent you from misbehaving. I need to repeat that I am very upset because I don't know whether I have been careless or not. I must chastise myself, for if someone else punished me, more people could discover my sin. Before I kill myself, I want to take revenge on the man whose death will extinguish my ire. I am heading for a place where true justice will punish the one who ruined my life.'

She said this with incredible strength and speed. Then she attacked Lotario with the unsheathed dagger; she tried to stab him in the heart. He did not know whether she was serious or not. However, he managed to prevent her from stabbing him thanks to his strength and dexterity. She performed this strange scene with such energy that she even wanted to kill herself in order to make it more credible. Seeing that Lotario was too strong or pretending that he was, she said:

'Fate does not want to satisfy completely my legitimate desire; it will not be strong enough to prevent me from satisfying it in part.'

She struggled to free the hand that held the dagger from Lotario's grasp. She pointed it at a part of her body that could stand the blow. Then she plunged it into her left side, near the clavicle, and dropped to the ground as if she had fainted.

This horrified Leonela and Lotario. Covered in blood, Camila was lying on the floor, but they could not believe their eyes. Terrified and breathless, Lotario rushed over to her and pulled out the dagger. When he saw the small wound, he calmed down and, once again, marveled at the sagacity, prudence and extreme cleverness of the beautiful Camila. He took action and began to weep in front of her body, as if she were dead. He cursed not only himself but also the one who had ruined her life. Since he knew that his friend Anselmo was listening, he said things that would move people to feel much more pity for him than for Camila, who was a credible corpse!

Leonela took her mistress in her arms and laid her on the bed. She begged Lotario to fetch a person who would cure her injury discreetly. She also asked him what they would tell Anselmo if he returned before it was healed. He replied that they could say whatever they wanted because he was a bad counselor. He just told her to try to stop the bleeding. As for himself, he was going where no one would ever see him again. Pretending to be grief-stricken, he left the house. As soon as he was alone and out of sight, he began to cross himself: he was blown away by Camila's artistry and Leonela's appropriate responses. He thought that Anselmo could rest assured that his wife looked like Portia. He was longing to meet him in order to celebrate the most credible lie of all time.

Leonela stopped the bleeding, which was no more than what was necessary to deceive people. She washed the wound with a bit of wine and bandaged it the best she could. Meanwhile, she said words that could have led Anselmo to believe that Camila was a model of virtue.

Camila spoke too. She reproached herself for being a coward. She had lacked courage when she most needed it: when she was about to take her own life, which she abhorred. She asked her maid if she had to tell her beloved husband about what had happened. Leonela advised her against this because it would force him to revenge himself on Lotario, which would be dangerous. A good wife's behaviour had to be irreproachable; she had to prevent disputes with her husband.

Camila replied that this was a very good idea. Hence, she would follow her advice, but, first, they had to make up a story about the cause of this wound, for Anselmo would see it. The maid answered that she did not know how to lie.

'Well, sister', said Camila, 'I just want to say that I would not dare to lie if my life was not at stake. Since we cannot solve this problem, we'd rather tell him the truth than run the risk of being caught in the act.'

"Don't worry madam", said Leonela, 'I will think up something that we can tell him. The wound being where it is, you can cover it so that he may not see it. Heaven will agree with us since our intentions are just and honorable. You should calm down so that my master may not find you distressed. Just leave the rest to me and God, for He always helps the righteous.'

Anselmo had most attentively watched and listened to the tragedy that involved the death of his reputation. The performance had been so strange and flamboyant that the actors seemed to have been transformed into the fictitious characters they portrayed. He was waiting impatiently for the night to fall so that he might leave the house and go see his good friend Lotario. They would rejoice together at Camila's unquestioned virtue. The two women enabled him to leave. So he went in search of Lotario and found him. He embraced him affectionately, said that he was overjoyed and praised Camila, but Lotario listened to it all emotionlessly, for he remembered that his friend was impressionable and that he had wronged him. Anselmo noticed that Lotario was upset. He thought that it was because he had left Camila wounded and because he was the reason for the wound. So Anselmo told him, among other things, not to worry about what had happened to her: her wound was certainly superficial since she and Leonela had agreed to cover it. Hence, there was nothing to fear; from now on he could rejoice and celebrate with him because, thanks to him, he was in seventh heaven. He could spend time composing verses in praise of Camila; eternity would never forget her.

Lotario said that it was a good idea. He promised to help to erect so illustrious a monument. Anselmo was the most delightfully deceived man in the world: he was leading the man who had ruined his reputation into his house, for he believed that he was taking the hand of the cause of his good name. Camila received her husband's friend coldly, but she was happy to see him. This deception lasted a few months until Fortune spun its wheel; the deception that had been so artfully concealed was discovered and Anselmo's outrageous curiosity cost him his life."

CHAPTER XXXV.

The end of the story of the inquisitive, demanding man.

"Anselmo led a happy, carefree life because he knew that Camila was virtuous. The latter snubbed Lotario so that her husband might believe that she disliked him, but she adored him of course. In order to reinforce this impression, Lotario asked permission not to come to his friend's house anymore, since it was clear that his presence annoyed Camila. The deluded Anselmo told him that he would never grant it. He thought that this decision would make him happy, although it could ruin his reputation.

In the meantime, Leonela was happy to be more esteemed by her lover that her mistress, which led her to indulge her passion for men. She was confident that her mistress would hush up her love affair and even enable her to meet her lover discreetly. Finally, one night, Anselmo heard footsteps in her bedroom. He tried to enter to find out who was there, but the door was held against him, which intrigued him a lot. He pushed it violently, opened it, entered the room and saw a man jumping out of the window. He rushed to the window to catch him or see who he was, but Leonela prevented him from doing so, for she threw her arms around him and said to him:

'Calm down, sir. There's no need for you to follow the man who jumped out of the window; this is my business, for he is my husband.'

Anselmo did not believe her. His wrath impelled him to draw a dagger to stab Leonela. He assured her that he would kill her if she did not tell him the truth. She was so frightened that she did not know what she was saying; she stammered:

'Don't kill me, sir; I will tell you things that are more important than you can imagine.'

'Spit it out', said Anselmo, 'or else I will kill you.'

'I can't now', she replied. 'I am too worried. Wait until tomorrow. Then I will tell you something that will astonish you. You can rest assured that the man who jumped out of this window is a young man of this city who has promised to marry me.'

Anselmo calmed down. He consented to wait the period of time she asked. He did not think that people would gossip about Camila, for he was convinced that she was virtuous. So he went out of Leonela's bedroom and locked Leonela in it. He told her that she would not leave until he had heard what she had to tell him.

Then he met Camila in order to tell her what had happened and that her maid had promised to reveal some important things. Obviously, Camila was overcome by fear, for she rightly believed that Leonela would tell Anselmo everything she knew about her infidelity. She did not have the patience to wait and see if her suspicion was false or not. That very night, when she thought that Anselmo was asleep, she took her most expensive jewels and a bit of money; she discreetly exited from her house and headed for Lotario's. There she told him what had happened and begged him to protect her or go with her to some place where Anselmo would not find them. He was so overwhelmed that he could neither utter a word nor decide what to do.

At last, he resolved to take her to a convent headed by his sister. She agreed. So Lotario hurried to take her to the convent, and he left her there. Then he left the city and told nobody about his departure.

Anselmo got up at dawn and went to the place where he had left the maid. He was so eager to hear what Leonela had to tell him that he did not even notice that Camila was not beside him. He opened the door and entered the room, but Leonela was not there. He found some sheets knotted together; one end was attached to the window; it was clear that she had used them to escape. Upset, he returned to his bedroom to inform Camila of this. He was surprised not to find her in bed or anywhere in the house. He questioned the servants about her but no one could answer his questions. He scanned the place and chanced to see that her jewelry boxes were open; he noted that most of the gems were missing. He began to realize the nature of his misfortune, of which Leonela was not the cause. Sad and pensive, he did not finish dressing; he went to tell his friend Lotario about his misfortune. He did not find him; when his servants said that he had not been there all night long but had left the house with all the money that he had, he felt dizzy. Worst of all, when he returned to his house, he discovered that all the servants had gone.

He was panic-stricken, but, little by little, he regained his composure. He had lost his wife, friend and servants. Heaven had abandoned him. Moreover, he had a bad reputation now because he had lost Camila. After a long while, he resolved to go to the village where his friend lived and where he himself had been while this great misfortune was in the making. He locked the doors of his house, mounted his horse and set out unwillingly. He had gone barely halfway when, overwhelmed by his thoughts, he had to dismount. He tied the reins to a tree and, sighing mournfully, dropped to the ground. He stayed there until nightfall, when he saw a man on horseback riding toward him on the road to Florence. He greeted him and inquired about the news of the citizens. The man replied:

'The strangest news I have heard in many days concerns Lotario. It is whispered that the best friend of the rich Anselmo, who lived in the borough of San Giovanni, ran off last night with Camila, the wife of Anselmo, who likewise is missing. The information was disclosed by one of Camila's maids; last night, the mayor saw her climb down a rope made from sheets, hanging from a window of Anselmo's house. I don't know what really happened, but the news came as a complete surprise to everyone since the two men were close friends; people had even nicknamed them "the two friends".'

'Do you know by any chance', said Anselmo, 'where Lotario and Camila went?'

'No, I don't', said the citizen, 'although the mayor launched a big manhunt.'

'God bless you, sir', said Anselmo.

'God bless you too', responded the citizen as he rode away.

Because of those overwhelming news, Anselmo was on the verge of lunacy and death. He struggled to his feet and reached the house of his friend, who was still ignorant of his misfortune. When he saw that he was so pale, worn out and tense, his friend realized that something serious had happened. Anselmo asked permission to retire to a bedroom with writing materials. The man agreed to both requests, left him alone, which is what he wanted, and even closed the door. Solitude led him to acknowledge that his life was coming to an end. He resolved to explain his strange

death. So he started to write, but before he had finished putting down all that he wanted to say, he expired: he was murdered by the sorrow caused by his insatiable curiosity!

It was late and Anselmo had not appeared yet; the owner of the house decided to enter the room and inquire after his guest's health. He found him there, lying on his face, half of his body in the bed and the other half upon the writing desk. The paper with the writing on it was spread out in front of him; he still held the pen in his hand. The man called his name; he did not answer; he came over to him and grasped his hand: it was cold! He knew that his friend was dead. Surprised and devastated, he called his servants so that they might see what had happened to Anselmo. Finally, he read the paper, which was in the dead man's handwriting. It said:

'A foolish, inappropriate desire killed me. Should Camila know that I am dead, someone would have to tell her that I forgive her, for she had not to perform miracles, nor did I have the right to want her to be that virtuous. Thus, I ruined my reputation; it is useless to...'

Anselmo stopped in mid-sentence. It is clear that he died before he had finished what he had to say. On the following day, his friend informed Anselmo's parents of his death. They already knew of their son's misfortune and of the convent where Camila was almost on the verge of accompanying her husband on that inevitable journey, not because of her husband's death, but because of her lover's escape.

It was said that, although she was a widow, she did not want to leave the convent, nor did she want to become a nun. However, a few days later, she learned that Lotario had been killed in a battle between Monsieur de Lautrec and Gonzalo Fernández de Córdoba, the great captain, in the kingdom of Naples, where Anselmo's friend had gone in order to repent, which was a bit too late. When Camila learned of this, she took vows and died within a short while of sorrow and melancholy. The foolish beginning of this story had led to this unhappy ending. However..."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The fierce, extraordinary fight between Don Quixote
and some wineskins filled with red wine,
along with other unusual events that occurred in the inn.

"I like this story", said the priest, "but I cannot persuade myself that it is true. If it is invented, the author made up a surprising story, for nobody can imagine a husband so foolish as to conduct the costly experiment that Anselmo did. If it involved a lover and his lady friend, it would be plausible, but this cannot happen to a married couple. As for the manner in which it was told, I found it pleasing."

No sooner had the priest finished speaking than Sancho Panza exited from the garret where Don Quixote was sleeping. He shouted:

"Gentlemen, come quickly and help my master, for he is involved in the fiercest and most foolish battle I have ever seen. He has stabbed the giant, the enemy of Princess She-monkeymonkey. In fact, he has cut his head off, just like a turnip!"

“What are you saying, brother?”, asked the priest, who had stopped reading the book. “Sancho, your are an idiot! That’s impossible because the giant is two thousand leagues from here!”

All of a sudden, they heard a loud noise that was coming from the garret and Don Quixote shout:

“Hold it, thief, scoundrel, rioter! I have beheaded you: your scimitar is useless!”

He seemed to be slashing at the walls. Sancho said:

“Stop listening to the noise. Go in; separate them; help my master. In fact, that won’t be necessary, for I think that the giant is already dead; he must be confessing his sins to God. I myself saw the blood running all over the floor and his head cut off and lying on the ground; it was as big as a wineskin.”

“Noooooooo!”, exclaimed the innkeeper. “It’s my bet that Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has slashed at one of those wineskins full of red wine that are at the head of his bed. This good man has mistaken the wine for blood.”

He entered the room, followed by the others. Don Quixote was wearing the strangest outfit in the world. His shirt was not long enough in front to cover his thighs completely, and it was very short behind. His long thin hairy legs were a bit dirty. His head was covered with a greasy red nightcap that belonged to the innkeeper. He had wrapped the blanket from the bed around his left arm; Sancho had good reason to loathe it. He kept talking to himself; he held his unsheathed sword in his right hand and was slashing at the air in all directions as if he were really fighting with some giant. Best of all, his eyes were not open: he was sleeping and dreaming that he was struggling with the giant. The adventure in which he was involved was so exciting that it led him to believe that he had reached the kingdom of Monkeymonkey and was already fighting with his enemy the giant. He had slashed at the wineskins so many times that the room was covered in wine. The innkeeper saw this; he was so angry that he beat Don Quixote up. If Cardenio and the priest had not intervened, he would have ended the fight with the giant. However, they could not awaken the poor gentleman; the barber had to bring a large pot of cold water from the well and throw its contents over the knight, who then regained consciousness. Unfortunately, he remained as crazy as before: he could not realize what had happened.

Since he was almost naked, Dorotea did not want to come in and watch the fight between her champion and her adversary.

Sancho looked for the giant’s head everywhere on the floor. Since he did not find it, he said:

“I know that this house is under a spell. The other time, in this very room where I am now, I was given a beating although nobody delivered the blows! Now I can’t find that head, though I saw it cut off; the blood spurted from his body like water from a fountain.”

“You idiot, what blood and what fountain?”, cried the innkeeper. “You thief, can’t you see that the blood and fountain you are talking about are just pierced wineskins whose contents are flowing all over the room? I want the man who did this *swim in Hell*!”

“I don’t know him”, said Sancho, “but I know that my earldom will dissolve like salt in water if I don’t find that head.”

Sancho awake was worse than his master asleep because of the promises that Don Quixote had made. The squire's stupidity and the knight's wickedness discouraged the innkeeper. He swore that it would not be like the previous time, when they had left without paying. This time, the privileges of knighthood would be to no avail; they would have to pay for the stay and even for the plugs to patch the pierced wineskins.

The priest was holding Don Quixote's hands. The latter believed that the adventure was over and that he was facing Princess She-monkeymonkey. He kneeled in front of the priest and said:

"Great, famous princess, you can rest assured that this low-born creature won't bother you anymore. So I am released from my obligations to you since, with the help of Almighty God and thanks to the lady for whom I live and breathe, I have fulfilled my promise thoroughly."

"Didn't I tell you?", said Sancho when he heard this. "I was not drunk! My master has already salted that giant down! This is my lucky day: I am on the verge of becoming an earl!"

The master and his servant were ridiculous. They were all laughing except the innkeeper, who cursed his fate. At last, however, the barber, Cardenio and the priest managed to get Don Quixote back into bed. He at once fell asleep; he seemed exhausted. They left him sleeping and headed for the gateway of the inn in order to console Sancho Panza, for he had not found the giant's head. Then they strove to calm the landlord down, who was grieving over his dead wineskins. His wife shouted:

"I curse the moment I saw that knight-errant enter my house. I wish it did not happen, for it cost me dearly. The last time, it was the price of an overnight stay for two people, two meals and the straw and barley for a horse and an ass. He said that he was a titled adventurer; may God grant him and all the adventurers in this world nothing but misadventures! Hence, he did not have to pay anything, since this was written in the code of knight-errantry. Because of him, this other gentleman came here and took my oxtail away. He gave it back to me, but it was badly damaged: it had lost its hair. My husband cannot use it anymore. Worst of all, he pierced my wineskins and spilled my wine; I'd rather spill his blood instead! For Pete's sake, this time I will have him pay in cash since I am the proud daughter of my worthy parents!"

The innkeeper's wife said this and many other things angrily. She was assisted by Maritornes, her good maid. Her daughter was silent; she smiled from time to time. The priest calmed her down by promising to pay for the wineskins, the wine and the damage done to the oxtail, which they valued so highly.

Dorotea consoled Sancho Panza. She told him that as soon as it was established that his master had cut off the giant's head and she had peacefully recovered her kingdom, she would give him the best earldom. Sancho cheered up and assured the princess that he had seen the giant's head. Moreover, he added that the monster had a beard that came down to his waist. The head could not be found because the house was enchanted; he had noticed it the last time he had stayed there. Dorotea said that she believed this to be true. He had to relax because everything would be fine and turn out just as he wished.

The landlord, who was at the entrance to the inn, said:

"Here comes a fine lot of guests; I hope that they will stop here."

“Who are they?”, asked Cardenio.

“They are four men with lances and bucklers”, replied the innkeeper, “riding high in the saddle and short in the stirrup. They are wearing black masks. There is a woman clad in white; she is seated in an armchair. Her face is covered too. There are two servants on foot.”

“Are they very near?”, inquired the priest.

“They are so near”, said the innkeeper, “that they are arriving now.”

When Dorotea heard this, she covered her face. Cardenio rushed into Don Quixote’s bedroom. The persons whom the innkeeper had described entered the inn. The four horsemen, who were fit, dismounted. They helped the lady to alight. One of them took her in his arms and sat her on the chair that was beside the entrance to the room where Cardenio was hiding. During all this time, neither she nor her companions had removed their masks. They had not uttered a single word. When the woman had seated herself on the chair, she had heaved a deep sigh. She had let her arms drop to her side like a sick or weak woman. The two servants had taken the horses to the stables.

The clergyman saw this. He wanted to know who were the quiet people who dressed in this fashion. He went over to where the servants were and asked one of them what he wanted to know. The man responded:

“Upon my word, sir, I can’t tell you who these people are. For all I know, they are very important people, especially the one who, as you saw, took the lady in his arms. I say this because the others show him respect and do only what he orders.”

“And the lady, who is she?”, asked the priest.

“I don’t know that either”, responded the lad. “During the whole journey, I have not seen her face, but I have heard her sigh many times. Her moans make me believe that she is about to die. We don’t know more than this because my companion and I have been traveling with them for only two days. We met them on the road. They asked and persuaded us to go to Andalusia with them. They said that they would pay us very well.”

“Have you heard the name of one of them?”, the priest persisted.

“No, of course not”, responded the lad. “They all go along so silently that it is really amazing. You can hear nothing but the sighs and sobs of the poor lady, which saddens us. We feel certain that she is forced to go where she is going. I can infer from her clothes that she is a nun or that she is going to become one, which is more likely. I think that she does not want to become a nun because she seems so sad.”

“Maybe”, said the priest.

He left them and returned to where Dorotea was. She heard the veiled lady sigh. Natural compassion impelled her to approach her and say:

“Madam, what is troubling you? If it is a problem that women can solve, I can be of help to you.”

The poor woman did not utter a word. Although Dorotea kept offering to help her, she remained silent. The masked gentleman who was their leader, according to the servant, approached and said to Dorotea:

“Madam, there is no need to offer anything to this woman, for she is ungrateful. Do not seek to get an answer from her, unless you want to hear a lie.”

“I have never told a lie”, declared the one who up to that point had been silent. “In fact, I am in this hopeless situation because I have always told the truth. I want you to acknowledge that what I say is true. You are a liar; I am not!”

Cardenio heard these words as clearly and distinctly as if he had been standing beside the one who spoke them, for there was only the door of Don Quixote’s room between them. When he heard them, he shouted:

“Oh Lord! Who is talking? What is she saying?"

These shouts made the lady jump. She turned her head. Since she did not see the one who was shouting, she rose to her feet and headed toward the other room, but the gentleman stopped her; he did not allow her to take a step. She was so shocked that her veil fell down, revealing a beautiful visage. However, it was pale and exhibited symptoms of anxiety. Her eyes kept scanning the room. She looked like a lunatic. This strange behaviour saddened Dorotea and all the others who beheld her. The gentleman was holding her tightly by the shoulders, which prevented him from readjusting his mask. A moment later, it fell off. Dorotea had put her arms around the lady. She looked up. She saw that the gentleman who was also holding the lady was her husband, Don Fernando. No sooner had she recognized him than she let out a long, mournful ay! She fell backward in a faint. If the barber had not been there to catch her in his arms, she would have fallen to the floor.

Then the priest hurried to remove her veil and throw water on her face. As soon as Don Fernando saw her visage, for it was he who was holding the other woman in his arms, he recognized her. He turned pale. However, he did not release Luscinda, who was struggling to free herself from his grasp. She had recognized Cardenio’s voice and he had recognized hers. Cardenio had heard Dorotea’s ay when she had fallen down. He believed that it was Luscinda’s voice. So he had rushed out of the room because he was terrified. The first thing he had seen was Don Fernando with Luscinda in his arms. Don Fernando also recognized Cardenio. Luscinda, Cardenio and Dorotea were bewildered and speechless; they did not know what had happened.

Without uttering a word, they started to gaze at one another: Dorotea at Don Fernando, Don Fernando at Cardenio, Cardenio at Luscinda and Luscinda at Cardenio. Then Luscinda broke the silence. She spoke to Don Fernando in this manner:

“Don Fernando, let me go for the sake of what you owe to yourself, for you will not do so for any other reason. Allow me to be the ivy that clings to this wall: the framework that supports me in spite of your annoying alacrity, threats, promises and gifts. Note that Heaven has placed my true husband before me in an unusual, mysterious way. Thanks to a thousand costly experiences, you know that only death will make me forget him. I hope that this fact will compel you to turn love into wrath and willingness into spite so that you may kill me. If I die in the presence of my husband, I will gladly accept my fate. Perhaps my death will make him understand that I remained faithful to him until the very end.”

Dorotea, who had regained consciousness, had listened closely to what Luscinda had said. So she knew who the speaker was. Since Don Fernando had neither freed her nor responded to her arguments, she struggled to her feet in order to kneel in front of him. Shedding a great quantity of beautiful, pathetic tears, she began to speak to him in this manner:

"Your Lordship, if the sunbeams darkened by your arms blind you, you will nonetheless see that Dorotea is kneeling at your feet. She is unlucky and unfortunate, but you can remedy this situation. Kindness or pleasure impelled you to allow that humble peasant girl to take pride in becoming your lover. She was virtuous and happy until your alacrity and what appeared to be genuine love opened the gates of her shyness and took the keys to her freedom. You did not appreciate that gift, which led me to come here and find you in this situation. However, I don't want you to think that I am here because my reputation has been harmed. In fact, I can't stand the idea of being forgotten by you. You wanted me to be your lover; though you have changed your mind, you cannot stop being my paramour. You see, my love for you can compensate for the beauty and high status of your wife. You cannot be the lovely Luscinda's husband because you belong to me, and she cannot be your wife because Cardenio loves her. You see, it will be easier to agree to love a woman who adores you than to force a woman who hates you to love you. You fooled me and enticed me to disregard morality. You knew who I was and how I obeyed you. So you cannot say that you were deceived. What I have said is true. Besides, you are a Christian and a gentleman. So why do you delay making me as happy at the end as you did at the beginning? If you don't love me for what I am, namely your true, legitimate wife, at least keep loving me and allow me to become your slave, for I will consider myself lucky. Protect me; don't leave me. Don't allow the gossips to besmirch my reputation. Do not ruin the life of my ageing parents. They do not deserve such treatment, for they have always been faithful vassals. You may believe that my blood will soil yours when they mix, but almost all the aristocratic families in this world have taken this path. Note that it is not the woman's blood that counts in famous families. Moreover, true nobility is based on virtue. If you denied me what you rightly owe me, I would be more virtuous and nobler than you. In short, Your Lordship, whether you like it or not, I am your wife. Your own words are my witnesses. They cannot and must not be false, since you *value* a quality which leads you to *devalue* my nature. Your signature and God, Who witnessed what you promised me, will back my claim. Should there be no proof, your spectral conscience would remind you of the truth I have told you and haunt the places of your happiness."

The tearful, unfortunate Dorotea said this and other things with so much emotion that Don Fernando and all the others started to cry. Fernando listened to her. He did not say a word until she had finished speaking and had started to sob and heave so many sighs that a heart of bronze would have melted because of so much grief. Luscinda looked at her. She commiserated with her and was blown away by her intelligence and beauty. She would have approached her and said a few words of comfort if Don Fernando had released her; he was still holding her tightly in his arms. Confused and surprised, he stared at Dorotea for a long while. Then he opened his arms, let Luscinda go and said:

"You have won, beautiful Dorotea. You have won because I do not have the courage to deny so many truths."

Luscinda was weak. When Don Fernando released her, she almost fell. Cardenio was close to her; he was standing behind Don Fernando, for he did not want to get noticed. He plucked up courage to take her in his arms and say:

“Loyal, steadfast and beautiful lady, if merciful Heaven wants you to have a rest, the arms that are holding you will be the best refuge. They already sheltered you when fortune allowed me to love you.”

These words led Luscinda to gaze at Cardenio. She had recognized this voice and she recognized the man who had spoken when she saw him. The overjoyed girl forgot all about decorum: she threw her arms around his neck and laid her cheek against his. Then she said:

“Sir, though fate may oppose us and once again threaten the life which depends on yours, you are the true master of this captive.”

Don Fernando and all the bystanders were disconcerted by this unusual occurrence. It seemed to Dorotea that Fernando turned pale and made a gesture which proved that he wanted to revenge himself on Cardenio, for she saw him move his hand toward his sword. As soon as this thought crossed her mind, she hurried to throw her arms around his knees. She kissed them and held them so close that he could not move. Although she kept crying, she said to him:

“My sole refuge, what will this unforeseen situation lead you to do? Your wife is at your feet and the woman whom you want to marry is in her husband’s arms. Will you be able to undo what Heaven has done and benefit from this? Do you want to ennoble the woman who remained faithful and steadfast in spite of many obstacles? Look at her: her tears are dripping on the visage and chest of the man she loves and who is her true husband. In God’s name and for your own sake, I beseech you not to let this manifest disappointment inflame your ire. You must cool down so that you may serenely allow these two lovers to spend together the rest of the time that Heaven has allotted them. In this way, you will exhibit your generosity. Everybody will know that you are guided by reason, not by passion.”

As Dorotea was saying this, Cardenio held Luscinda in his arms, but he did not take his eyes off Don Fernando. In fact, if he saw him make any move in his direction, he would defend himself and attack as best he could all those who might assault him, even though it cost him his life. Don Fernando’s friends, the priest, the barber and all the others, including the worthy Sancho Panza, approached don Fernando and surrounded him. They implored him to take pity on Dorotea. Since they believed that what she had said was true, her legitimate hopes had to be fulfilled. He had to acknowledge that Heaven had gathered them together in a place where they would never have thought they would meet. The priest said that only death could make Luscinda and Cardenio part. Should they be killed by a sword, they would regard their death as a happy outcome. When the situation was hopeless, it was sensible to strain to be kind. He would allow the couple to enjoy the blessing which Heaven had conferred on them. He had to look at her closely in order to see that few if any could surpass or even equal her. Moreover, she was humble and worshiped him. Above all, since he was a gentleman and a Christian, he had to keep his word. By keeping it, he would obey God and please intelligent people; they know that when beauty and respectability unite, even the most humble woman can rise to any height without detriment to the man who raises her and enables her to equal him. One must not put the blame on the virtuous man who follows the powerful laws of passion.

The others added many pertinent arguments. They led Don Fernando’s valiant heart, which was fed by noble blood, to soften and accept them as valid, but he could

not reject the truth even if he had wished to. He bowed to Dorotea and embraced her, which proved that he had followed their good advice.

"Arise, madam", he said to her, "the woman whom I love must not kneel at my feet. Until now, I have not followed this rule, maybe because Heaven ordered it so in order that the feelings you have for me could lead me to respect you as you deserve. I hope that you will not reproach me for misbehaving. In fact, the reason and feeling that moved me to become your lover impelled me to refuse to become your husband. I want to prove this. So turn and look into the eyes of Luscinda, who is already happy. You will find the excuse for all my mistakes. Since I need you and she has found and obtained what she desired, I wish her a happy long life at Cardenio's side. I hope that Heaven will grant the same boon to Dorotea and me."

Having said this, he embraced her again. He tenderly laid his cheek against hers and tried to keep from crying, for he did not want the others to see that he loved her and repented. Luscinda, Cardenio and nearly all those present began to weep because they were happy or because they were happy to see happy people. It seemed as if some calamity had befallen them. Sancho Panza wept too, although he said afterward that it was because he had discovered that Dorotea was not, as he had thought, Queen She-monkeymonkey, from whom he expected so many gifts. It took them some time to regain their composure. Then Cardenio and Luscinda kneeled before Don Fernando. They thanked him so courteously for his kindness that he did not know how to respond. He helped them to get up and embraced them most graciously and affectionately.

Then he asked Dorotea why she had come to a place that was so far from her home. She briefly and clearly related what she had previously told to Cardenio. Don Fernando and his companions liked the story so much that they wanted it to last longer; she was a good storyteller. When she had finished, Fernando recounted what had happened to him in the city after he had found the letter in Luscinda's bodice, in which she declared that she was in love with Cardenio and could not become his wife. He said that he wanted to kill her and would have done so if her parents had not stopped him. Disgusted and abashed, he had left the house in order to avenge himself at a more convenient time. The next day he learned that Luscinda had left her parents' house; nobody knew where she had gone. After a few months he learned that she was in a convent. She wanted to remain there for the rest of her life since she could not be with Cardenio. When he learned of this, he asked those three gentlemen to accompany him to the place where she was. He had not spoken with her because the abbess would have tightened up security if he had met the former. So he waited for a day until the gate opened. He left two of them to guard the gate. He and the other one went in to look for Luscinda. They found her in the courtyard; she was talking to a nun. They caught her; she could not resist. Then they took her to a spot, near the wall, where they had hidden the implements they had to use in order to escape from there. They had not been disturbed by anybody because the convent was in the countryside, a good distance from town. He said that Luscinda fainted when she discovered that he had kidnapped her. She regained consciousness and did nothing but weep and sigh. She did not utter a single word. Hence, accompanied by mutism and tears, they reached this inn, which resembled paradise, where all the misadventures on earth conclude.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The continuation of the story
of the famous Princess She-monkeymonkey,
along with other amusing adventures.

These words saddened Sancho; he could give up all hope of getting a fief since the lovely Princess She-monkeymonkey had turned into Dorotea and the giant into Don Fernando. His master was sleeping peacefully; he was unaware of what was happening. As for Dorotea, she could not be sure that what she had gained was not a dream; Cardenio and Luscinda felt the same way. Don Fernando thanked Heaven for having extricated him from a serious situation; wasn't he on the verge of losing his good name and his soul? In short, all the people in the inn rejoiced at the fortunate outcome of so complicated and desperate an affair.

The priest, who was a wise man, put their achievements into perspective and congratulated them. The one who was the happiest of all was the innkeeper's wife because Cardenio and the priest had promised to reimburse her for all the damage and loss of income caused by Don Quixote. As I have said, Sancho alone was distressed, unfortunate and sad. So the dejected man went in to speak to his master, who had just awakened. He said:

"Lord Weepy Knight, you can continue sleeping since there is no need to kill any giant or give the kingdom back to the princess: it is done!"

"I believe you", replied Don Quixote, "for I defeated the giant. I think that I will never be involved in such a great, fierce battle again. I moved my sword backward and cut his head off, which fell to the ground. He bled so much that streams of blood flowed all over the earth like water."

"You should say like red wine", Sancho corrected him. "I must tell you that the dead giant is a pierced wineskin. You have mistaken the six arrobas of red wine it contained for blood. Bloody hell, the head you cut off is the whore who mothered me!"

"Stupid idiot, what are you saying?", retorted Don Quixote. "Are you in your right mind?"

"Get up, Your Lordship", said Sancho, "and look at what you have done. We will have to pay for it all. Look at the queen; she is a commoner whose name is Dorotea. Some other things will astonish you if you can perceive them."

"Nothing will astonish me", said Don Quixote. "The last time we were here I told you that all the things that happened in this place were spells. I guess that we are in the same situation now."

"I would have believed you", said Sancho, "if enchanted creatures had tossed me in the blanket, but it did not happen. I saw the landlord, who is here right now, grasp one end of the blanket and violently toss me up to the sky. He kept laughing. I'm only a simple man and a sinner, but I know that when one recognizes people, there's no enchantment, just a lot of bruises and bad luck."

"Well, then", said Don Quixote, "God will remedy everything. Give me my clothes. I want to go out to see what has happened."

Sancho gave him his clothes. While he was dressing, the priest informed Don Fernando and the others that the knight was mad. He told them that they had tricked him into leaving Peña Pobre; he thought that he was doing penance there for his lady's sake. He repeated almost all the adventures that Sancho had related, which astonished and amused them. They shared everybody's opinion: it was the weirdest kind of madness. The priest added that Dorotea's good fortune prevented them from playing the same trick. They had to invent another one so that they might take him home.

Cardenio said that they could continue what they had begun since Luscinda could play the part played by Dorotea.

"No", said Don Fernando, "that's impossible. I want Dorotea to continue portraying the same character. Since the village where this good gentleman lives is not far from here, I will escort him there so that he may receive treatment."

"It is no more than two days' journey from here", said the priest.

"Even if it were more, I would be glad to make it, for it is a worthy cause."

Don Quixote appeared. He was wearing his armor. Mambrino's dented helmet on his head and holding his buckler, he was leaning on his wooden lance. His long bony yellowish face, his mismatched weapons and his dignified bearing surprised Don Fernando and the others. They all remained silent: they expected that he would speak. Very calmly and gravely, he looked at the beautiful Dorotea and said:

"O lovely lady, my squire has informed me that you have been annihilated: your body has been vaporized! The great queen you once were has turned into an ordinary damsel. If the necromancer king, your father, ordered this because he feared that I would not help you, I would say that he does not know the rules of chivalry. If, as I did, he had spent much time reading them attentively, he would have discovered that other knights less famous than I had achieved more difficult tasks. After all, it is easy to kill a *small giant*, however insolent he may be. In fact, I was with him a few hours ago and… I am going to shut up because I don't want anybody to say that I am lying, but time, which brings all things to light, will disclose the information when we least expect it."

"You fought a battle with a couple of wineskins, not a giant", said the innkeeper.

Don Fernando ordered him to be quiet and not to interrupt, under any circumstances, Don Quixote. The knight then continued:

"Highborn, disinherited lady, if for the reason I have mentioned your father turned you into someone else, you would have to distrust him. My sword can vanquish any enemy and open any road. It will soon enable me to cut off your enemy's head and place the crown of your country on yours."

He paused and waited for the princess to answer him. Since Don Fernando wanted her to use the same trick until the knight had been brought home, she replied kindly and gravely:

"Valiant Weepy Knight, the person who told you that I turned into someone else did not tell you the truth: I am still the woman I used to be. It is true that I am a happier woman thanks to certain fortunate circumstances that have given me more than I could have wished for, but I have not ceased to be the person I was before: I still want to be protected by your *wrong* [strong] *dainty* [mighty] arm. Dear sir, don't blame the man who begot me. He is a wise, prudent man; science allowed him to remedy my misfortune. I feel certain that you could not have made me as happy as he. Those gentlemen can tell you that I am speaking the truth. So, we will set out tomorrow

morning because we could not travel very far today. God and your kindness will see to the other good outcomes."

This is what the clever girl said and what Don Quixote heard. He turned to his squire and said bitterly:

"*Little* Sancho, you are the greatest *little* rogue in all of Spain. You are just a *Thief-errant*, for, a moment ago, you told me that this princess had turned into a damsel named Dorotea, that the giant's head, which I am sure I cut off, was the whore who mothered you and that other stupid things happened. This troubled me; I was so devastated." He looked up and clenched his teeth. "I am going to revenge myself on you so that all the liars who serve knights-errant may stop talking nonsense!"

"Calm down, sir", said Sancho. "I am mistaken about the transformation of Princess She-monkeymonkey, but I am not mistaken about the giant's head – I mean the holes in the wineskins and the blood that was red wine. In fact, the pierced wineskins are still there, at the head of your bed, and the red wine has formed a lake in the room. You will acknowledge this when you fry the eggs – I mean when the landlord asks you to reimburse him for all the damage. As for the queen, I am happy to see that she is the same as she was before, for I will get what any person deserves."

"You are an idiot, Sancho", said Don Quixote. "So, shut up!"

"Yes, shut up", said Don Fernando, "and don't talk about this anymore. Since the Princess has said that we will set out tomorrow because it is too late today, we could spend the night conversing. Tomorrow we will all accompany lord Quixote because we want to witness the extraordinary exploits that he is to perform in the course of the great enterprise that he has undertaken."

"It is I who will serve and accompany you", replied Don Quixote. "I thank you very much for your help and the respect you have for me. I will show you that I deserve it, even if it costs me my life or more!"

Don Quixote and Don Fernando exchanged many courteous words and compliments. They all fell silent when a traveler entered the inn. His clothes indicated that he was a Christian who had just arrived from Muslim territories. He was wearing a short blue linen tunic with half-sleeves and without a collar. His breeches were of the same colour and material; he had a blue cap on his head. His boots were brown. A Moorish cutlass hung from a strap across his chest. Behind him, mounted on an ass, came a woman dressed like a Muslim girl. The veiled woman was wearing a small brocade cap and a cloak that covered her from her shoulders to her feet.

The man, who was a little more than forty years of age, was strong and handsome. His skin was a bit tanned. His long mustache and his beard had been well trimmed. In short, if he had been well dressed, he would have been regarded as a person of quality.

When he entered the inn, he asked for a room. They told him that there was none left. He seemed upset. He went up to the Moorish-looking woman and helped her to dismount. Luscinda, Dorotea, the landlady, her daughter and Maritornes gathered around her; they had never seen that kind of outfit before. The sweet, polite and intelligent Dorotea thought that she and the man who accompanied her were upset by the lack of accommodation.

“Madam, the lack of accommodation should not upset you”, she said, “for most inns don’t have many rooms, but you can share ours”. She pointed at Luscinda. “You probably won’t find an inn as good as this one elsewhere on the road.”

The veiled lady did not answer. She rose from the chair where she was sitting, crossed her hands on her bosom and bowed in order to thank them. They inferred from her silence that she was a Moor who couldn’t speak Spanish. The stranger, who had been attending to other matters, approached. He saw that she could not speak with the women who were standing around her. He said:

“Ladies, this damsel hardly understands my language. She speaks only her native tongue, which is why she cannot answer your questions.”

“We merely asked her if she wished to enjoy our company and share our lodgings tonight”, said Luscinda. “It’s a comfortable room. We feel morally compelled to help all strangers, especially women, when they need it.”

“Madam, on her behalf and on mine”, said the stranger, “I thank you for the offer. Considering that you seem to be a person of quality and that the situation is not great, your offer is a privilege.”

“Tell me, sir”, said Dorotea, “is this lady a Christian or a Muslim? Her outfit and her silence suggest that she is what we would rather she was not.”

“Her body and outfit are Muslim, but her soul is thoroughly Christian, for she does want to be one.”

“Was she baptized a Catholic?”, inquired Luscinda.

“She has not had the opportunity to be baptized yet”, replied the stranger. “Since we left Algiers, which is her homeland, there has been no temptation that would compel her to be baptized without knowing all the rites imposed by the Holy Mother Church. God willing, she will soon be baptized with the solemnity that befits her status, which is high, although our clothes do not indicate it.”

Those words intrigued them. They wanted to know who the stranger and the Muslim girl were, but no one dared to inquire about their identity, for it was time to rest; they would question them about their lives later on. Dorotea took the girl by the hand and led her to a seat that was next to hers. She asked her to remove her veil. The girl looked at the man, as if she wanted to know what they were saying and what she had to do. He told her in Arabic that she had asked her to remove her veil and that she could do so. She lifted it and revealed a breathtaking visage that led Dorotea and Luscinda to admit that she was more beautiful than them. Most bystanders agreed that her face equaled theirs; some of them thought that she was prettier. Since beauty can make people reunite and bring about goodwill, they all wanted to serve and please the pretty Muslim girl.

Don Fernando asked what her name was; the stranger replied that it was Lady Zoraida. As soon as she heard this, she understood what the Christian had asked. Hence, the distressed, charming girl said hastily:

“No, not Zoraida. Maria, Maria!”. So her name was Maria, not Zoraida.

These words and the profound earnestness with which the Muslim girl had said them touched some of them, especially the women, who are by nature kind and compassionate. Luscinda embraced her most affectionately and said:

“Yes, yes, Maria, Maria!”

The damsel replied:

"Yes, yes, Maria; Zoraida macange!"; a word that means no.

Night had fallen. Don Fernando's companions had entreated the landlord to prepare the best supper that he could. When it was time to eat, they all gathered around a refectory table, for there was neither a round table nor a square one in the inn. They gave Don Quixote the place of honor though he tried to refuse it. He wanted Princess She-monkeymonkey to sit next to him since he was her protector. Luscinda and Zoraida sat down, opposite Don Fernando and Cardenio. Then the stranger and the other gentlemen sat down. The priest and the barber were beside the ladies. So they ate and amused themselves, all the more so because the knight stopped eating and began to speak; a feeling that resembled the one he had experienced when he had had supper with the goatherds impelled him to say:

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, I just want to say that knights-errant see great, exceptional things. Should someone come through the gateway of the castle and see us as we are now, he would be speechless. Who would say that the lady at my side is the great queen whom wee all know and that I am the famous Weepy Knight? This profession or art does surpass all the others, for the more dangerous an occupation is, the more it must be respected. Those who say that literature is superior to warfare are liars. I should tell them, whoever they may be, that they talk nonsense. They usually say that what is produced by intelligence is better than what is produced by the body and that warfare is a physical activity that requires only strength, which means that a peasant can do that job. You know, a warrior requires intelligence to attack a fortress. He who leads an army or defend a city uses his mind as well as his body. Strength alone does not enable knights to divine the enemy's intentions, or his plans, or his stratagems, or the obstacles they will have to overcome; it cannot prevent damage either. All these things call for mental activity in which the body plays no part. Since warfare and literature involve intelligence, now we must figure out which mind is more active: the warrior's or the intellectual's? We will find the solution thanks to the aim of each: the more impressive the outcome, the nobler the goal! The aim of literature… I will not refer to Divinity, for its purpose is to lead souls to Heaven. This *endless end* cannot be equaled by any other. I want to speak of human knowledge; its purpose is to establish distributive justice, give each man what is his and keep the good laws. This goal is generous, lofty and praiseworthy, but the aim of warfare is grander since it deals with peace, which is the greatest blessing that men can wish for in this life. The first good news that mankind and the world received was brought by angels on the night that was our day, when they sang: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.' The great Master of Heaven and earth taught His disciples a greeting which they had to use when they entered any dwelling; it was: 'Peace be to this house.' He used to say to them: 'my peace I give unto you, peace I leave with you, peace be with you.' That very hand had given and left that precious jewel, a jewel without which there can be no blessing whatsoever either in Heaven or on the earth. Peace is the result of war, and war is synonymous with arms. Since this truth is more remarkable than the purpose of literature, let us turn our attention to the physical hardships of scholars and warriors in order to figure out which are greater."

Don Quixote's speech was so logical that those who listened to him at that moment could not take him for a madman. Since most of them were gentlemen who

were allowed to carry weapons, they listened attentively to what he said. So he went on:

"the students' main hardship is poverty, not because they are all poor, but because some of them are extremely poor. It is self-evident that they are unlucky, for he who is poor is unlucky! Poverty includes hunger, cold, nakedness and all of them combined. However, their poverty is not so great that they do not eat. In fact, they have dinner a bit later than usual and eat the leftovers of the rich. As they say, they hate to 'beg for food'. They always find a brazier or a fireplace. If it does not warm them, at least it lessens the cold. Finally, at night, they sleep beneath a roof. I don't want to go into details, such as their lack of shirts and shoes and their threadbare garments or indigestion when luck affords them a banquet. They take the rough, difficult path I have described; they stumble here, fall there, get up and fall once again, but they finally graduate. Many of them passed through these sandbanks, Scyllas and Charybdises, as if fortune had protected them. Many of them ruled the world from a chair; hunger turned into satiety, cold into comfort, nakedness into finery, straw mat into damask and fine linen. They were rewarded with all of this because they were virtuous. However, compared with the hardships of the warriors, theirs are minor, as I will tell you now."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The strange speech on warfare and literature
that Don Quixote delivered.

Don Quixote went on:

"I have begun with the student's poverty, but is the soldier richer? We will see that he is the poorest of the poor since he is dependent on his miserable pay, which comes late or never, or on whatever he can steal, which endangers him and his conscience. Sometimes he is so naked that a slashed doublet serves him as both uniform and shirt. In winter, when he is in the open air, his breath protects him against the inclement weather. Since his breath comes from an empty place, I am certain that it is cold, which is weird. He *can't wait to wait for* darkness to fall so that he may make up for all these discomforts in the bed that awaits him, which is never guilty of being too narrow unless he makes it so. He can measure out as many feet of earth as he desires; he can toss and turn as he wishes, for he will not wrinkle the sheets. Then comes the day and hour when he attends the graduation ceremony, which is a kind of battle. They place an academic cap made of lint upon his head in order to cure an injury inflicted by some bullet that may have passed through his temples, or an arm, or a leg. If this does not happen, if merciful Heaven keeps him safe and sound, he probably will be as poor as he was before. He will have to keep on fighting in order to win that war and prosper, but these miracles are rare. Gentlemen, do you know by how far those who have prospered in war fall short of those who have perished in it? You will certainly reply that one cannot compare these factors and that the number of dead cannot be counted while those who have lived and prospered amount to more than one hundred. Lawyers are luckier, for fees and bribes sustain them. Although the soldier's work is far harder, his reward is much smaller. One may respond that it is

easier to reward two thousand lawyers than thirty thousand soldiers, for the former can get the jobs that people like them deserve, whereas the latter depend on their master's wealth. This problem strengthens my argument. However, let us leave this aside, for it is a labyrinth from which it is difficult to escape, and return to the superiority of warfare over literature, a problem that, up to now, has not been settled, since both sides support different arguments. One that I have mentioned says that war requires literature, for it is regulated, regulations being a subject studied by scholars in universities. Laws require war because weapons protect republics, preserve kingdoms, defend cities, make highways safe and defeat pirates. If they did not exist, republics, countries, kingdoms, cities, roads and sea lanes would be subject to the oppression and confusion which war engenders as long as it lasts and is allowed to make use of its privileges and strength. It is self-evident that whatever costs most is more valuable. Time, loss of sleep, hunger, nakedness, headaches, indigestion and other things of this kind, some of which I have already mentioned, are situations that a student must handle if he wants to become a famous writer. If a man wants to become a good soldier, he must master the skills required of a student, but to much higher a degree because his life is always at stake. The fear of want and poverty that troubles a student cannot equal the soldier's fear when, standing guard outside a castle or in a watchtower, he hears the enemy dig a tunnel leading to the place where he stands and cannot leave his post or flee the danger that threatens him. All he can do is notify his captain of what is happening so that a counter-tunnel may be dug. Meanwhile, he must remain there, fearing and expecting that he will suddenly fly up to the clouds without wings or be compelled to plunge into the abyss. This seems to be a small danger, but nothing can equal or surpass this one: when two galleys collide in the middle of the ocean. The soldier clings to the forepeak; he faces as many despicable ministers of death as there are enemy cannons pointed at him; they almost touch his body. He knows that, at the first wrong move, he will visit the deep bosom of Neptune. However, his reputation and intrepid heart move him to become a clay pigeon and endeavor to walk on the narrow pole that is stuck in the enemy's ship. No sooner has he fallen to a place from where he won't be allowed to rise up before Judgment Day than another takes a step forward, which is edifying. If he, too, falls into the sea that is lying in ambush, another and yet another will follow; they will all die. They are the bravest of all! Back then, the terrifying fury of those diabolical artillery instruments did not exist; it was a happy time. I feel certain that the man who invented them is in Hell because of his diabolic devices, which allow an infamous, cowardly arm to kill a valiant knight. In the midst of a battle full of courageous hearts, an unseen bullet is fired at random by a man who probably fled because he was frightened by the flash of his bloody machine. In the blink of an eye, it terminates the thoughts and life of one who deserved to live almost forever. Hence, I am willing to admit that I shouldn't have taken up the profession of knight-errant in an age as detestable as the one we live in now. Although I am fearless, I am uncomfortable, for powder and lead may forbid me to become extremely famous thanks to the might of my arm and the edge of my sword. May Your kingdom come... Should I confront greater perils than the knights-errant of old ever did and achieve success, I would be more highly esteemed."

Don Quixote delivered this long speech while the others were having dinner. He forgot to eat, although Sancho reminded him several times that he had to eat first and

say what he had to say afterward. Those who listened to him felt sorry for him again: he seemed sane when he referred to ordinary subjects and crazy when he mentioned that accursed chivalric world. The priest told him that what he had said about warfare was right and that he agreed with him, although he had studied literature and was a university graduate.

When dinner was over, they cleared the table. While the landlady, her daughter and Maritornes prepared Don Quixote's garret so that the ladies, as had been decided, might spend the night there, Don Fernando asked the stranger to tell them the story of his life, which, judging from the hints he had dropped when he had arrived with Zoraida, would be unusual and interesting. The man replied that he would be glad to do as requested, though he feared that his story would not please them as much as he wished. However, he would comply with their request. The priest and the others thanked him and asked him to begin. He told them that those entreaties were not necessary, since a single order was efficient.

"So, gentlemen, pay attention. You are going to hear a true tale that compares favorably with the fictitious ones that are composed with such cunning craftsmanship."

As he said this, they all sat down and hushed. Seeing that they were quietly waiting to hear what he had to say, he began to speak in a calm, pleasant voice.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The stranger's life and adventures.

"My family comes from a village situated in the mountains of León. Although nature had been kinder and more generous than fortune, my father was regarded as a rich man by the villagers, who were poor. He would have been one if he had devoted himself to saving, but he was a compulsive spender. He was extravagant because he had been a soldier in his youth. You see, military life moves the stingy man to become generous and the generous man to become prodigal. Some soldiers are parsimonious, but they are as rare as monsters. My father was more than generous; he came near to prodigality, which is not a great situation for a married man whose children will bear his name and succeed him. He had three sons; they were old enough to work. Since he could not have control over his nature, he resolved to rid himself of the means and cause of his prodigality: he gave away his estate, without which Alexander himself would have seemed a stingy man. So, one day we were summoned to a room where he addressed us in the following manner:

'My sons, I love you because you are my children, but I have difficulty preserving your estate, which leads you to believe that I hate you! So that you may acknowledge that I love you as a father and do not want to harm you as if I were your stepfather, I have decided to do something that I have been thoroughly thinking about for a long time. You are old enough to be independent or, at least, work, which will bring you profit and honor when you are older. I'd like to divide my estate into four parts: I will give you three parts of the same amount and keep the fourth one so that I may lead a comfortable life until Heaven calls me. After each of you has had his share of the property, I'd like you to take up one of the positions that I will describe. I know a

Spanish proverb which is very true; they are all true, for they are short maxims that are drawn from long experience. This one says: "The Church, the sea, or the Royal Household". This means that whoever wants to be successful and rich must become a clergyman, or a merchant, or a civil servant. As they say: "Better a king's leftovers than a lord's delicacies." I tell you this because I want one of you to become a learned man, another to become a merchant and the last one to become a soldier, for it is difficult to get a job at court. Of course, war does not bring much wealth, but it brings fame. Within a week, I will give you your shares in cash. I won't defraud you of a single penny, as you will see. Tell me, then, if you want to follow my advice.'

"Since I was the oldest, he asked me to answer. I told him not to rid himself of his fortune; he could spend as much of it as he wished since we were young and able to earn our living. I ended up saying that I would do as he desired and become a soldier in order to serve God and my king. The second son suggested the same thing; he declared that he wished to go to the Indies and invest his share in commerce. The youngest one, who is the wisest according to me, said that he wanted to become a clergyman or go to Salamanca so that he might complete the studies he had begun. When we had finished choosing our professions, my father embraced us. He hurried to carry out this task and give each of us his share, which, if I'm not mistaken, amounted to three thousand ducats; an uncle of ours had purchased the estate and paid for it in cash in order to keep it in the family. On the same day, the three of us took leave of our beloved father. However, since I thought that it was unfair to deprive an old man of a big part of his fortune, I persuaded him to take two of my three thousand ducats: the remainder would be sufficient to purchase what a soldier needed. My two brothers followed my example: each gave him a thousand ducats. Hence, my father had four thousand ducats in cash plus the value of his portion of the estate, which more or less amounted to three thousand ducats; he did not want to sell it. Then, as I was saying, we said goodbye to our father and our uncle: it was moving. They entreated us to inform them, whenever it was possible, of our achievements or problems. We promised them that we would. When they had embraced and blessed us, one of us set off for Salamanca, another for Seville, while I headed for Alicante, where I learned that sailors were loading a Genoese ship with wool; it was about to depart for that city. It is now twenty-two years since I left my father's house. Though I have written a few letters, I have not heard from him or my brothers. Anyway, I ought to tell you briefly what happened to me in the course of this time. I embarked on that ship and arrived safely in Genoa. Then I went to Milan, where I bought weapons and a few accessories, for I wanted to find employment in Piedmont. I was already on my way to Alessandria della Paglia when I heard that the famous Duke of Alba was heading for Flanders. I changed my mind and enlisted in his regiment. I served him during his campaigns, witnessed the deaths of Lord Egmont and Lord Hoorne and rose to the rank of ensign under the command of a famous captain from Guadalajara named Diego de Urbina. After my arrival in Flanders, we learned that His Holiness Pope Pius V of happy memory had formed an alliance with Venice and Spain in order to fight our common enemy: the Turks. They had just conquered the famous island of Cyprus, which belonged to the Venetians. It was such a sad event and loss. The commanding general of this league was His Excellency Don John of Austria, half-brother of our good King Philip. The rumors about a war moved me to take part in the forthcoming campaign.

Although I supposed and almost felt certain that I would be promoted to captain very soon, I decided to quit and return to Italy. Thankfully, John of Austria had just arrived in Genoa; he had planned to go to Naples to join the Venetian fleet, as he subsequently did in Messina. Finally, I took part in that great battle. I had risen to the rank of captain of infantry, not because I deserved it, but because I was lucky. It was a happy day for the Christian nations since they realized that they had made a mistake: they believed that the Turks were invincible at sea! On that day, the Ottoman pride sank. The Christians who died were more fortunate than the ones who won and survived. I alone was unfortunate, for, instead of wearing a Roman naval crown, on the night that followed that famous day, I found myself with chains on my feet and manacles on my hands. In fact, El Uchalí, the king of Algiers, a bold, successful corsair, had attacked and captured the flagship of the Order of Malta; there were three survivors and they were badly wounded. The ship of Giovanni Andrea, on which I and my company had embarked, came to their rescue. I did what I had to do on such an occasion: I leaped on the deck of the enemy galley, which, by veering off from the attacking vessel, prevented my men from following me. Hence, I was alone and surrounded by our enemies. They were so numerous that I could not resist them: once I was covered with wounds, they captured me. As you know, gentlemen, El Uchalí and all his fleet escaped. I was his captive; I was a sad, captive man among lots of happy, free people, for, on that day, fifteen thousand Christian galley slaves who were on board the Turkish ships obtained the liberty they longed for. They took me to Constantinople, where the Grand Turk Selim made my master an admiral since he had carried out his duties; the courageous Muslim had won a singular trophy: the flag of the Order of Malta. The following year, in 1572, I was in Navarino, rowing in the flagship with the three lanterns. There I realized that the Catholics had missed an opportunity: capture the entire Turkish fleet in the harbor. In fact, all the sailors and soldiers were convinced that they would be attacked while in port. They had their clothing and sandals at the ready so that they might flee overland; they did not want to fight us because they feared our fleet. Heaven ordained otherwise, not because of our commander's fault or carelessness, but because Christendom had sinned: God wants us to live next to the executioners who will punish us. So, El Uchalí went to Modon, which is an island near Navarino. His men disembarked there. Then he had the entrance to the harbor fortified and remained there until John of Austria left. At one point of this journey, the galley called The Prey, whose captain was a son of the famous corsair Barbarossa, was captured by the She-Wolf, the flagship of the Neapolitan fleet, which was commanded by the thunderbolt of war, the protector of his men, the fortunate, never-defeated Don Álvaro de Bazán, the marquis of Santa Cruz. I must not omit to tell you how they captured *their prey*, I mean *The Prey*. Barbarossa's son was a cruel man who mistreated his captives. So, when the galley slaves saw the She-Wolf bearing down on them, they dropped their oars at the same time and seized the captain; he was on the gangway platform, shouting at them to row faster. They threw him from bench to bench, from poop to prow, biting him so many times that he *passed away* when he *passed* the mainmast. They had sent his soul to Hell because, as I have said, they hated him since he had mistreated them. Then we returned to Constantinople. The following year, in 1573, we learned that John of Austria had conquered Tunis, driven the Turks out of that kingdom and given it to Muley Hamet, which had led Muley Hamida, the

cruelest and bravest Moor in the world, to give up hope of returning to rule there. The Great Turk lamented this loss. Shrewdness, which is a family characteristic, impelled him to make peace with the Venetians, who desired it much more than he did. The following year, in 1574, he attacked the Goleta and the fort near Tunis which Don John had left unfinished. During all this time, I was at the oar; I thought that they would never let me go. At least I did not expect to be rescued, for I had decided not to inform my father of my misfortune. Finally, the Goleta and the fort fell, for there were seventy-five thousand Turkish soldiers and more than four hundred thousand Moors and Bedouins from the rest of Africa. There were many sappers and lots of implements: they could have buried their objectives under handfuls of earth. The Goleta, which had been regarded as an impregnable position, was the first to fall. The Catholic soldiers did their best to protect it, but their enemies made trenches easily, for the soil was sandy, and found water at a depth of 42 cm; the Turks did not find any at a depth of 166 cm! So, they piled up sandbags and built ramparts that overlooked the walls of the fort. They could shoot downhill: our troops could not defend the fort anymore. Most people believed that they shouldn't have locked themselves in the Goleta; they should have stayed where they had disembarked. Those who said this were inexperienced people. Actually, there were barely seven thousand soldiers in the Goleta and the fort: no matter how courageous they were, they were not numerous enough to withstand attacks from hordes of soldiers. It is impossible to defend a fort without reinforcements, especially when the troops are surrounded by lots of resolute men who know the terrain very well. It seemed to many, and to me as well, that Heaven helped Spain since He permitted the destruction of the workshop where wickedness was produced and sheltered, which was a kind of drain, of sponge, of moth that absorbed infinite amounts of money. It served no other purpose than to preserve the memory of its capture by the invulnerable Charles V, as if those stones were necessary to make us remember that victory, which is and will be eternal. The fort fell too, but the Turks had to take it bit by bit, for the soldiers who defended it fought so stoutly and bravely that they killed more than twenty-five thousand of the enemy in twenty-two assaults. The three hundred soldiers who survived were wounded, which shows that they were brave and tenacious and had defended the fortress with great diligence. A small fort or tower that stood in the middle of the lagoon, which was commanded by Don Juan Zanoguera, a famous gentleman and warrior from Valencia, also capitulated. They captured Don Pedro Puertocarrero, the general in charge of the Goleta. He had done all he could to defend his fort. He was deeply grieved by its loss and died of despair on the road to Constantinople, where he was being taken by his captors. They also captured Gabrio Cerbellón, the general in charge of the fort; this Milanese gentleman was a great engineer and a very courageous warrior. Many important men died in those forts. For instance, they killed Pagán de Oria, a knight of the Order of St. John, a generous man who was very kind to his brother, the famous Juan Andrea de Oria. Unfortunately, when he saw that the fort was lost, he asked some Bedouins to help him, and they killed him! They offered to take him, dressed as a Moor, to Tabarca, a small bay where the Genoese coral harvesters owned a house, but they cut off his head and took it to the commander of the Turkish fleet. As the Castilian saying goes: 'the treason pleases, but the traitor displeases.' It is said that the commander of the Turkish fleet ordered those who had brought him this present to be hanged because

they had slain that man. Among the Christians captured in the fort was one named Don Pedro de Aguilar, a native of some village in Andalusia. He had been an ensign and was deemed to be a competent, intelligent warrior. Most of all, he was a talented poet. I speak of him because fate had brought him to my galley and my bench: we were slaves to the same master. Before we left that port, this gentleman composed two sonnets which resembled epitaphs, one about the Goleta and the other about the fort. In fact, I'd like to recite them, for I know them by heart, and I think that you will appreciate them."

When the ex-prisoner mentioned Don Pedro de Aguilar's name, Don Fernando glanced at his companions: the three of them smiled. When he opened his mouth, one of them said:

"Before you proceed, could you tell us what happened to Don Pedro de Aguilar?"

"I know", replied the man, "that, at the end of the two years he spent in Constantinople, he disguised himself as an Albanian and escaped in the company of a Greek spy. I don't know whether he regained his liberty or not, but I believe he did, for, a year later, I saw the Greek man in Constantinople. However, I did not ask him what had happened to them during their journey."

"Nothing wrong", replied the gentleman. "Don Pedro is my brother. At this moment, he is in our village. He is healthy, rich and married: he has three children."

"We must thank God", said the ex-prisoner, "for His help because, in my opinion, there is no joy on earth that can equal that of regaining one's lost liberty."

"Moreover", replied the gentleman, "I know the sonnets my brother composed."

"Could you recite them?", asked the ex-prisoner. "I am certain that you can say them better than I."

''I'd be delighted", said the gentleman. He recited the poem about the Goleta as follows...

CHAPTER XL.

The continuation of the stranger's story.

Sonnet.

"These happy souls freed themselves from
Their mortal veils thanks to their exploits.
You flew from the earth
To the highest and best part of the sky.
Full of fury and respectable envy,
Your bodies exhibited their strength
And your alien blood stained
The sand and the nearby sea.
You were courageous,
But your arms were tired;
Although they died, it was they that were victorious.

You fell between the ramparts and your assailants.
You are becoming famous,
Which pleases God."

"That's the way I remember it", remarked the stranger.
"If I remember correctly", said the gentleman, "the one about the fort says:

Sonnet.

This barren landscape,
Which is covered with ruins,
Once released the holy souls of three thousand soldiers,
Who departed for a better place.
They exhibited the strength of their arms,
But their efforts were to no avail:
They were so exhausted that the few who survived
Were killed by the enemy's swords.
This piece of land is haunted
By a thousand bad memories,
For it has always been a battlefield.
However, its unkind heart has never seen
Such courageous souls and bodies
Go to Heaven."

The sonnets did not displease them. The ex-prisoner rejoiced at the news of his comrade. Then he went on with his story.

"Well, then", said he, "once the Goleta and the fort had been conquered, the Turks had the Goleta demolished; they did not have to destroy the fort, for it was in ruins. In order to do this more quickly and easily, they planted bombs in three places, but they were unable to blow up what appeared to be the weakest part, namely the old walls. However, the remains of the new fortifications built by The Little Friar were destroyed easily. Finally, the victorious fleet returned to Constantinople. A few months later, El Uchalí, my master, died. They called him 'Uchalí Fartax', which means renegade baldy in the Turkish tongue. In fact, he suffered from alopecia areata. The Turks are used to naming people after their defects or virtues because there are only four Turkish surnames, which, as I started to say, compels them to be named after a bodily defect or a moral quality. This Renegade Baldy rowed for fourteen years in the galleys, for he was a slave of the Great Lord. When he was more than thirty-four years of age, he became a renegade because a Turk slapped him while he was rowing. So, in order to take revenge on that man, he renounced his faith. He was so courageous that he did not have to resort to the underhanded means used by the Great Turk's favorites in order to be promoted. He became king of Algiers and, later, commander-in-chief of the navy, which is the third most important position in that empire. He came from Calabria and was a righteous man who treated his captives with great humanity. He had three thousand of them. After his death, they were divided, as stated in his will, between the Great Lord (who inherits property from the people who die and shares it with the

children left by the deceased) and his renegades. I was bestowed upon a Venetian renegade who had been captured by Uchalí when he was a ship's boy. His master was so fond of him that he favored him more than his other footmen. He became the cruelest renegade that was ever seen. His name was Azán Agá. He earned a lot of money and became king of Algiers. I accompanied him there from Constantinople and was rather happy to be so close to Spain. I did not want to contact anybody there in order to inform some people of my misfortunes; I just wished to see if I would be more fortunate in Algiers than I had been in Constantinople, where I had tried to escape in a thousand different ways. I thought that in Algiers I would find other means to achieve what I desired, for I had not given up hope of regaining my liberty. Each time I failed, I did not give up but regained my composure and began to hope again, though the situation was difficult. In this way, I managed to keep myself alive. I was locked in a prison or house, which the Turks call a cave. They detain their Christian captives there: those of the king, those who belong to certain private individuals and those who are labelled as merchandise, namely the captives who belong to the Council and serve the city in public works and other employment. The latter rarely regain their liberty because they have no individual master: should they have money, they could not purchase their liberation, since there is no one with whom to negotiate a deal. As I have said, some citizens bring their captives to these caves, especially when the debtors are about to pay their debts, for the prisoners can rest and be safe until the money arrives. As for the king's captives, they do not go out to work with the rest of the galley slaves unless the payment is delayed, in which case they are forced to work and write a letter to ask for the money. Like the others, they gather firewood, which is no small task. When they learned that I was a captain, they held me for ransom although I told them that I was not rich. Nonetheless, they put me with the noblemen and the people who awaited ransom. I was in chains, not to prevent me from escaping, but to show that I was held for ransom. Hence, I stayed in that cave along with many noblemen and personages who had been chosen to be held for ransom. Although hunger and nakedness bothered us sometimes and even most of the time, nothing bothered us as much as constantly hearing and seeing the harm inflicted by my master on the Christians, which was pure cruelty. Each day he hanged someone, impaled someone and cut off someone's ears. It was so purposeless that the Turks admitted that he did it automatically because his nature moved him to exterminate the entire human race. The only person who escaped unharmed was a Spanish soldier whose last name was Saavedra. Although he did things that will be remembered by those people for many years, all to regain his liberty, that man never beat him, or had him beaten, or scolded him. The least of the many things that Saavedra did led us to fear that he would be impaled; he himself feared it more than once. If I had the time, I would recount that soldier's exploits, which would interest and amaze you much more than my own story. Anyway, the windows of the house of a wealthy Muslim personage overlooked the courtyard of our prison. They resembled harem windows, which is usually the case in most Moorish houses. Moreover, they were covered with very thick tightly drawn blinds. One day, I and three companions were on the prison terrace, amusing ourselves by seeing how far we could jump with our chains on. We were alone; all the rest of the Christians had gone out to work. I chanced to look up and saw that, through one of those closed windows, a cane appeared; a piece of linen cloth was

attached to the end of it; it was moving as if it were signaling to us that we should come and take it. We looked at it; one of my companions drew near to the cane in order to see if it would drop or what would happen, but when he reached the spot, it was raised and moved from side to side, as if someone had been saying no by shaking the head. Then the Christian came back; at once it was lowered again and they moved it in the same manner as before. Another of my companions approached it and the same thing happened. A third man experienced the same thing. Seeing this, I wanted to try my luck. As soon as I positioned myself under the cane, it dropped from the window and fell at my feet. I hastened to untie the linen cloth and discovered ten cianiis, which are Moorish gold coins that do not contain a lot of gold, but each one is worth ten Spanish reales. Needless to say, I was delighted with this discovery. I also wondered why it had been given to us – to me, in fact; it was clear that the donor wanted to do me a favor since he had dropped the cane on me. I took the welcome money, broke the cane and went back to the terrace. I looked at the window and saw a snow-white hand open and close it very quickly. We deduced that a woman who lived in that house had given us this money in recompense. In order to express our gratitude to her, we bowed in the Moorish manner: we bent our heads, bowed from the waist and crossed our arms on our chests. A short while later, someone opened the same window, showed a small cross made of reeds and closed the window again. This confirmed us in our belief: a Christian woman, who had offered us that present, was detained in this house. However, the whiteness of her hand and the bracelets we saw made us change our minds. We believed that she was a renegade Christian, for such women are commonly taken as lawful wives by their masters. They are glad to do this since they esteem them more than their female compatriots. Our guesses led us astray; we kept looking at that window where the cane had appeared, which was a kind of Polestar to us. Two weeks went by and we did not see it again, or the hand, or any other signal. During that time, we strove to find out who lived in that house and if there was any renegade Christian woman in it. They told us nothing, except that the house belonged to a prominent, wealthy Moor named Agi Morato, a former governor of La Pata, which is a very important position. When we had given up hope of another shower of cianiis, we unexpectedly saw the cane appear again; this time, the knotted cloth was bigger. As on the previous occasion, the cave was empty. We followed the same procedure: the three men who had been with me the last time positioned themselves under the window, but the cane was dropped onto the ground only when I approached. I undid the knot and found forty Spanish gold escudos and a message written in Arabic; there was a large cross at the bottom of the letter. I kissed the cross, took the money and returned to the terrace. We all bowed. The hand appeared once more; I signaled to the invisible lady that we would read the message; she closed the window. We were pleased and bewildered by what had occurred. None of us understood Arabic; we burned to know what the message contained, but it would be difficult to find someone who could translate it into Spanish. Finally, I decided to put my trust in a renegade who was born in Murcia. He professed to be a good friend of mine. He had promised to hush up any secret that I might tell him. Actually, some renegades who intend to return to Christian countries carry testimonials signed by important captives in order to demonstrate that they are righteous men who have always treated Christians well and are eager to flee at the first opportunity. Some of

them are sincere; others use these testimonials dishonestly. When they commit depredations in Christian countries and are lost or captured, they show their affidavits and say that they contain their intentions, namely, to remain in a Christian country, which is why they have joined the Turkish fleet and raided this place. This trick allows them to avoid being ill-treated by their captors and other people. They are also given absolution. At the first opportunity, they return to Northern Africa to revert to their old habits. Other people make good use of these certificates and remain in Christian countries. One of these renegades was my friend. He had testimonials from all of us in which we stated that he was a very good Christian. If the Moors had found him with these papers, they would have burned him alive. I had learned that he was well versed in Arabic; he could not only speak it but also write it. So, before I told him everything, I asked him to translate the message into Spanish and told him that I had found it in a crack in the wall of my cell. He opened it and examined it for some little time, muttering to himself all the while. I asked him if he understood it. He assured me that he understood it very well. So that his translation might be as accurate as possible, we had to give him a quill and some ink. We gave him what he asked for. He translated the message step by step. When he had finished, he said:

'What is written here in Spanish is exactly what this Moorish letter contains. It is important to remember that Lela Marién means Our Lady the Virgin Mary.'

We read the paper; it said:

'When I was a little girl, my father had a female slave who taught me the Christian liturgy in my language; she also told me many things about Lela Marién. The Christian woman died. l know that she did not go to Hell but to the place where Allah dwells, for, afterward, I saw her twice and she told me to go to a Christian land to meet Lela Marién since she is very fond of me. I do not know how to go there. I have seen many Christians from this window; none but you has seemed to be a gentleman. I am young, beautiful and wealthy. Try to arrange our departure for that place, where you could marry me if you wish. If you don't, it will not upset me, for Lela Marién will find me a husband. I wrote this letter; don't allow everybody to read it; beware of the Moors, for they are insincere, which disappoints me. Keep this document secret: if my father discovered it, he would throw me into a well and cover me with stones. l will put a thread on the cane. Attach your reply to it. If nobody can write Arabic, wave your hand; Lela Marién will make me understand that there is a problem. May She, Allah and this cross protect you. I keep kissing it, for the female captive asked me to do so.'

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is *arguable* that these *arguments* astonished and pleased us. Our reaction led the renegade to realize that the paper had not been found by chance but had really been written to one of us. Hence, he asked us if his suspicions were true. He added that we could trust him and confide in him, for he would risk his life to set us free. As he said this, he unbuttoned his shirt and grasped a metal crucifix. He started to cry and swore on the God nailed to his cross and in whom he, though a wicked sinner, fully and faithfully believed, that he would be loyal to us and keep secret what we would tell him. He thought and could almost foresee that the lady who had written that message would enable him and all of us to regain our liberty. Thus, he could fulfill his dearest desire: become a member of the Holy Mother Church again, from which, like a rotten limb, he had been separated because he was an ignoramus and a sinner. The renegade was so tearful and repentant that we consented to tell him

the truth of the matter. So we told him everything and concealed nothing. We showed him the small window where the cane had appeared. He observed the house and announced his intention of trying to find out who lived in it. We also agreed that we had to reply to the Moorish damsel's letter. Since one of us could do this, the renegade at once wrote down the words that I dictated, which were the ones that I will tell you, for I remember all the important arguments and will never forget them. This was the reply that we sent to the Moorish lady:

'Madam, may the true Allah protect you and the blessed Marién, the true Mother of God, who has enticed you to go to the land where the Christians dwell because she is fond of you. Ask her to tell you how you can carry out her instructions; she will answer you because she is kind. I and the other Christians who are with me ask you to do your best and even risk your life to help us. Inform me of your decisions by means of letters; I will always reply, for the great Allah has given us a Christian captive who knows how to read and write your language, as you can infer from this message. So feel free to send us messages. Since I am a good Christian, I promise that I will marry you when you reach a Christian country. You know that Christians keep their promises better than Moors. Madam, may Allah and Marién, His Mother, protect you.'

Having written and folded this letter, I waited two days until the cave was as empty as usual. Then I went to my accustomed place on the terrace to see if the cane would appear, which it did very shortly. As soon as I saw it, although I could not see who was holding it, I raised the paper so that she might understand that she had to attach the thread, but she already had. I tied the paper to it. Shortly afterwards, our star appeared again with the white purse of peace! It fell at my feet. I picked it up and found all sorts of gold and silver coins, more than fifty escudos, which filled us with joy *fifty times multiplied by two* and strengthened our hope of regaining our liberty. That same night our renegade came back and told us that he had learned that the man who lived in this house was Agi Morato, a Moor of whom we had already heard. He was extremely wealthy and had one daughter who would inherit his property. Everybody thought that she was the most beautiful woman in Northern Africa. Many viceroys had asked for her hand in marriage, but she had refused. He had also learned that she had had a female slave who was a Christian and who had died: what was written in her letter was confirmed. Then we asked the renegade how we could rescue her and flee to Christian lands. Finally, we agreed to wait for a second message from Zoraida, which was the name of the woman who wanted to be called María. We knew that she alone would enable us to fix our problems. Then the renegade told us not to worry, for he would risk his life to set us free. The cave was full of people for four days, which is why the cane did not appear. When the place was empty, it appeared again: the piece of fabric was so *pregnant* that it announced a fine *delivery*. The cane came down to me. I found a letter and a hundred gold escudos in the purse, but no other kind of currency. The renegade was present; we asked him to read it to us; he translated it as follows:

'Sir, I do not know how we will go to Spain; Lela Marién has not told me, although I have asked her. However, I can give you many gold coins through this window so that one of you may ransom himself, go to a Christian country, purchase a boat and return to rescue the others. You will find me in my father's garden, which is at the Babazón gate, by the seashore. I must remain there with my father and my

servants all the summer. At night you will take me from there to the boat effortlessly. Remember that you must marry me. Should you fail in your duty, I would ask Mary to punish you. If you distrust everybody, ransom yourself and go; I know that you are more likely to return than any other, for you are a gentleman and a Christian. Try to know where the garden is. When I see you on the terrace, I will know that the cave is empty and will give you much money. God bless you, my lord.'

Such were the contents of the second letter. They all listened to him and offered to be the one who would be ransomed. They promised to go and return quickly. I made the same offer. The renegade opposed us. He said that he wanted all of us to regain our liberty at the same moment because experience had taught him that ex-prisoners rarely kept the promises they had made in captivity. Some important captives had often had recourse to this expedient and had ransomed one of them so that he might go to Valencia or Mallorca with enough money to fit out a boat and return to rescue them, but he had never come back, for, according to him, liberty and the fear of losing it again led them to forget all their commitments. In order to substantiate this statement, he briefly recounted what had recently happened to some Christian gentlemen, one of the strangest cases that had ever occurred in that place where the most astonishing things happen every day. In fact, he told us that we had to give him the ransom money so that he might buy a boat in Algiers and make people believe that he was a merchant who traded in Tetuan and along the coast. Being the owner of that boat, it would be easy for him to plot to get all of us out of the cave and on board, all the more so because the Moorish lady, as she said, was to ransom us. Since we would be free, it would be very easy for us to embark, even at midday, but there would be a great obstacle: the Moors do not permit any renegade to buy or own a boat unless it is a vessel used to fight the pirates. They fear that if he purchases a small boat, especially if he is a Spaniard, he will flee to a Christian country. Our friend would overcome this problem by becoming the partner of a Muslim who would have lived in Northern Spain [Tagarino]; they would buy the boat and share the profits. This trick would allow him to become the captain of the ship, which would facilitate his action. It seemed to me and to my comrades that it would have been better to buy the boat in Mallorca, as the Moorish lady had suggested, but we did not dare to contradict him. We feared that if we did not obey him, he would denounce us, disclose our deal with Zoraida — we would have risked our lives to save her — and endanger us. We accordingly determined to place our trust in God and the renegade and told Zoraida that we would follow her advice since it was as good as if it had been given by Lela Marién herself. Now she had to decide whether to postpone the expedition or not. I repeated that I would marry her. On the following day, the cave was empty. Using the cane and the purse several times, she gave us two thousand gold escudos and a letter in which she informed us that on the next Jumá, which means Friday, she would go to her father's garden. Hence, before she left, she would give us more money. If it was not enough, we would have to tell her; she would give us as much money as we asked for since she had all the keys; her father was so wealthy that he would not miss it. Then we gave fifteen hundred escudos to the renegade so that he might buy the boat. I gave eight hundred escudos to a merchant from Valencia who was in Algiers at the time; he promised the king that he would ransom me when the next boat arrived from Valencia. If he paid on the spot, the king would suspect that the funds had been in Algiers for some time and

that the merchant had kept it to speculate. My master was so persnickety that I did not dare to pay him immediately. On the Thursday before the Friday when the beautiful Zoraida had to go to her father's garden, she gave us another thousand escudos and advised us of her departure. She asked me to meet her in this garden after I had been ransomed. I briefly responded that I would do so and urged her to ask for Lela Marién's help by means of all the prayers that the slave woman had taught her. Then we arranged for three companions to be ransomed in order to facilitate our departure. In fact, if I were the only man released, although there was enough money to ransom my companions, they would get angry and the Devil would order them to harm Zoraida. Their status made me feel less anxious, but I did not want to endanger the undertaking. So I had them released in the same manner: I gave all the money to the merchant so that he might stand surety for us. I had not told him our secret because it was too dangerous."

CHAPTER XLI.

Further continuation of the stranger's story.

"Before two weeks had elapsed, our renegade bought a good boat with room for more than thirty persons. To secure the expedition and render it credible, he journeyed to a place called Sargel, some thirty leagues from Algiers in the direction of Oran, where merchants trade large quantities of dried figs. He did this two or three times, accompanied by the Tagarino I have mentioned. The Moors call the Muslims from Aragon Tagarinos and the ones from Granada Mudéjares; in the kingdom of Fez, the Mudéjares are called Elches; they serve as soldiers and the kind chiefly employs them in wartime. Each time the renegade passed by in his boat, he anchored it in a cove that was located not two crossbow shots from the estate where Zoraida was waiting. He purposefully halted there and joined the young Muslims who served as rowers, either to pray or to rehearse what he would perform in earnest later on. He used to go to Zoraida's garden to ask for fruit; her father would give it to him, although he did not know him. As he later told me, he would have liked to talk to Zoraida in order to tell her that I had asked him to take her to a Christian country, where she would be safe and happy. This was impossible because Moorish ladies do not meet Moorish or Turkish men unless their husbands or fathers ask them to do so. However, they are allowed to communicate with Christian captives, which is a bit shocking. I would have felt upset if he had spoken to her, for she might have hated to see renegades discuss her plan, but God forbade him to fulfill his laudable desire. However, he could safely go to Sargel, return and anchor his ship where and when he wished. The Tagarino, his friend, obeyed his instructions to the letter. I had been ransomed. Now he needed to find a few Christian rowers. So he told me to choose some that I might bring with me in addition to those who had been ransomed and to get ready for the following Friday, which was the date he had set for our departure. I accordingly spoke to twelve Spaniards who were strong rowers and who could manage to leave the city. It was difficult to find so many men since there were twenty ships at sea: they had taken all the available oarsmen. I would not have found them if their master had not decided to remain at home that summer so that he might finish building a small

galley that was in the shipyard. I just told these men separately that on the next Friday afternoon they had to steal away one by one and wait for me near Agi Morato's garden. If they saw other Christians, they would have to tell them that I had ordered them to wait there. Having finished this, I still had something more important to do: inform Zoraida of the progress we had made so that she might stay alert. Hence, she would not be surprised if we suddenly attacked, although the Christian boat would not have had time to return. I therefore resolved to go to the garden and see if I could speak to her. One day before my departure, I went there and pretended that I wanted to gather herbs. The first person I met was her father. He addressed me in the language used between captives and Moors throughout Northern Africa and even in Constantinople. It is neither Moorish, nor Castilian, nor the tongue of any other nation, but a mixture of all of them that allows us to understand one another. He used this language to asked me who I was and what I was doing in his garden. I replied that I was Arnaúte Mamí's slave, for I was absolutely certain that Arnaúte Mamí was a very great friend of his; I was looking for different sorts of leaves to prepare a salad. Then he asked me if I was held for ransom and how much my master was asking for me. As we were conversing, the lovely Zoraida exited from the house. She had not seen me in a long time. Since Moorish women, as I have said, are willing to communicate with Christians, she headed toward the spot where her father and I were conversing. In fact, when her father saw her draw near to that spot, he beckoned her over. I can hardly describe Zoraida's beautiful, elegant and expensive outfit. I just want to say that more pearls hung from her lovely throat, her ears and her hair than she has hairs on her head. Around her ankles, which, as is the custom, were bare, she wore two carcajes (the Moorish name for bracelets for the ankles) made of 24-carat gold. They were encrusted with so many diamonds that, as she told me later, her father had valued them at ten thousand doblas. The ones on her wrists were worth the same amount. She was covered with lots of fine pearls, for Moorish women show off by means of adornments made of fine pearls or even low-quality ones. Hence, the Moors have more pearls of one kind or another than any other nation. As for Zoraida's father, it was rumoured that he possessed many of the best pearls in Algiers and more than two hundred thousand Spanish escudos. My betrothed would inherit this wealth. She is still good-looking today in spite of the cruelties of life, which can enable you to imagine how beautiful she was then, when she wore all those jewels. It is well-known that the beauty of some women has its days and seasons and decreases or increases according to accidental factors. Passions make women look pretty or less pretty, but, most of the time, they make them look very ugly. At that moment, it seemed to me that she was extremely elegant and pretty; she was the most beautiful women that I had ever seen. Considering my obligations to her, I believed that she was a heavenly goddess who had descended to earth to please and help me. As she approached us, her father told her in their language that I was the prisoner of his friend Arnaúte Mamí and that I had come to gather salad leaves. She started to speak in the mixture of tongues I have described and asked me if I was a gentleman and why I had not been ransomed. I replied that I already had been and that the price paid proved that my master greatly esteemed me: I had paid one thousand five hundred zoltanís. She answered:

‘In truth, should you be my father’s slave, I would not permit him to let you go for thrice as much, for you Christians always lie and pretend to be poor in order to fool the Moors.’

‘Maybe’, said I, ‘but I have not deceived my master. I am honest and will remain so.’

‘And when will you leave?’, asked Zoraida.

‘Tomorrow, I suppose: a ship from France sets sail tomorrow. I think that I will embark on it.’

‘Would it not be better to wait for one from Spain, for the French are not your friends?’

‘A ship from Spain may arrive soon. I could wait for it, but I’d rather leave tomorrow because I’m longing to see my country and my loved ones. I am too excited to wait for another opportunity, even if it is a better one.’

‘I guess that you are married, which is why you want to return to Spain.’

‘No, I am not, but I have promised to marry as soon as I return.’

‘Is your betrothed beautiful?’

‘To tell you the truth, she is so beautiful that she resembles you.’

Her father laughed and said:

‘Gosh, she must be beautiful if she looks like my daughter, for she is the most beautiful woman in this realm. If you doubt it, look at her closely. You will see that I am telling you the truth.’

Zoraida’s father translated almost all our words because he knew Castilian. She spoke the patois that, as I have said, is used there, but she expressed herself by signs rather than by words. As we were conversing, a Moor rushed over to us and said in a loud voice that four Turks had jumped over the fence of the garden and were picking the fruit although it was not ripe. Both the old man and Zoraida were alarmed at this because most Moorish people fear the Turks, especially the Turkish soldiers, for they treat their Moorish subjects more haughtily and cruelly than if they were their slaves. Zoraida’s father then said to her:

‘Daughter, retire to the house and lock yourself in while I speak to these dogs. Christian boy, gather your herbs and flee. May Allah bring you safely to your country.’

I bowed; he began to look for the Turks; I was alone with Zoraida. She started to walk very slowly toward the house, as her father had commanded her. No sooner had he disappeared among the garden trees than the tearful lady turned to me and said:

'Ámexi, Christian, ámexi?’, which means: are you leaving, Christian, are you leaving?

I answered her:

‘Yes, madam, but I bring you with me. Wait for me until next Jumá. Don’t be surprised when you see us; we will take you to a Christian country.’

I said this in such a way that she understood everything very well. She laid her arm around my neck and began to walk toward the house with faltering steps. As luck would have it — we would have had bad luck if Heaven had not ordered it otherwise — as we were going along in this manner, her father, who had just expelled the Turks, beheld us. We knew that he had seen us. Zoraida, who was a smart girl, did not remove her arm. Instead, she clung to me more than ever and laid her head upon my chest, swaying at the knees a little, which showed that she had fainted and that I was holding

her against my will. The old man ran over to us and, seeing his daughter in that condition, he asked her what was wrong. Since she did not answer, he said:

'I feel certain that those dogs' arrival made her faint.'

He took her off my chest and laid her on his. Her eyes were still wet. She sighed deeply and said:

'Ámexi, Christian, ámexi: leave, Christian, leave.'

'Daughter', her father said, 'there is no need for the Christian to go: he has done you no harm and the Turks have left. Calm down; nobody is going to harm you, for I asked the Turks to go and they left the way they came in.'

'Sir, as you have said', I said to him, 'they frightened her. I don't want to annoy her: I am going to go because she wants me to do so. If I needed to gather herbs, I hope that you would permit me to return to this garden, for my master says that the best salad leaves grow here.'

'I permit you to come and gather all the leaves you need', replied Agi Morato. 'My daughter did not say that because you or any other Christian annoyed her. Instead of saying that the Turks had to go, she said that you had to go. Perhaps she thought that it was time for you to gather salad leaves.'

I took leave of them both. She seemed disheartened. She went away with her father. I was supposed to gather salad leaves, but I preferred to examine the garden: the entrances, the exits, the house's fortifications and the things that would facilitate our plan. Then I returned to the harbor and told the renegade and my companions what had happened. I longed for the peaceful moment when I would enjoy the boon which fate had bestowed upon me in the person of the beautiful Zoraida. Time went by and the day we longed for arrived. We followed the procedure which, after careful consideration and long discussion, we had decided upon and achieved success, which is what we wanted. In fact, on the Friday that followed the day on which I spoke to Zoraida in the garden, at nightfall, our renegade anchored his boat almost directly opposite the house where she was. The Christians rowers had been told to hide themselves in various places in this area and to wait for me. They were excited and anxious to attack the vessel which they were looking at, for they did not know the whys and wherefores of the renegade's arrangement. They believed that they would have to kill the Moors on board to gain their freedom. As soon as I and my companions appeared, they saw us and approached. The gates of the city were already closed; the place was empty. We gathered and wondered if we would rescue Zoraida first or subdue the Moorish salaried oarsmen; we were a bit confused. The renegade arrived and asked us why we did not take action, for the time had come; all his Moors were resting and most of them were asleep. We told him why we were hesitating. He said that the most important thing was to capture the vessel first, which could be done very easily and safely. Then we could rescue Zoraida. We all agreed with him. So, without waiting any longer, we followed him and reached the vessel. He jumped aboard first, drew his cutlass and said in Moorish:

'Don't move, or else I will kill you!'

All the Christian attackers were aboard. The Moors, who were not courageous, took fright at the sound of their captain's voice. They did not dare to take their weapons. In fact, they had very few, if any at all. Without uttering a word, they let themselves be manacled by the Christians, which they did very quickly. They said that

the Moors would be slaughtered if they screamed for help. Half our men stayed aboard to guard them. The rest of us followed the renegade again and went to Agi Morato's garden. Fortunately, the gate opened as easily as if it had never been locked. We quietly reached the house; nobody noticed us. The beautiful Zoraida was waiting for us at a window. As soon as she saw us, she asked in a low voice if we were Nizarani, that is to say Christians. I replied that we were and that she should come down. When she recognized me, she rushed downstairs without uttering a word and opened the door. Her dress was so beautiful and sumptuous that no word can describe its splendor. As soon as I saw her, I took one of her hands and began to kiss it. The renegade and my two comrades did the same. The others, who were ignorant of the matter, copied what we did; it seemed to them that we were thanking the lady who had enabled us to escape. The renegade asked in Moorish if her father was in the house. She replied that he was here and that he was sleeping.

'We will have to wake him', said he, 'because we must take him with us along with the valuables that are in this beautiful summer residence.'

'No', she answered; 'there's no need to wake my father. In this house, there are no valuables except what I bring with me. There is enough money to make you all rich and happy. Wait a moment and you will see.'

She went back into the house, saying that she would return at once. She entreated us to remain silent. I thereupon asked the renegade what had happened. When he told me, I ordered him to obey Zoraida. Then she reappeared, holding a small coffer filled with so many gold coins that she could hardly carry it. Unfortunately, her father awoke. He heard the noise in the garden, looked out of the window and saw that all the men were Christians. So he began to yell in Arabic:

'Christians! Christians! Thieves! Thieves!'

These yells frightened and bewildered us. The renegade knew that we were in danger. He did not want the authorities to discover the deception. So, accompanied by some of us, he rushed to the place where Agi Morato was. As for me, I did not dare to abandon the fearful Zoraida, for she had fainted into my arms. In short, they handled the situation and immediately brought Agi Morato with them. They had tied his hands together and gagged him so that he might not speak; should he venture to speak, they would kill him. When his daughter saw him, she put her hands over her eyes. Her father was horrified; he did not know that she was the mastermind behind this trick. We had to hurry up. So we boarded the ship hastily. Those who had remained on board in order to wait for us feared for our lives.

On that night, two hours elapsed; we were all on board. They untied Agi Morato's hands and removed the gag. The renegade repeated that he had to remain silent, or else they would kill him. When the old man beheld his daughter, he began to sigh mournfully, all the more so because I was embracing her; she did not struggle, or protest, or try to escape my grip; she was still. He remained silent because he did not want them to carry out the renegade's many threats. We were about to put the oars into the water. She noticed that the hands of her father and of the other Moors were tied together. She begged the renegade to ask me to release the prisoners, especially her father, for she'd rather cast herself into the sea than see the father who loved her so dearly be enslaved because of her. The renegade told me what she had said. I declared that I was willing to comply, but he added that it was a bad idea. In fact, if we

freed them, they would alert all the inhabitants of the city, which would lead some of them to board some light frigates and pursue us, which would prevent us from escaping. However, we could free them when we reached the first Christian country. We all agreed to this. We explained the matter to Zoraida and why we could not carry out her instructions; she also agreed with us. Then our brave rowers picked up their oars silently, cheerfully and hastily. We begged for God's help and started to row the boat toward Mallorca, which is the nearest Christian territory. However, the land-wind was blowing a little and the sea was a bit rough; we could not follow the route to Mallorca; we had to follow the coast in the direction of Oran. We feared that we would be discovered when we passed by Sargel, which is about seventy miles from Algiers. We also feared that we might come across one of the galliots that commonly carry merchandise from Tetuan along that route, although we assumed that if it was not a destroyer, we would not be captured. We could even capture it and complete our journey more safely. As we were sailing along, Zoraida buried her face in my hands in order not to see her father. I could hear her asking Lela Marién to help us. We had gone some thirty miles when darkness fell. We found ourselves at a distance of three musket shots off land. The shore was deserted; nobody could surprise us. Nevertheless, we rowed the boat toward the open sea, which was somewhat calmer. When we were about two leagues from the coast, the captain ordered us to take turns to row the boat so that we might nosh; the ship was full of food. The oarsmen said it was not yet time for them to have a rest. The others could eat. As for them, they did not want to stop rowing. This is what we did. Then a strong wind began to blow, which forced us to hoist the sails, stop rowing and head for Oran, which was the only option. All this was done very quickly. The boat traveled at more than eight miles per hour. We felt relaxed but we feared that we might come across a destroyer. We gave the Moorish rowers some food and the renegade encouraged them, telling them that they were not captives: they would be released at the first opportunity. He said the same to Zoraida's father, who replied:

'Christians, your generosity and good arguments lead me to believe you. However, I am not an idiot: I know that you won't release me. In fact, you would never have run the risk of depriving me of my liberty only to give it back to me so generously, all the more so because you know who I am and that you will earn a lot of money when you release me. Set a price; I will give you whatever you ask for me and for this unfortunate daughter of mine or for her alone, for she is the greatest and best part of my soul.'

As he said this, he began to weep so bitterly that he made us feel sorry for him. Zoraida felt compelled to look at him. When she saw him weeping, she was so touched that she rose from my feet and went over to him to embrace him. As she laid her cheek against his, the two of them shed so many tears that many of us wept in unison. However, when her father saw that she was wearing a great many jewels and a beautiful dress, he said to her in their language:

'Daughter, last night, at dusk, before this terrible thing happened to us, I saw you clad in your ordinary clothes. You did not have time to dress. I did not bring good news, which could have led you to celebrate and dress up. So why are you wearing the finest garments I could give you when fortune was kinder to us? Answer me, for this surprises me more than my current situation.'

The renegade translated what the Moor said to his daughter, who did not utter a word. The coffer in which she kept her jewels was at one side of the boat. He beheld it. He knew that he had not brought it to the summer residence but had left it in Algiers. More surprised than before, he asked her how it had fallen into our hands and what it contained. The renegade did not wait for Zoraida's answer; he said to him:

'Sir, you needn't ask your daughter so many questions, for I can explain the situation. I just want to say that she is a Christian and that she filed our chains in order to set us free. She is here because she wants to be here. I guess that this situation makes her as happy as one who flees from darkness, death and suffering in order to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.'

'Daughter, is what he says true?', asked the Moor.

'It is', said Zoraida.

'So you are a Christian', retorted the old man, 'and you have enabled my enemies to enslave your father!'

'I am a Christian', she said to him, 'but I am not responsible for your being in this situation. I fact, I did not want to leave you or do you harm; I just wanted to please myself.'

'What do you mean, daughter?'

'Ask Lela Marién, for she will be able to answer you better than I.'

No sooner had the Moor heard this than he dashed over to the guardrail and dived into the sea. He would undoubtedly have drowned if the long, cumbersome robe that he wore had not kept him afloat. Zoraida shouted at us to rescue him. We all rushed over to the guardrail, seized him by his robe and pulled him out, half-drowned and unconscious. Zoraida was so distressed that she started to cry over him as bitterly and mournfully as if he were already dead. We turned him face downward; he expelled much water and regained consciousness in a couple of hours. The wind had changed; we decided to make for land and row backwards in order not to be driven ashore. Fortunately, we reached a cove alongside a promontory or cape that the Moors call Cava Rumia, which means 'the wicked Christian woman' in our language. It is believed that La Cava, because of whom Spain was conquered, is buried in that place. 'Cava' means 'bad woman', while 'rumia' means 'Christian.' The Moors think that it is a bad omen when sailors are compelled to anchor their ship there. They never do so unless it is absolutely necessary. For us, it was not a wicked woman's shelter but a welcome harbor, for the sea was rough. We sent our sentries ashore and did not let go of the oars. We ate what the renegade had stored and asked earnestly God and Our Lady to help us so that we might bring to a happy conclusion an undertaking that had begun so propitiously. Zoraida's request led us to allow her father and all the other Moors to disembark, for she could not stand seeing her father or her fellow countrymen chained up. We promised her that this would be done when we left, for it was safe to leave them here since it was a deserted place. Our prayers were not in vain, for God heard us: the wind changed and the sea grew calm, which moved us to rejoice and resume our journey. Hence, we unbound the Moors and, one by one, put them ashore, which surprised them. When Zoraida's father, who by now had completely regained his senses, disembarked, he said:

'Christians, do you know why this wicked female wants you to release me? Do you think that it is out of filial affection? Certainly not! Actually, my presence would

prevent her from unleashing her wicked desires. You think that she wants to change religions because yours is better than ours. In fact, she knows that in your country dishonesty is more common than in ours.'

As her father spoke, another Christian and I held Zoraida's arms so that she might not do something stupid. He turned to her and said:

'O infamous, misguided girl! Where do you think you are going, so blindly and foolishly, with these dogs, our natural enemies? Cursed be the moment when I begot you; cursed be the luxury in which I reared you!'

Since he was likely to go on in this way for some while, I hurried to put him ashore, where he continued to curse us and complain. He entreated Mohamed to ask Allah to destroy, smash up and annihilate us. When, having set sail, we could no longer hear his words, we could still see his gestures: he pulled at his beard and hair and rolled on the ground. At one point he yelled; we heard him say:

'Come back, my beloved daughter, come ashore. I will forgive you everything. Give those men the money that is already theirs and come back to comfort your broken-hearted father, who will die on this deserted beach if you leave him now.'

Zoraida heard all this and cried her eyes out. She could only say to him:

'Father, may Allah ask Lela Marién, who turned me into a Christian, to alleviate your sorrow. Allah knows that I had to do what I did. It is I who decided, not these Christians. I could not remain at home; I had to follow them, for my soul compelled me to do what I regard as good, although you regard it as evil.'

When she said this, her father could not hear her, nor could we see him. I comforted Zoraida and we focused on our journey. The wind was so favorable that we firmly expected to be off the coast of Spain by dawn the next day. Since blessings are often mixed with some evil, destiny or the imprecations that the Moor had hurled at his daughter (a father's curse is always to be dreaded) undermined our efforts. We were out on the high seas. A little more than three night hours had gone by. We were proceeding at full sail and had let go of the oars since the wind had relieved us of the burden of rowing the boat. The moon was shining brightly. We caught sight alongside us of a square-rigged vessel in full sail, which was luffing a bit. She crossed in front of us. She was so close that we had to strike sail in order not to ram her; they pulled hard on the helm to give us room to pass. They came to the guardrail to ask us who we were, from where we came and where we were going. Since they spoke French, the renegade said:

'Don't answer them, for they are undoubtedly French pirates who plunder everything.'

So we did not utter a word. We were a little ahead and they were leeward of us. All of a sudden, they fired two cannons. It seemed that they were loaded with chain shot, for with one they cut our mast in half and brought both mast and sail down into the sea, while the other cannon, which was fired a second later, sent a projectile that hit the middle of our craft, laying it wide open but doing no further damage to it. Since we believed that the ship was sinking, we began to shout for help, imploring our attackers to rescue us before we drowned. Then they furled theirs sails and lowered a pinnace with twelve well-armed Frenchmen on board: they had harquebuses and torches. As they reached our boat, they saw how few we were and that our ship was sinking. So they rescued us and told us that this was the result of our discourtesy: we

had not answered them! The renegade took Zoraida's coffer and dumped it into the sea: nobody noticed what he did. In short, we boarded the French vessel, they interrogated us as if we were their arch-enemies, they stole everything we had and took all the jewels of Zoraida, including her anklets. She had lost her precious, beautiful jewels and I feared that she would lose what she most valued, but greed is their only desire: they would have stolen our clothes if they had been of any use to them. Some of them wanted to wrap us in a sail and throw us into the sea, for they had planned to make a stopover in a Spanish harbor, pretending to be Bretons. If they brought us in alive, they would be punished when the theft was discovered. The captain, who was the man who had stolen my beloved Zoraida's jewels, said that he was content with what he had and that he did not want to make a stopover in a Spanish harbor but pass through the Strait of Gibraltar at night or any other time and return to La Rochelle, which was the vessel's home port. Hence, they agreed to give us their pinnace and what we needed in order to conclude the short journey that we had to make. That's what they did the next day when we reached the Spanish coast. The sight of the cliffs made us forget all our sufferings, as if they had never existed, so great is the joy felt when one's lost liberty is regained. Around midday, they put us in the boat and gave us two barrels filled with water and some biscuits. As the lovely Zoraida embarked, the captain, moved by some sort of pity, gave her forty gold escudos and forbade his men to take the garments that she is wearing now. As we climbed into the pinnace, we thanked them for their kindness: we were more thankful than angry. Then they sailed away, heading for the Strait of Gibraltar, while we, needing no other Polestar than the land that was in front of us, began to row so rapidly that, by sundown, we thought that we were near enough to be able to reach it before nightfall. There was no moon; the sky was really dark; we did not know where we were. It seemed that it was dangerous to land the boat, although many of us thought that we could do so. They said that we should hide in a creek, far from any inhabited place, and protect ourselves against the pirates from Tetuan, who leave Barbary at night and reach the coast of Spain at dawn, where they pillage before they return to their houses so that they might sleep. Finally, we decided to approach the coast slowly. Should the sea be calm enough, we would land the ship wherever we could. This was what we agreed. Shortly before midnight, we reached the foot of a high misshapen mountain that was not so close to the sea, but we had enough space to land the ship. The boat came ashore; we leaped over the guardrail, kissed the ground and cried tears of joy as we thanked God, Our Lord, for His gift. We removed the provisions from the boat, drew it ashore and went a long way up the mountain, for we could not realize that the land beneath our feet was Christian. It seemed to me that day broke more slowly than we wished. We reached the top of the mountain in order to find a village or some shepherds' huts. We scanned the scenery but we did not see any village, or human being, or path, or road. Nevertheless, we determined to go farther inland since we were bound to come upon someone who would provide information. I felt very upset because Zoraida had to walk on that rough terrain. Though I carried her on my shoulders several times, she was more tired by my weariness than rested by the rest she was having. So she refused to be carried on my shoulders and went along very cheerfully and patiently, her hand in mine. We had gone a little less than a quarter of a league when we heard the sound of a small bell, which showed that a flock was nearby.

As we all looked around to see a sheep, we beheld a young shepherd at the foot of a cork tree. He was quietly and carelessly whittling a stick with his knife. We called to him. He raised his head and jumped to his feet. As we discovered later, the first people he saw were the renegade and Zoraida. Since they were wearing Moorish outfits, he thought that all the inhabitants of Barbary were attacking. Dashing with amazing swiftness into a nearby wood, he shouted:

'The Moors! The Moors are here! The Moors! The Moors! To arms! To arms!'

His shouts perplexed us; we did not know what to do. Since the shepherd's cries would alarm all the people who lived there and lead the rangers to come and see what the trouble was, we told the renegade to take off his Turkish clothes and put on a captive's jacket. One of us would give him one later on. At this point he was only wearing his shirt. Then, commending ourselves to God, we proceeded along the path that the shepherd had taken. We thought that we would meet patrolmen at any moment. We were right because two hours had not gone by when, as we were coming out of a thicket and walking onto a plain, we caught sight of fifty horsemen. They were trotting toward us. So we halted and waited for them. They approached and saw many poor Christians instead of the Moors they had been searching for, which surprised them. One of them asked us if it was we who had frightened the shepherd, which had led him to scream for help. I said that we had. I was about to go on and tell him our story, who we were and from where we came, when one of us recognized the horseman who had asked the question. I could not resume speaking, since he said:

'Gentlemen, we must thank God, for he has led us to this beautiful place: if I am not mistaken, we are in Vélez-Málaga! Sir, the years I have spent in prison have not made me forget that the man who has just asked us our names is Pedro de Bustamente, my uncle!'

No sooner had the Christian captive said this than the horseman dismounted and embraced the young fellow saying:

'My beloved nephew! I recognize you now. I, my sister – I mean your mother – and all your relatives who are still alive have cried over your death. God has prolonged their lives so that they may have the pleasure of seeing you. We knew that you were in Algiers. Judging from your garments and those of your friends, I realize that you have been liberated, which is a miracle.'

'That's true', replied the young man. 'I will tell you my history later on.'

As soon as the patrolmen realized that we were Christian captives, they dismounted, asked us to mount their horses and led us to the city of Vélez-Málaga, which was a league and a half from there. We told them where we had left the pinnace. Some of them went back to get it and take it to the town. The others sat us behind them. Zoraida rode with the young man's uncle. All the inhabitants came out to welcome us, for someone had ridden ahead and informed them of our arrival. They were not surprised to see ex-prisoners or Moorish captives, for all the people along that coast were used to seeing that kind of people. In fact, they were bedazzled by Zoraida's beauty. At this point, she was safe, she had overcome the weariness of the journey and reached a Christian country; she looked truly radiant. Happiness had enhanced her beauty. Unless I was deceived by my love for her, I would venture to say that there never was a more beautiful creature in the world, at least none that I had seen. We went directly to the church to thank God for his help. When Zoraida entered

the church, she said that there were faces there that resembled that of Lela Marién. We told her that these were portraits of the Virgin. The renegade did his best to describe the paintings so that she might worship them as if each one really were the Lela Marién who had spoken to her. Since she is straightforward, intelligent and clear-sighted, she understood everything he said about the portraits. Then they took us to various houses in the town. The Christian boy took the renegade, Zoraida and me to the house of his parents, who were middle-class folks. They treated us as kindly as they did their own son. We spent six days in Vélez. At the end of that time, the renegade, having ascertained what he had to do, went to Granada, where, through the mediation of the Holy Inquisition, he would be allowed to belong to the Holy Catholic Church again. Each of the other liberated Christians went his own way. Zoraida and I had no other means than the escudos which the French captain had courteously given to her. With them, I purchased the animal she rides now. You see, I am her father and her squire, not her husband. We are on our way to see if my own father is still alive or if one of my brothers has been more fortunate than I. Since Heaven made me Zoraida's companion, I think that I won't be lucky anymore. Should I be wrong, I would be overjoyed. The patience with which she endures the hardships that poverty brings with it and her desire to become a Christian are so great that they impress me and move me to serve her all my life long. However, the pleasure of being together is marred by the fact that I don't know if I will find a place in my hometown where I will be able to shelter her. The life and fortunes of my father and my brothers may have changed because of time and death. If they are gone, I will have trouble finding someone who knows me. Gentlemen, this is the conclusion of my story. Tell me now if it is pleasing and unusual. I would have liked to recount it more briefly. I omitted some occurrences because I did not want to bore you."

CHAPTER XLII.

Further happenings at the inn
and other things worthy of being known.

Then the ex-prisoner fell silent. Don Fernando said to him:

"Captain, the manner in which you have recounted this strange tale is as unusual as the tale itself. Your story is weird and full of plot twists that surprise the listeners. We have enjoyed listening to it so much that we would like to listen to it all over again, even if you spent the night recounting it."

Then don Fernando and all the others offered to serve the captain in any way they could. Their words were so sweet and sincere that he was very touched by their goodwill. Don Fernando in particular told him that if he came back with him, he would have the marquis, his brother, act as godfather at Zoraida's baptism. As for him, he would provide everything he needed so that he could return to his hometown with the dignity and money he deserved. The captain thanked him most courteously, but he did not accept any of his kind offers.

As darkness fell, a coach and a few men on horseback arrived at the inn. When the strangers asked for accommodation, the innkeeper's wife replied that the inn was fully booked.

“Even so”, said one of the horsemen, “I feel certain that you will provide His Lordship with a room.”

When she heard this, the landlady got upset and said:

“Sir, to tell you the truth, beds are unavailable. Should His Lordship carry one with him, which is highly probable, I and my husband would welcome him and give up our bedroom to accommodate him.”

‘‘Fine”, said the squire.

By this time a man had exited the coach. His outfit indicated his position and rank, for his long robe with the ruffled sleeves showed that he was a judge, as his servant had said. He was holding the hand of a damsel, aged around sixteen, who was wearing travel clothes. She was so elegant and beautiful that she blew those who beheld her away. Had they not seen Dorotea, or Luscinda, or Zoraida, who were at the inn, they would have regarded her as the epitome of beauty. Don Quixote was there when the judge and the young lady came in. As soon as he saw them, he said:

“Your Lordship may enter this castle and have a rest. Although it is small and uncomfortable, smallness and discomforts always provide warfare and literature with accommodation, especially when their guide and leader is beauty. This pretty damsel is guiding literature in, I mean Your Lordship. Hence, the castle gates should open, the cliffs move aside and the mountains split in two and bow to welcome her. Enter this paradise, Your Lordship, for here there are stars and suns that will accompany the Heaven that you bring with you. Here you will find suitable weapons and magnificent girls!”

The judge was taken aback by Don Quixote’s speech. He stared at him. The knight’s appearance astounded him more than his words. He was surprised all over again when he beheld Luscinda, Dorotea and Zoraida. They had heard of the arrival of the new guests and had been told by the landlady how beautiful the damsel was. So they had come out to see and welcome the young lady. Don Fernando, Cardenio and the priest greeted the judge in a manner that was more intelligible and courteous. In fact, what the judge saw and heard bewildered him. Meanwhile, the pretty ladies welcomed the beautiful damsel.

He noticed that they were all persons of quality, but Don Quixote’s mien and clothes disturbed him. After the exchange of polite greetings and the examination of the inn’s layout, they decided to do what we had planned earlier: all the women would sleep in the garret already mentioned, while the men would remain outside, as if they had to guard them. The judge breathed a sigh of relief because the damsel, who was his daughter, would lodge in the ladies’ bedroom. She was happy about that. With part of the innkeeper’s narrow bed and half of the one the judge had brought with him, that night, they were more comfortably lodged than they had expected.

When the ex-prisoner had beheld the judge, his heart had almost burst, for something told him that this man was his brother. So he asked one of his servants what the judge’s name was and if he knew where he came from. The servant replied that his master was Juan Pérez de Viedma, a graduate. He had heard that he came from a village in the mountains of Leon. This information and what he had seen convinced the ex-prisoner that this man was his brother. He had followed their father’s advice and had studied law. Happy and excited, he beckoned Don Fernando, Cardenio and the priest over to describe the situation and assure them that this judge was his brother.

The servant had also said that His Lordship was on his way to the Indies, having been appointed a judge of the High Court of Mexico. The damsel who accompanied him was his daughter; her mother had died in childbirth; he was very rich because he had inherited a lot of money, which he kept, like his daughter, in his house. The ex-prisoner asked them how to reveal his identity. He wanted to know if his brother would be happy to see him again, for he was poor now.

"Captain, leave it to me", said the priest, "although nothing indicates that you will be rejected. It seems that the courage and intelligence exhibited by your brother suggest that he is not arrogant, or disdainful, or out of touch."

"Well", said the captain, "I would like to reveal my identity little by little, not abruptly."

"Trust me!", said the priest, "I will handle that in a manner that satisfies everybody."

By this time dinner had been prepared. They all sat at table, with the exception of the captain and the ladies, who dinned in their bedroom. In the middle of the meal, the priest said:

"Your Lordship, I had a comrade in Constantinople, where I was held captive for some years, who bore the same name as you. He was one of the bravest soldiers and captains in the entire Spanish infantry, but he was as unfortunate as he was energetic and courageous."

"What was this captain's name, my dear man?", the judge asked.

"His name", replied the priest, "was Ruy Pérez de Viedma. He came from a village in the mountains of Leon. He told me a story about his father and his brothers which, if I had not known him as a truthful man, I would have regarded as one of those legends that old women tell by the fireside in winter. He said that his father had divided his property among his three sons and had given them advice that was better than Cato's. I just want to say that my comrade's choice, which was to become a soldier, was a good idea: within a few years, because of his courage, dedication and qualities, he rose to the rank of infantry captain. He was about to become a colonel, but his luck turned. Although he could have remained lucky, ill fortune made him lose his freedom on the glorious day when so many gained theirs: at the battle of Lepanto. I lost mine at the Goleta. Then we chanced to meet in Constantinople. From there he went to Algiers, where one of the strangest things in the world happened to him."

The priest went on and briefly recounted the story about Zoraida and the ex-prisoner. The judge listened *attentively* to what he said; he had never been so *attentive*. The clergyman stopped at the moment when the Frenchmen stole the belongings of the Christians who were on the boat, which left his comrade and the lovely Moorish lady in a state of shock and poverty. He added that he did not know what had happened to them next. Had they reached Spain? Had they been carried off to France by the Frenchmen?

The captain was not beside the priest, but he could hear what he was saying and see his brother's facial expression. The latter saw that the story was over; he heaved a deep sigh and started to cry. He said:

"Oh, sir, the news you have brought move me to tears! That brave captain is my older brother. Since he was stronger and more ambitious than I and my younger brother, he chose the honorable profession of arms, which was one of the three

positions that our father asked us to take up, as your friend told you in what you regarded as a legend. I chose to become a learned man; God and my dedication enabled me to become a judge. My younger brother lives in Peru. He is so rich that he has given a lot of money to my father and me; he has well repaid the portion of the estate that he took with him. Besides, thanks to his generosity, I was able to pursue my studies and become a judge and my father could continue to give money to charities. My father is still *alive*; he is *dying to* hear from his eldest son. He keeps praying so that God may allow him to live a bit longer in order to see his son again. I am astonished because my brother is intelligent. He should have informed his father of his troubles or accomplishments. If he or either of his brothers had known, he wouldn't have needed to wait for the miracle of the reed in order to obtain his ransom. I feel distressed because I don't know whether those Frenchmen set him free or killed him to cover up the theft. Hence, I will continue my journey, not with the satisfaction with which I began it, but filled with melancholy and sadness. Dear brother, if I knew where you were, I would risk my life and rescue you! Since you might be in the most isolated dungeon of Barbary, who will tell our ageing father that you are still alive? My father's money, mine and my brother's could save you. O beautiful, generous Zoraida, I'd like to thank you for having been so kind to my brother! I'd like to be present at the rebirth of your soul and at your wedding, which would please us so much!"

The judge kept on talking in this manner, for he was deeply moved by the news of his brother. All the listeners sympathized with him. Seeing that he had achieved his purpose and fulfilled the captain's wish, the priest did not want to prolong their sorrow. So he rose from the table and went to the room where Zoraida was. Taking her by the hand, he came back, followed by Luscinda, Dorotea and the judge's daughter. The captain was awaiting the priest's next move. The latter also took the captain by the hand, led the two of them to where the judge and the other gentlemen were and said:

"Stop crying, my lord, for your dearest hope is going to be fulfilled: in front of you are your worthy brother and sister-in-law. May I introduce you to Captain Viedma and the lovely Moor who was so kind to him? They plunged into poverty because of the Frenchmen of whom I spoke. This affords you the opportunity to show your generosity."

The captain ran over to his brother and embraced him. The latter placed his hands on his chest and held him so that he might examine him. When he recognized him, he embraced him and cried tears of joy; most of those present also wept. The words the two brothers exchanged and the feelings they exhibited can hardly be imagined, let alone described. They briefly recounted what had happened to each other, showing that two brothers can be very good friends. The judge embraced Zoraida and told her that he would offer her a lot of money. Then he had his daughter embrace her; the sight of the beautiful Christian girl and the pretty Moorish woman made them cry again.

Don Quixote was lost in thought. He did not utter a word. He thought that these strange events were chimeras connected with knight-errantry. It was agreed that the captain, his brother and Zoraida would go to Seville, where they would inform their father that the captain had been found and was free. Hence, the old man could attend the baptism and the wedding. As for the judge, he could not defer his journey because,

in a month's time, the fleet would leave Seville for New Spain. He could not miss this opportunity.

In short, they all rejoiced at the captain's good fortune. As the night was nearly two-thirds gone, they decided to retire and sleep until sunrise. Don Quixote offered to guard the castle lest a giant or a playful rioter should attack it to kidnap the beauties kept inside. Those who knew him thanked him for this. Then they told the judge that the knight was a weirdo, which amused him. Sancho Panza alone was fretting over the delay in retiring, but he made himself more comfortable than the others: he threw himself down on the harness of his ass, which would cost him dearly, as will be recounted later on.

The ladies retired to their bedroom. The others settled down as best they could. Don Quixote exited the inn to guard the castle, as he had promised.

Shortly before dawn, the ladies heard a magnificent, melodious voice, which moved them to listen carefully, especially Dorotea, who was lying awake beside Clara de Viedma, the judge's daughter, who was sleeping. Nobody could imagine who was the person who sang so well, though there was no musical instrument. At times the sound appeared to come from the courtyard and at other times from the stable. The ladies were bewildered. Cardenio came to the door of their bedroom and said:

"Those of you who are not asleep should listen. You will hear the voice of a young mule driver who sings beautifully."

"We hear him, sir", replied Dorotea.

Cardenio left. She listened attentively to the singer and heard:

CHAPTER XLIII.

The pleasing story of the young muleteer, along with other strange events that took place at the inn.

"I am a Lovelorn sailor
Who *crosses oceans of love,*
But I don't expect
To find a harbor.

I follow a distant star
That is brighter and prettier
Than those beheld
By Palinurus.

I don't know where I am going:
I sail around in a daze
While my thoughtful soul looks at it
Carefully and discreetly.

Upsetting modesty
And shyness
Cover it with clouds

When I intend to see it.

O bright, shining star,
I worry underneath your gleam;
Should you disappear,
I would decease."

As the singer reached this point, it seemed to Dorotea that Clara had to hear that beautiful voice. So she shook her to wake her and said:

"I am sorry to wake you, child, but I want you to listen to the best voice that you have ever heard."

Clara awoke slowly. She did not understand at first what Dorotea told her. So she asked her to repeat what she had said, which she did. She was all ears. She had barely heard a couple of lines when she started to tremble, as if she were suffering from a sudden, severe attack of quartan fever. She said to her:

"Ah, my dear lady! Why did you wake me? Good fortune should prevent me from hearing and seeing that unlucky musician."

"What are you saying, child? They say that the singer is a mule driver."

"No", replied Clara, "he is not. He owns many places and he cannot be deprived of the one he owns forever in my soul unless he chooses to leave it."

The girl's reply surprised Dorotea. Although she was young, she was not stupid. Dorotea said to her:

"Lady Clara, I don't understand what you said. Tell me more about that place in your soul and that musician whose voice so disturbs you... But not now: I cannot listen to you because I want to enjoy myself and listen to him. I think that he is singing a new song."

"Oh my gosh!", exclaimed Clara.

In order not to hear him, she covered her ears with her hands, which also surprised Dorotea, who was listening to this:

"My sweet hope,
You move mountains
And take a path
Chosen and decorated by yourself.
Don't lose heart if each step you take
Brings you closer to death.

Lazy people never triumph
Or achieve anything.
Those who obey fate
And let their senses
Go on holiday
Cannot be fortunate.

Love overvalues the bliss it brings,
Which is sensible and fair.

There is no nicer outfit
Than that which can be tried on freely.
It is clear that
What costs little is poorly esteemed.

Obstinacy in love can, at times,
Make people achieve unattainable goals.
My obstinacy prompts me
To achieve the most challenging ones.
I hope that I will be
In seventh heaven soon."

The song stopped and the girl began to sob again, all of which made Dorotea want to know the reason for this sweet song and those bitter tears. So she asked her again what she had meant earlier. Since she feared that Luscinda would hear her, Clara embraced Dorotea and placed her mouth close to Dorotea's ear to avoid being overheard. Then she said:

"Madam, this singer is the son of a nobleman from the kingdom of Aragon who is the lord of two villages. He owns a house in Madrid which is opposite my father's. Although we used to draw the curtains in winter and close the shutters in summer, this gentleman, as he was going to school, chanced to behold me; I don't know whether it was in church or somewhere else. I inferred from what he did at his window and the tears he shed that he had fallen in love with me. I, too, fell in love with him, although I did not know what he wanted me to do. One of the signs he made was to join his hands so that I might understand that he wished to marry me, which pleased me. Since I was alone and motherless, I could not discuss that with anybody. So I did nothing. I decided not to pay much attention to him. However, when my father and his were away from home, I used to draw the curtains or open the shutters a little so that he might see me. He was so happy that he acted as if he were going mad. Then my father had to leave the city. The young man learned of it, but not from me, since I had had no opportunity to tell him. I heard that he fell ill because of grief. Hence, on the day we left, I could not say goodbye to him with my eyes. Nonetheless, after we had been traveling for a couple of days, as we were entering an inn located in a hamlet one day's journey from here, I saw him standing at the gateway of that inn, dressed as a muleteer. He looked like one! If I had no seen him on a number of occasions, I wouldn't have recognized him. His presence at the inn astonished and pleased me. He peeped at me; my father did not see him. In fact, he always hides his face when he goes past my father on the road or in the hostelries where we stay. Since I know him and believe that he has come all this way on foot because he loves me, I feel guilty. I can't help *setting eyes* on the spot where he *sets foot*. I do not know why he has come here or how he escaped from his father's house, who likes him very much because he is his only heir and deserves to be loved, as you will realize when you meet him. Besides, it is he who composes those songs: I have heard that he is a very good student and poet. Every time I see him and hear him sing, I tremble, for I fear that my father will recognize him and learn of our love. Although I have never spoken to him, I love him so much that I cannot live without him. Madam, that's all I can tell you about this musician whose voice has

pleased you so much and which alone will make you understand that he is not a muleteer, as you say, but a lord with servants and fields, as I have told you."

"Say no more, Lady Clara", said Dorotea as she gave her a thousand kisses; "say no more, for tomorrow is another day. I think that God will help you to solve your problem so that it may have the happy ending that so fair a beginning deserves."

"Ah, madam!", exclaimed Lady Clara, "what end can I hope for? His father is so rich and famous that he will not allow me to become his son's servant, let alone his wife. Moreover, I will never marry without my father's consent. In fact, I want this lad to leave me alone. Perhaps my pain will ease if I don't see him because of the great distance between us. However, I don't know whether this remedy will be efficient. What a strange situation! Why are we in love? We are both so young. I think that we are the same age; I am not yet sixteen but will be on next St Michael's day, according to my father."

Dorotea could not help smiling as she heard Lady Clara's childish reflections. She said to her:

"Let us get some rest, Madam, for the sun will rise soon. With God's help, I feel certain that everything will be alright."

Then they stopped speaking. The inn was silent. They were all asleep except the innkeeper's daughter and Maritornes, her servant. Since they knew that Don Quixote was mad and that he was standing guard outside, clad in his armor and on horseback, they decided to play a trick on him or, at least, to spend time listening to his nonsense.

There was no window in the inn that overlooked the fields except an opening used to pass straw through it. The two *fake damsels* [one is not a virgin, the other is not a maiden serving as a maid] stationed themselves at this opening. They saw that Don Quixote was on horseback, leaning on his pike. From time to time he heaved such deep, mournful sighs that each seemed to shatter his hopes. They heard him say in a gentle, soft and loving tone of voice:

"O lady Dulcinea del Toboso, epitome of beauty and intelligence, archive of grace, receptacle of virtue and summary of all that is good, decent and palatable in this world! What are you doing now? Are you thinking of the captive knight who has risked his life to serve you? O three-faced lighthouse, give me information about her! Perhaps you are looking with envy at her brilliance as she walks along a gallery in one of her sumptuous palaces or leans against the railing of a balcony, considering how, without detriment to her chastity or grandeur, she may assuage the torment that my grieving heart endures for her sake. She will have to glorify my sufferings, allow me to rest, make me live again and recompense me for my efforts. And you, Sun, you must be saddling your horse in order to rise and visit my lady friend. When you see her, please, greet her on my behalf, but don't kiss her visage. Should you do so, I would be more jealous than when the nimble, ungrateful girl made you perspire and run across the plains of Thessaly or along the banks of the Peneus: I do not rightly remember where you ran because of jealousy and love."

Don Quixote had reached this point in his piteous monologue when the innkeeper's daughter signaled to him and said:

"Sir, please, come here."

This signal and the sound of her voice made Don Quixote turn his head. The silvery moon, which was then shining brightly, enabled him to perceive that someone

was calling him from the opening which he had mistaken for a window with a gilded grating that one can see in a magnificent castle like this inn. His diseased mind led him to believe that, as on a previous occasion, the beautiful daughter of the lady of the manor loved him and was asking for help. Since he did not want to be discourteous or ungrateful, he pulled on Rocinante's reins and rode to that opening. When he saw the two young ladies he said:

"Lovely lady, I regret that you have placed your affections where it is impossible to repay you in a manner that befits your great worth and grandeur. You cannot blame this wretched knight-errant who cannot love you, for, when he first saw a certain bewitching lady, he fell in love with her and bestowed his soul on her. Forgive me, good lady, and retire to your bedroom. Do not display your fondness for me anymore because I don't want to appear more ungrateful than I feel. If your love for me leads you to find in me another quality that can satisfy you, you will have to tell it to me. I swear on that sweet, absent enemy of mine that I will grant your request right away, even if you ask for one of the grass snakes that are on Medusa's head or a vial filled with sunbeams."

"My mistress does not need that kind of thing", said Maritornes.

"Then, smart chaperone, what does she need?", asked Don Quixote.

"Just one of your beautiful hands", said Maritornes, "so that it may help her to ease the great desire that has brought her to this opening at so great a risk to her reputation: if her father heard of it, he would mince her."

"I'd like to see him do that", said the knight, "but he won't, for I am sure that he does not want to meet the most disastrous end that any father has ever met. He must not harm his lovelorn daughter."

Maritornes was absolutely certain that Don Quixote would *lend her the hand* she had asked for. Since she knew what she had to do, she climbed down from the opening, went to the stable, took the halter of Sancho Panza's ass and returned to the opening quickly just as the knight was standing on Rocinante's saddle in order to reach up for the gilded grating where the so-called minced damsel was. As he grasped his hand, he said:

"Madam, take this hand – I mean the sword that punishes all evildoers in the world. Take the hand that no other woman has ever touched, not even the woman who owns my body. I don't want you to kiss it; I want you to look at the shape of the sinews, the consistency of the muscles and the width and capacity of the veins so that you may deduce that the arm that supports this hand is strong."

"Show it to me", said Maritornes.

She made a slip knot in the halter, put it around his wrist, climbed down from the opening and tied the other end firmly to the lock on the door of the loft. Don Quixote, who felt the rough rope around his wrist, said:

"It seems to me that you are grating my hand instead of caressing it. Don't mistreat it, for it is not responsible for the wrong my volition has done you. You cannot take revenge on this little thing. You see, lovers never mistreat people."

Nobody heard these words, for, as soon as Maritornes attached the halter to his wrist, she and the other girl went away, roaring with laughter. The girl had tied him up; he could not free himself. As I have said, he was standing on Rocinante, his entire arm through the opening and his wrist tied to the lock on the door. He was petrified: if

Rocinante moved to one side or the other, he would hang by his arm. So he did not dare to move, although Rocinante was so relaxed that it could have remained motionless for a century.

Finally, when he realized that he was tied and the ladies had disappeared, he thought that all this was witchcraft, like the last time when, in this very castle, he had been given a beating by the enchanted Moorish carter. He silently cursed his stupidity and his speech. He had been defeated the first time and he had ventured to enter this castle a second time! He knew that when knights-errant had failed, the adventure was not theirs but someone else's; they did not have to try again. He pulled on his arm to see if he could free himself, but it was so well tied that all his efforts were in vain. In fact, he pulled gently lest Rocinante should move. He would have liked to seat down in the saddle, but he was not able to do so. He could only stand on the horse or pull his hand off.

He wanted to seize the sword of Amadís, which could not be enchanted. He cursed his fate. He overstated the loss that the world would suffer during the time he was enchanted, for he believed that this was the case. He remembered again his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso and called for Sancho Panza, his good squire, who, stretched out on his donkey's saddle and sound asleep, had forgotten the women who had borne him. He asked the wise Lirgandeo and Alquife to help him. He beseeched his good friend Urganda to succor him. Then the sun rose; he was so desperate and bewildered that he was bellowing like a bull, for he did not think that morning would put an end to his worry, which was eternal since he was enchanted. He believed this because Rocinante was motionless. So he thought that he and his horse would have to remain there without eating, or drinking, or sleeping, until the bad influence of the stars had waned or until a more skillful enchanter had disenchanted him.

He was mistaken because, as day broke, four men on horseback arrived at the inn. They were well-dressed and well-equipped, with flintlocks across their saddlebows. The gate of the inn was closed. They pounded on it. Don Quixote was still guarding the castle from the opening to the loft. When he saw them, he disdainfully shouted:

"Knights, or squires, or whoever you may be, you must not knock at the gate of this castle, for it is clear that at this hour the dwellers are asleep or are not used to opening the gate until the sun is high in the sky. Withdraw and wait a few hours. Then we will decide whether you can enter or not."

"What kind of fortress or castle is this?", asked one of them. "Why are you so prim? If you are the innkeeper, tell them to open the gate. We are travelers; we want to feed our horses and then leave because we are in a hurry."

"Gentlemen, do I look like an innkeeper?", retorted Don Quixote.

"I don't know what you look like", replied the man, "but I know that you mistake this inn for a castle."

"This is a castle", Don Quixote insisted, "and one of the best in all this province. Some of the dwellers have held a scepter in their hands and worn a crown on their heads!"

The traveler said: "It would be better the other way around: a scepter on their heads and a crown in their hands. Maybe there's a troupe inside, for actors often use

the crowns and scepters that you are talking about. I don't think that royals frequent quiet small hostelries like this."

"You are an ignoramus", replied Don Quixote; "you don't know the characteristics of knight-errantry."

The companions of the one who asked the questions were tired of the conversation between him and the knight. So they began to pound on the gate again. The noise was so loud that the innkeeper and all the guests awoke. He got up to inquire who was knocking. Then one of the horsemen's mounts came up to smell Rocinante. The sad horse with drooping ears was motionless. It held his well-stretched master. Since it was flesh and blood, though it seemed to be made of wood, it felt a presence behind it. So Rocinante smelled the horse that had come to rub against its flank. The hack moved a little; Don Quixote's feet slipped from the saddle. He would have fallen to the ground if he had not been hanging by his arm. The pain he felt was so intense that he thought that they were cutting his hand off or pulling out his arm. He was so close to the ground that he could touch the earth with the tips of his toes. This made matters worse because, since he believed that he could almost set his feet on the ground, he kept stretching himself as far as he could to accomplish this. Like the prisoners who are tortured, he was *touched* to find that he could not *touch* the ground. Those people increase their pain because they hurt themselves when they stretch their bodies. They believe that they will reach the ground with a little more stretching.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The continuation of the
unheard-of adventures at the inn.

Don Quixote bawled so much that the panic-stricken landlord hurried to open the gate in order to see what the matter was. Those outside were as anxious as he. The same noise had awoken Maritornes, who knew the cause of it all. She went to the loft on the sly and unfastened the halter by which Don Quixote was supported. The innkeeper and the travelers saw him drop to the ground. Coming up to him, they asked why he was shouting in that manner. Without saying a word, he removed the rope from his wrist, rose to his feet, mounted Rocinante, grasped his shield, seized his lance, rode some distance into the field, came back at a canter and said:

"Should anyone say that I deserve this spell, I would refute the accusation and challenge the liar to a fight, providing Princess She-monkeymonkey gives me permission to do so."

The newcomers were amazed by the knight's words, but their amazement lessened when the innkeeper told them that this man was a lunatic called Don Quixote and that they could ignore him.

They asked him if a lad about fifteen years of age and dressed as a muleteer had arrived at the inn. They described someone who looked like Lady Clara's lover. The landlord replied that there were so many guests that he had not noticed this lad. However, when one of the travelers saw the judge's coach, he said:

"He must be here because this is the coach that he is following. One of us must stay at the gate; the others will go in and look for him. One of us should ride around the inn to prevent him from getting away over the stableyard wall."

"We will see to that", replied one of the horsemen.

Two of them went in while one remained at the gate and a fourth man rode around the inn. The landlord saw all of this. He wondered why they searched the inn, although he deduced that they were looking for the lad they had described.

The sun was up by now. This and Don Quixote's cries had awoken all the guests, especially Lady Clara and Dorotea, who had not slept well that night: one was too excited by the presence of her lover, while the other wanted to see him.

Don Quixote saw that none of the four travelers paid attention to him or responded to his request; he was about to explode with anger. Had he found a rule in the code of knight-errantry that said that he could undertake any other enterprise than the one he had sworn to conclude, he would have attacked them and compelled them to answer him whether they wished to or not. Since he thought that it was unfair to begin a new adventure until Princess She-monkeymonkey had regained her kingdom, he remained silent and motionless. He waited to see the result of the horsemen's search. One of them found the aforesaid lad sleeping beside a mule driver. He had not foreseen that a man would look for him or catch him. This man seized his arm and said:

"Well, Don Luis, your outfit befits your status and the bed in which you are lying corresponds to the luxury in which your mother reared you."

Rubbing his sleepy eyes, the youngster looked for a while at the man who was holding him. Then he realized that he was one of his father's servants. He was so shocked that he could not say a word for some time.

"Don't make a row, Don Luis", the man went on, "and return home, unless you want to kill your father, for he will certainly grieve over your absence, which will cause his death."

"But", said Don Luis, "how did my father know that I had followed this road and taken these clothes?"

"The student", the servant replied, "to whom you had revealed your plans disclosed your secret, for your father's sorrow moved him. Hence, your father dispatched four of us to look for you. We are all here now at your service. We are overjoyed because we will return home quickly so that the eyes that love you so much may see you."

"That will depend", said Don Luis, "on my volition or on God's command."

"What do you want? What is God's command? Just return home, for there is no other option."

The mule driver, who was next to Don Luis, heard the entire conversation. He got up and went to inform Don Fernando, Cardenio and the others of what had happened, for they were fully dressed by this time. The muleteer told them that the man had addressed the lad as "Don", that he had told him a thing or two, that he wanted him to return to his father's house and that the boy was unwilling to do so. This and what they had heard about the beautiful voice Heaven had bestowed upon the boy piqued their curiosity. They wanted to know more about him. If someone

coerced him into doing something he did not want to do, they would hep him. So they went to the place where the two were still talking and arguing.

Dorotea came out of her room, followed by Lady Clara, who seemed very worried. She called Cardenio aside to tell him briefly the story of the musician and Lady Clara. The former told her that his father's servants had come to bring him home. He spoke in low murmurs, but Clara heard what he said. She was so restless that she would have fallen to the ground if her friend had not caught hold of her arms. Cardenio told them to return to their bedroom, which they did. He added that he would take care of everything.

The four servants were inside the inn, standing around Don Luis. They were trying to persuade him to return home immediately to console his father. He answered that it was out of the question. First, he had to settle a matter on which his life, reputation and soul depended. The servants insisted. They said that they would bring him home whether he liked it or not.

"Should you do that", retorted Don Luis, "I would kill myself! It is a corpse that you will bring home!"

Everybody in the hostelry had gathered around to listen to the argument, especially Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companions, the judge, the priest, the barber and Don Quixote, who thought that it was no longer necessary to guard the castle. Since Cardenio knew the lad's story, he asked the men why they wanted to take him to his father's house against his will.

"In fact", said one of them, "we want his father to stay alive; he is about to die because of this young gentleman's absence."

"This is confidential!", exclaimed the lad. "I am a free man and will return home if I want to: none of you will force me to do so."

"Reason should compel you to do so", the man went on. "Should it failed you, we would do what we came to do and what we must do."

"What's the root of the problem?", asked the judge.

"Your Lordship", said the man, who recognized him as a neighbor, "don't you recognize this young gentleman? He is your neighbor's son. He has run away from his father's house in an outfit that does not befit his status, as you can see."

The judge stared at the youngster, recognized him, embraced him and said:

"Don Luis, what kind of childish action is this? What powerful reason has moved you to run away dressed inappropriately?"

The lad's eyes filled with tears. He was unable to reply. The judge told the four servants to calm down: he would settle their dispute. He took Don Luis by the hand, led him aside and asked him why he was here.

While these and other questions were being asked and answered, shouts were heard at the gateway of the inn. Actually, two guests who had spent the night there had seen that everyone was busy questioning the four travelers. So they had attempted to leave without paying what they owed, but the innkeeper, who tended more to his own business than to that of others, had waylaid them as they passed the gate. He had asked them to pay, using words that had moved them to respond with their fists. They were beating him up and the poor landlord was screaming for help.

His wife and daughter saw that the only person who was not busy was Don Quixote. Since he could help him, the innkeeper's daughter said to him:

“Your Lordship, God commands you to help my poor father, for two wicked men are beating him up.”

“Lovely damsel”, said the knight phlegmatically, “your request is out of place at this moment, for I cannot embark on a new adventure until I have concluded the one I have sworn to conclude. However, I strongly recommend telling your father to hold on. He must not surrender. I am going to ask Princess She-monkeymonkey to permit me to help him. Should she accept, I would, of course, rescue him.”

“Woe is me!”, exclaimed Maritornes, who was standing nearby. “By the time you obtain that permission, my master will be in the next world.”

“Madam”, replied Don Quixote, “I need time to obtain that permission. Once I have it, it won’t matter if your master is in the next world, for I will have him released from that place even if it does not want to let him go; at least, I will take such vengeance on those who have sent him there that you will be more than moderately satisfied.”

He stopped speaking and went to kneel before Dorotea. He beseeched Her Majesty, in the language of knight-errantry, to permit him to help the warden of that castle, who was in great danger. The princess agreed to his request. Then he grasped his buckler and his sword and trotted to the gate of the inn, where the two guests were still beating the landlord. As soon as he arrived, he froze. Maritornes and the landlady asked him why he hesitated. They urged him to help their master and husband.

“I hesitate,” said Don Quixote, “because I am not allowed to fight against squires; but go and fetch Sancho, my squire, for it is up to him to help you and take revenge on them.”

All this took place at the gateway of the inn, where they were raining blows and punches on the landlord. Maritornes, the landlady and her daughter were enraged by Don Quixote’s cowardice and their master, husband and father’s suffering.

But let us leave him there, for someone will help him. If nobody does, let the man who overestimates his strength suffer in silence so that we may take fifty steps backward and see what Don Luis said to the judge. If I remember correctly, the judge was asking the lad why he had come on foot, dressed inappropriately. Seizing the judge’s harms, which indicated that he was desperate, and crying profusely, the lad said:

“Dear sir, I just want to say that when Heaven and our neighbors enabled me to catch sight of Clara, your daughter and my lady, she became the owner of my will. My true lord and father, would you mind permitting me to marry your daughter right now? For her sake, I left my father’s house and put on these clothes. As the arrow seeks the target or the sailor the Polestar, I wanted to follow her wherever she went. She knows nothing more of my desires than what she may have discovered when, on a number of occasions and from afar, she saw me weeping. Sir, you know that my parents are wealthy aristocrats and that I am their only heir. If you acknowledge that these arguments are good, you will certainly accept me as your son. Of course my father may dislike my choice because his intention is different, but time is stronger that volition: it can undo and transform things.”

Then the lovelorn boy fell silent. The judge was confused and surprised by the intelligent manner in which Don Luis had revealed his point of view and his unexpected situation. Since he did not really know what to say, he told him to calm

down and persuade his servants not to take him back that day. Hence, they would have time to consider what was the best for everyone. Don Luis insisted on kissing his hands; he even wet them with his tears, which could have softened a heart of marble and not only the magistrate's. Since he was an intelligent man, he knew that such a marriage would be advantageous to his daughter. However, he preferred that Don Luis' father gave his consent to it, for he knew that he wanted to bestow a title on his son.

By this time the two guests had made peace with the innkeeper. Don Quixote's powers of persuasion and good arguments rather than his threats had moved them to pay what they owed the landlord. As for Don Luis' servants, they were awaiting the end of the judge's speech and his decision. At that moment, the Devil, who never sleeps, ordained that the barber who had been robbed of Mambrino's helmet and his donkey's trappings by the knight and Sancho should arrive at the inn. The barber, as he was leading his beast to the stables, beheld Sancho Panza, who was tinkering with his packsaddle. As soon as he recognized him, he attacked him, saying:

"Ah, Lord Thief, I have found you! Give me back my basin, my packsaddle and all the other things you stole from me."

This sudden attack and theses insults moved Sancho to grasp the packsaddle with one hand and punch the barber with the other. His mouth started to bleed, but he did not let go of his prize: the packsaddle. When the people who were in the inn heard his shouts, they rushed to the place where they were fighting and the barber was yelling:

"Your Majesty, justice, help! This thief, this highwayman, has stolen my belongings and he is trying to kill me!"

"You liar!", retorted Sancho. "I am not a highwayman. My master, Don Quixote, won those spoils of war lawfully."

The knight was standing by while this was going on. He was glad to see how well his squire could both defend himself and take the offensive. From that time he began to look upon him as a righteous man. Hence, he resolved to dub him a knight as soon as possible, for he believed that Sancho would serve knight-errantry well. Meanwhile, the barber said many things, including this:

"Gentlemen, this packsaddle is mine, like the death God promised me. I know it as well as if I had given birth to it. My donkey is in the stable: he will not let me lie. Try it on him. If it doesn't fit him, I will permit you to call me a rogue. Moreover, on the very day they stole it from me, they also robbed me of a brand-new brass basin which I had never used and which was worth one escudo.''

Don Quixote could not refrain from speaking. He positioned himself between the two men, separated them, picked up the packsaddle and placed it on the ground so that they might see it until they had found the truth. He said:

"Your Lordships, this worthy squire is mistaken, for he believes that this basin is not, was not, or will never be Mambrino's helmet, a trophy I lawfully won in a just war! As for the packsaddle, I have nothing to do with that, but I can say that Sancho, my squire, asked permission to take the trappings that belonged to this defeated coward's horse. I consented to this; he took them. As to how those trappings turned into a packsaddle, I can give only the usual explanation: such transformations are typical of chivalry. To prove this, I need the helmet which this good man mistakes for a basin. Sancho, my son, fetch it."

“Good Lord!”, exclaimed Sancho. “Is this the only piece of evidence? The helmet of your *Mum’s rhino* is as much a basin as this good man’s trappings are a packsaddle!”

“Obey my command,” said Don Quixote, “for everything in this castle is not enchanted.”

Sancho fetched the basin. As soon as Don Quixote saw it, he grasped it and said:

“Gentlemen, this squire pretends that this is a basin and not the helmet of which I have told you. I swear by the rules of knighthood that I follow that this helmet is the same one I took from him and that I have neither added anything to it nor removed anything from it.”

“That’s true”, remarked Sancho, “for, from the time my master won it until now, he wore it only in one battle; that was when he freed the unfortunate galley slaves. If he had not worn this basin-helmet, his life would have been in danger, for they stoned him.”

CHAPTER XLV.

Further clarification on Mambrino's helmet
and the packsaddle,
along with other true adventures.

“Well, gentlemen, what do you think of what those persons of quality are saying?”, asked the barber. “They persist in saying that this is not a basin but a helmet.”

“If a knight said otherwise”, Don Quixote persisted, “I would tell him that he is a liar. If a squire said otherwise, I would tell him that he is a liar and a cheat.”

Our own barber, who had witnessed all this and who was well acquainted with Don Quixote’s madness, decided to support his crazy ideas in order to carry the joke further and have everybody laugh. He said to the other barber:

“Mr. barber, or whoever you may be, I can tell you that I, too, am a barber and have held a license for more than twenty years. I am quite familiar with each and every tool that a barber uses. Moreover, in my youth, I was a soldier for some little while. So I know what a helmet is, and a morion, and a close helm, and other things connected to the militia and weaponry. Despite appearances and considering that I am sensible, I declare that the helmet which this worthy gentleman is holding in his hands is as far from being a barber’s basin as white is from black and truth from falsehood. I also declare that this helmet is not a close helm.”

“No, of course not”, agreed Don Quixote, “for half of it is missing, namely the visor.”

“That’s true”, said the priest, who had understood what his friend wanted to do.

Cardenio and Don Fernando and his companions confirmed this. If the judge had not been so preoccupied by Don Luis’ affair, he would have helped them too, but he was so pensive that he could not attend to this distraction.

“Good Lord!”, exclaimed the barber, who was being teased. “So many worthy men cannot say that this is not a basin but a helmet! This could astonish a faculty, however learned they may be. That’s enough! If this basin is a helmet, then this packsaddle must be a horse’s trappings, as this gentleman has just said.”

"It looks like a packsaddle to me", Don Quixote admitted, "but, as I have said, I won't interfere."

"It is up to Don Quixote", said the priest, "to determine whether this packsaddle is a horse's trappings, for we trust his judgment in matters of chivalry."

"Gentlemen", said Don Quixote, "so many strange things have happened in this castle on the two occasions I have stayed here that I will not venture to say anything about its contents. I think that it is enchanted. The first time an enchanted Moor annoyed me a lot and Sancho had an argument with some of his friends. Besides, last night, I was hung by this arm for nearly two hours and I did not know how or why I was in that difficult situation. Hence, this mess prevents me from expressing my opinion, all the more so because I don't want to be partial. But I have already given my opinion about the helmet that is not a basin. As to whether the packsaddle is a horse's trappings, I will not venture to make a definite statement. Judge for yourselves. Since you have not been knighted as I have been, I believe that this place will not lead you astray. Your free minds will enable you to perceive the things in this castle as they really are and not as I mistake them."

"Don Quixote's arguments are sensible", said Don Fernando; "it is up to us to decide. In order that our decision may be more legitimate, there will be a ballot. Then I will faithfully announce the results."

Those who knew that Don Quixote was mad roared with laughter. The others regarded this as sheer nonsense. This was the opinion of Don Luis, of his four servants and of the three travelers who had just arrived at the inn and who seemed to be members of the Holy Brotherhood, which was what they were.

The barber was more desperate than they, for the basin that was in front of him had turned into Mambrino's helmet. He thought that his packsaddle would undoubtedly turn into an expensive caparison. The others were laughing because Don Fernando was collecting the votes, whispering in the ear of each and asking him to give his opinion about the nature of the treasure that was a major cause of disagreement: was it a packsaddle or a caparison? Having collected the votes of all those who knew Don Quixote, he said forcefully:

"To tell you the truth, my good man, I am tired of gathering all these opinions, for all the people who have answered me have told me that it is foolish to say that this is the packsaddle of an ass, for this is the caparison of a horse, of a thoroughbred perhaps. So you will have to be patient, for, in spite of you and your ass, this is a caparison, not a packsaddle. You have presented and proved your case very badly!"

"I swear to God", said the poor barber, "that you are all mistaken. My soul will *appear before* God if the trappings *appear to be* a packsaddle; wealthy people always bribe... but I won't say anything else. You know, I am not drunk, for I have not breakfasted, which is not a sin."

The barber's stupid remarks aroused no less laughter than did Don Quixote's nonsensical arguments. The knight said:

"Well, that's it. Each man should take his belongings now."

One of Don Luis' servants said:

"Unless this is a joke, I cannot believe that intelligent men like you, or at least some of you, would dare to say and affirm that these objects are neither a basin nor a packsaddle. Moreover, your statements move me to be convinced that there is

something odd, for you acknowledge a fact that is contrary to what truth and experience show." As he looked around, he added: "I swear that nobody in the world will ever convince me that these objects are neither a barber's basin nor a donkey's packsaddle."

"It might belong to a she-ass", said the priest.

"Whatever!", exclaimed the servant. "That's not the point! The question is whether this thing is, as these gentlemen said, a packsaddle or not."

As soon as he heard this, one of the officers who had come in and had been listening to the argument cried angrily:

"That is as much a packsaddle as my father is my father. He who says anything else must be drunk."

"You lie like a *villainous villain*!", replied Don Quixote.

He raised the pike that he always held in his right hand and dropped it on the officer's head. If he had not dodged, he would have fallen to the ground. The pike broke into pieces as it hit the ground. When the other officers saw their colleague assaulted in this manner, they shouted so that a member of the Holy Brotherhood might come and help them.

The innkeeper, who was a member of this organization, hurried to get his staff and his sword. Then he positioned himself beside his comrades. Don Luis' servants surrounded their master to prevent him from fleeing. This mess moved the barber to seize his packsaddle; Sancho did the same. Don Quixote drew his sword and attacked the officers. Don Luis shouted at his servants to leave him so that they might help the knight, Cardenio and Don Fernando, who were lending a hand. The priest shouted; the landlady screamed; her daughter grieved; Maritornes wept. Dorotea was confused; Luscinda was pensive; Lady Clara had fainted. The barber bashed Sancho; Sancho beat the barber. When one of Don Luis' servants seized his arm to keep him from escaping, he punched him; his mouth started to bleed. The judge came to the lad's defense. Don Fernando was kicking an officer vigorously. The Innkeeper shouted so that a member of the Holy Brotherhood might come and help them! The entire hostelry was filled with cries, shouts, screams, confusion, fear, surprise, sorrow, slashes, slaps, beatings, kicks and blood. This chaos led Don Quixote to believe that he was in the middle of the camp where the discord of Agramante took place. In a voice that thundered throughout the inn, he said:

"Hold it! Don't move! Calm down and listen to me if you want to stay alive!"

They all froze. He went on:

"Gentlemen, I told you that this castle was enchanted. Lots of devils live here. Don't you understand that the discord of Agramante has been transferred and repeated here in front of your very eyes? Here they fight for the sword, there for the horse, over there for the eagle, and there for the helmet. We are fighting and we don't want to reach an agreement. Your Honor, Your Reverence, let one of you portray King Agramante and the other King Nephew; let's make peace. The personages who are here must not kill one another because of a trifling matter."

The officers, who did not understand Don Quixote and were being mistreated by Don Fernando, Cardenio and their friends, did not want to calm down. The barber was willing to do so because his beard and his packsaddle had been damaged in the battle. As for Sancho, he obeyed his master slavishly, like a good servant. Don Luis'

four servants were quiet, seeing how little they had gained by not being so. The innkeeper alone insisted on punishing the insolence of that lunatic, for he kept causing trouble at the inn. Finally, the tumult died down: in Don Quixote's imagination, the packsaddle would remain a caparison until Judgment Day, the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle.

They all calmed down because the priest and the judge persuaded them to become friends again. Don Luis' servants insisted that he go with them at once. As they were discussing this, the judge told don Fernando, Cardenio and the priest what Don Luis had said to him and what was to be done in his case. Finally, Don Fernando was allowed to reveal his identity to Don Luis' servants and tell them that he wanted Don Luis to accompany him to Andalusia, where the marquis, his brother, would receive him with pomp and circumstance, for it was clear that Don Luis would not return to his father's house if they broke him into pieces. When the four men realized that Don Fernando was a personage and Don Luis had other plans, they decided that three of them would go back to tell the lad's father what had happened to him. One would stay with Don Luis and would not leave him until they returned or he had learned what his master's orders were.

The prestige of Agramante and the wisdom of King Nephew settled the dispute in this manner. However, the enemy of peace and concord perceived that he had been belittled and mocked and that he had gained little from the messy situation into which they had been plunged because of him. So he resolved to try his luck once again by stirring up more trouble and disputes.

The officers had calmed down when they had learned of the rank of those with whom they were fighting. They had stopped fighting because they thought that, whatever the outcome, they would get the worst of it. However, the one who had been beaten and kicked by Don Fernando chanced to remember that among the warrants he carried for the arrest of certain offenders was a writ for Don Quixote, whom the Holy Brotherhood had been told to catch, just as Sancho had feared, because he had freed galley slaves.

Hence, he wanted to check whether the description corresponded to the knight's features. He took a parchment from his inside pocket and found the passage he was looking for. He began to read it slowly, for he was not a good reader. At each word he read he peeked at Don Quixote to compare his visage with the description in the writ. He discovered that this man was the person described in the parchment. So he took it in his left hand and, with his right hand, he caught Don Quixote by the collar so violently that the knight could hardly breathe. He shouted:

"Members of the Holy Brotherhood, come here and read this warrant. You will see that I am not mistaken: this highwayman must be arrested."

The priest took the warrant and saw that what the officer said was true and that Don Quixote's features were described in the document. The knight exploded with anger because he was being mistreated by this villainous tramp. He cracked his bones and seized the officer's throat with all the strength he could muster. If his colleagues had not succored him, he would have died before the knight released him. The landlord, who was compelled to help all the members of the fraternity, ran over to him. His wife saw that he was involved in a fight again. So she began to scream. Her

daughter and Maritornes ran over to her, imploring Heaven and everybody in the inn to help them. As he saw this, Sancho said:

"Good Lord! My master is right about this castle: it is enchanted and you cannot have an hour's peace here!"

Don Fernando separated the officer from Don Quixote. They agreed to loosen their grip, for one was pulling hard on a collar and the other was squeezing a throat. However, the officers kept on telling the others to help them to capture the knight, for the king and the Holy Brotherhood wanted this thief, this highwayman, to go to prison. Don Quixote smiled as he heard these words. He said calmly:

"Come here, you vile, low-born wretches. A man who brakes chains, frees slaves, helps the poor, lifts up the fallen and succors the needy is not a highwayman. Ah, infamous rabble, because of your stupidity, you do not deserve to hear God say that knight-errantry is awe-inspiring and that you are uneducated sinners, for you do not revere the shadow or presence of knights-errant. Come here. You are a *troop* of thieves, a *troop* of highway *troopers* with the license of the Holy Brotherhood. Tell me, who is the idiot who has signed the warrant that compels you to arrest this prominent knight? Doesn't he know that knights-errant are *above the law*? Their swords are their laws; their decisions are their constitutions; their wishes are their decrees. Who is the fool who does not know that no patent of nobility confers as many privileges and exemptions as those that a knight-errant acquires on the day he is knighted and decides to devotes himself to this demanding task? Do Knights-errant pay poll-tax, excise, queen's levies, king's subsidies, toll and porterage fees? Do they pay for the clothes designed by their tailors? Do the castellans who lodge them in their castles ask them to share the expenses? Kings invite them to dinner. Damsels love and obey them. Finally, no knight-errant refused, or refuses, or will refuse to deliver four hundred blows to four hundred reckless officers of the Holy Brotherhood."

CHAPTER XLVI.

The outstanding adventure of the troopers
and the great cruelty
of our good knight Don Quixote.

As Don Quixote was speaking, the priest was trying to convince the officers that the knight was not in his right mind, as they could deduce from what he said and did. He advised them to drop the case, for, if they arrested him and took him away, they would have to release him since he was mad. The man with the warrant replied that he did not have to judge Don Quixote's sanity but to carry out the orders of his superior. Once he had arrested him, he would not care if they let him go three hundred times over.

"Nevertheless", said the priest, "you are not going to take him away, for I feel certain that he is not going to surrender."

In fact, the priest was so persuasive and Don Quixote did so many stupid things that the officers would have been crazier than he if they had not acknowledged his madness. So they decided to calm down and even to reconcile the barber with Sancho Panza, who were still arguing. As officers of the law, they settled the dispute in such a

manner that both parties were, if not wholly, at least somewhat satisfied, for they exchanged packsaddles but not girths or headstalls. As for Mambrino's helmet, the priest, without Don Quixote's knowledge, secretly paid eight reales for it. The barber gave him a receipt which stipulated that he would never be allowed to sue him for fraud, Amen!

These two disputes, which were the most important ones, having been settled, Don Luis' servants had to decide whether three of them would return home while one accompanied him wherever Don Fernando wanted to take him. Since good luck had begun to solve problems and favor the lovers and the brave people of the inn, it wished to bring everything to a happy conclusion. Hence, the servants agreed to Don Luis' requests, which filled Lady Clara with joy: felicity was written all over her face.

Zoraida, who did not completely understand what was going on, had mood swings, for she was influenced by the facial expression of the others, especially that of her beloved Spaniard, at whom she kept looking, for her soul was chained to his. The landlord, who had noticed that the priest had given money to the barber, asked Don Quixote to reimburse him for the wineskins and the wine that had been spilled. He swore that neither Rocinante nor Sancho's ass would leave the inn until he had paid the last penny. The priest reassured him and Don Fernando paid him; the judge had kindly offered to do the same. They were all quiet by now; the inn did not resemble Agramante's camp anymore, as Don Quixote had said. It was as quiet as the Roman Empire under Augustus. So they agreed to thank the priest for his great eloquence and good intentions and Don Fernando for his incomparable generosity.

Since Don Quixote was free and not involved in any dispute caused by him or his squire, it seemed to him that it would be a good idea to resume the journey he had begun and conclude the great adventure that had led them to call and choose him. So he resolved to kneel before Dorotea. The girl did not permit him to say a word until he had risen. He obeyed her and said:

"Lovely lady, it is said that diligence is the mother of good fortune. Experience has shown in many complicated situations that the protagonist's dedication always lead him to solve problems. This is even truer in war matters, where swiftness thwarts the plans of the enemy and wins the battle before they have launched an offensive. O highborn, respectable lady, I say this because it seems to me that our stay in this castle is useless. It may even prove harmful, as we may discover it someday. You see, some secretive, efficient spies may have told your enemy, the giant, that I am about to attack him. He has had the time to *fortify* an unassailable *fortress* that will make my efforts and tireless arm useless. Dear madam, as I have said, let us thwart his plans and go somewhere, for You Highness would be *unlucky* if I *tried my luck* with your enemy."

The knight fell silent. He waited very calmly for the beautiful princess' response. Adopting an aristocratic bearing that befitted Don Quixote's demeanor, she answered as follows:

"Your Lordship, I thank you for your willingness to help me in my great distress. As a true knight, your duty is to succor orphans and the needy. May Heaven enable you and I to satisfy our desires so that you may see that there are grateful women in the world. Hence, let us depart immediately, for your will and mine are entwined. Lead me wherever you wish, for the lady who once asked you to defend her and to help her to recover her kingdom cannot oppose the plans of a wise man."

“So be it!" exclaimed Don Quixote. “Since you belittle yourself, I do not want to miss the opportunity to lift you up and sit you on your ancestral throne. Let us depart immediately, for, as they say, I feel like taking to the road because danger hides behind delay. Since Heaven has not created nor Hell seen anyone who could frighten me, saddle Rocinante, Sancho, and harness your ass and the queen's palfrey. Let us bid farewell to the castellan and these persons of quality and leave at once.”

Sancho, who had witnessed this conversation, wagged his head and said:

“Ah, sir, sir, I smell a rat! These female villagers seem dishonest.

“You bumpkin, what dishonesty could there be in any village or in all the cities of the world that could possibly deceive me?”

“You are getting angry”, replied Sancho. “So I’m going to shut up, which will prevent me from revealing what a good servant like me should reveal to his master.”

“You can say whatever you like”, replied Don Quixote, “provided that you don’t try to frighten me. You are by nature fearful, and I want to remain bold.”

“Oh Lord!”, exclaimed Sancho, “that’s not the point! I am absolutely certain that the lady who claims to be the queen of the great kingdom of Monkeymonkey is no more a queen than my mother. If she was who she says she is, she would refrain from kissing discreetly a certain man who is here.”

Dorotea blushed, for it was true that her husband, Don Fernando, when the others were not looking, had claimed with his lips a part of the reward that his affections merited. Sancho had discovered her peccadillo; it seemed to him that this was more the demeanor of a courtesan than that of a great, mighty queen. She was unable or did not want to respond to Sancho’s insinuations. So he went on:

“Sir, we have traveled a lot and experienced difficult situations. So, since the funny guy who is lodged in this inn is about to deprive us of the fruit of our labor, I don’t need to hurry to saddle Rocinante, or put the packsaddle on the ass, or get the palfrey ready. In fact, we should stay: everybody would go about their business while we would have dinner.”

When Don Quixote heard his squire’s remarks, he exploded with anger. Looking daggers at him and cursing him, he stammered:

“You villainous villain, loner, swine, ignoramus, stammerer, blabbermouth, smart-ass, slanderer, gossip! How dare you utter such words in my presence and that of these distinguished ladies! How dare you let such lies and innuendos invade your disordered mind! Leave me alone, monster, liar, fraud, villain, devil, fool, enemy of the respect owed to royals! Go away! Should you appear before me again, I would explode with anger!”

As he said this, he frowned, puffed out his cheeks, looked around him and stamped on the ground with his right foot as hard as he could, for he was very angry. The knight’s words and menacing gestures frightened Sancho so much that he would have been glad if, at that instant, the earth had opened up and swallowed him. He did not know what to do. So, in order to flee his master’s wrath, he turned and walked away. The astute Dorotea, who had understood that Don Quixote was mad, tried to calm him down.

“Lord Weepy Knight”, said she, “don’t take your squire’s nonsense into consideration. Perhaps there’s a reason why he says this. Since he is sensible and possesses a Christian conscience, we can be convinced that he is not trying to

besmirch someone's reputation. Sir, according to you, everything in this castle happens by way of enchantment. Hence, we can deduce that Sancho was, by means of witchcraft, tricked into seeing what he says he beheld and which tarnishes my image."

"Your Highness is absolutely right!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "Sancho, this sinner, saw a wicked thing appear before him. This was a magic trick because he beheld something that did not exist. This good-hearted idiot would never dare to slander anybody."

"In that case", said Don Fernando, "Lord Quixote, you should forgive him, burn your papal bull of excommunication and return to the moment before he experienced those hallucinations, which deprived him of his senses."

The knight agreed to this. The priest went to find Sancho, who came back with his tail between his legs. He kneeled before his master, kissed his hand and received his blessing.

"Now, Sancho, my son", said Don Quixote, "you realize that what I told you was true: everything in this castle is under a spell."

"I believe you", said Sancho, "but what happened with the blanket was not a result of sorcery.

"It was", said Don Quixote. "You see, if you had been mistreated by mortals, I would have taken revenge on them. I was unable and am still unable to do so because your attackers were enchanted."

They wanted to know what had happened with the blanket. The innkeeper described Sancho's flight in minute detail, which made them burst into laughter. The squire would have got angry if Don Quixote had not reassured him again that it was sorcery. However, Sancho was not that stupid. He was firmly convinced that he had been tossed in a blanket by human beings, not by phantoms, as his master said and believed.

These distinguished people had already spent two days at the inn. It seemed to them that it was time to leave. Neither Dorotea nor Don Fernando wanted to take the trouble to accompany Don Quixote to his village; they claimed that they had to liberate Queen She-monkeymonkey's country. The priest and the barber resolved to take the knight to his village so that a physician might treat his madness. So they conceived a plan with a cattleman who was passing by. First, with sticks that would cross over each other diagonally, they would build a kind of cage that would be large enough to accommodate him. Then Don Fernando, his companions, Don Luis' servants, the officers and the landlord, all of them supervised by the priest, would cover their faces and disguise themselves in one fashion or another in order to conceal their identity from Don Quixote.

When they had done this, they very quietly entered the room where he was sleeping and recovering from his recent arguments. He did not expect such thing to happen. They approached him, seized him firmly and tied his hands and feet tightly. When he awoke with a start, he was unable to move or do anything. He was astonished by these strange faces. His disordered, worried mind led him to believe that all these figures were specters from the enchanted castle and that he, without a doubt, had been enchanted since he could not move or defend himself. What the priest had planned had happened.

Sancho alone was not involved in the deception. Although he was almost as mad as his master, he recognized these deformed figures, but he did not dare to speak until he saw what the outcome of this assault and capture would be. The knight was silent too, for he was awaiting the outcome of his misfortune. Actually, they brought the cage, locked him in it and nailed the bars so firmly that he could not escape.

As they lifted the cage and left the room, an awe-inspiring voice was heard. It was not the voice of the barber with the packsaddle but the other one's, who declaimed:

"O Weepy Knight, don't be obsessed with this cage. They use it so that you may conclude quickly the adventure you have courageously undertaken. This will happen when the infuriated *soiled* lion copulates with the *unsoiled* dove from El Toboso. First, their proud heads will have to bow to the sweet yoke of matrimony. This extraordinary mating will move the sun to welcome the fearless kittens that will rear like their courageous father. This will happen before the pursuer of the fleeing nymph, in his swift, natural course, visits the shining stars twice. And you, O noblest and most obedient squire who ever had a sword in his belt, or a moustache on his face, or the sense of smell in his nose, do not lament your fate because the epitome of knight-errantry is taken away in front of your eyes, for soon the Creator may enable you to be promoted. You will be so honored that you won't recognize yourself. Your master's promises will be fulfilled at last. I promise that the wise *Fulloflies* will pay your wages, as you will soon see. Follow this valiant, enchanted knight, for you must reach your destination. Since I am not allowed to speak more, God will lead you. Now I must return to a place that I know."

As he concluded this prophecy, the barber raised and lowered his voice with so intense an emotional effect that even those who knew it to be a jest almost believed that what they had heard was true.

Don Quixote's grief lessened thanks to the prophecy, for he understood that he would marry his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso. She would give birth to kittens, namely his children, to the perpetual glory of La Mancha. Since he believed this to be true, he heaved a deep sigh and said loudly:

"O you, whoever you may be, who has prophesied all these blessings for me, I beseech you to ask the wise enchanter who is my protector not to let me die in the prison where they are taking me until these joyful, one-of-a-kind promises have been fulfilled. If this happened, I would regard my sufferings in my cell as a glorious achievement, the chains on my feet as a cakewalk and the pallet that resembles a battlefield as a joyful soft nuptial bed. As for my squire's help, I just want to say that I rely on his kindness and good behavior. He will never abandon me, for if bad luck prevented me from giving him the island or some equivalent fief I have promised, at least his wages would be paid. In my will, which has already been made, I have stated what he will receive, not in proportion to his many good services, but in proportion to my means."

Sancho bowed most respectfully and kissed both his master's hands: since they were tied together, he could not kiss only one.

Then the specters lifted the cage and placed it on the oxcart.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The strange manner in which
Don Quixote de la Mancha was enchanted,
together with other remarkable events.

When Don Quixote saw that he was in a cage that had been placed on a cart, he said:

"I have read many reliable stories about knights-errant, but I have never read, or seen, or heard anything about enchanted knights being carried in this fashion or at the slow pace that these lazy animals promise to move. In fact, they are always carried through the air with remarkable speed, wrapped in some dark cloud, or on a chariot of fire, or on the back of some hippogriff or other similar animal. How awful! They are carrying me on an oxcart! Anyway, perhaps contemporary chivalry and magic are different from what they were in times past. Since I am a new knight and the first to resuscitate the forgotten calling of knight-errantry, perhaps they have invented other kinds of enchantments and other ways of carrying the enchanted. Sancho, my son, what's your opinion?"

"I have no opinion", replied Sancho. "Although I have not read all the books that Your Lordship has read, I'd venture to swear and state that those apparitions are quite *unorthodox*."

"Unorthodox!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "They cannot be ***O****rthodox,* since those demons have put on shrouds in order to do this thing and bring me into this state. See for yourself! Touch and feel them; you will see that they have no body; they are made of air; they are ghosts!"

"By Jove", replied Sancho, "I've just touched them! The Devil who is monkeying around is chubby and has a characteristic that is very different from what I have heard about demons. They say that they all stink of sulfur and other bad smells, but this one smells of ambergris from half a league away."

He was speaking of Don Fernando, who, as a nobleman, used to wear ambergris, as the squire had mentioned.

"Sancho, my friend, this is not surprising", said Don Quixote, "for devils are cunning. Although something scents the air around them, they themselves don't smell because they are spirits. When they smell, it is not of anything pleasant but rather something fetid. In fact, wherever they may be, they carry Hell with them and cannot get any kind of relief from their distress. Since a good smell is something that brings pleasure and happiness, they cannot possibly smell good. Hence, if it seems to you that the demon you have mentioned smells of ambergris, either you are mistaken or he wants to conceal his true nature from you."

This was a conversation between the knight and his servant. Don Fernando and Cardenio feared that Sancho would uncover the plot, for he had already been close to unmasking them. So they decided to hasten their departure. They called the landlord aside to ask him to saddle Rocinante and put the packsaddle on Sancho's ass, which he did very quickly.

Meanwhile, the priest had convinced the officers to accompany him to his village; they would get paid. Cardenio hung the buckler on one side of the saddletree and the basin on the other. He signaled to Sancho that he had to mount his ass and

grasp the reins. He positioned the two troopers with their muskets on each side of the cart. However, before that vehicle began to move, the landlady, her daughter and Maritornes exited from the inn to say goodbye to Don Quixote. They pretended that they were sorry about his misfortune.

"Don't upset yourselves, good ladies", he said to them, "for all these misfortunes are an inherent part of knight-errantry. If they did not befall me, I wouldn't look upon myself as a famous knight-errant. Such things never happen to unknown knights because nobody remembers them. They befall the bold, for many princes and other knights envy their virtue and courage, which leads them to try to kill them by wicked means. However, virtue is so powerful that, despite all the necromancy ever invented by Zoroaster, the first wizard, it alone will overcome any problem and illumine the world as does the sun in the sky. Forgive me, fair ladies, if, though I did not mean to do so, I wronged you, for I wouldn't hurt a fly. Ask God to open the door of the cage into which a wicked enchanter has locked me. If He freed me, I would never forget that you helped me in this castle. I would recompense and serve you as you deserve."

While the ladies of the castle conversed with Don Quixote, the priest and the barber took leave of Don Fernando, his companions, the captain, his brother, and all the contented damsels, especially Dorotea and Luscinda. They embraced one another and agreed to keep in touch. Don Fernando gave the priest his address so that he might inform him of what happened to Don Quixote. He assured him that nothing would make him happier than this and that, in return, he would give him some information on things that might be of interest, like his marriage, Zoraida's baptism, the outcome of Don Luis' affair and Luscinda's return home. The priest promised that he would do so. Then they embraced and made promises again.

The innkeeper came up to the priest and handed him some papers. He said that he had found them in the lining of the trunk where the *Story of the inquisitive, demanding man* had been discovered. The owner had never returned. So, since he did not know how to read and did not want to keep them, he told the priest to take them. The clergyman thanked him. He opened the manuscript and saw the title, which was *The Story of Riconete and Cortadillo*. He guessed that it was a novel. Since *The story of the inquisitive, demanding man* was a good book, he assumed that this one was good too, for it might have been written by the same author. So he kept it; he would read it later on.

He mounted his mule. So did the barber. They were wearing their masks in order not to be recognized by Don Quixote. They began to ride behind the cart. There was a certain order. First came the cart, driven by its owner. At the sides were the two officers of the Holy Brotherhood with their muskets, as has been mentioned. Sancho Panza then followed on his ass, leading Rocinante. Bringing up the rear were the priest and the barber on their sturdy mules. I have already said that they were masked. Giving themselves airs and graces, they adjusted their speed to that of the oxen. His back leaning against the bars, Don Quixote was seated in the cage. His hands were tied. He had stretched out his legs. He was so quiet and motionless that he looked like a statue made of stone.

They rode slowly and silently some two leagues until they reached a valley where, according to the cattleman, the oxen could rest and graze. He said this to the priest, but the barber told them that they had to go a bit farther because he knew that

there was a valley beyond a nearby hill where there was a lot of good-quality grass. They followed the barber's advice and continued their journey.

The priest turned his head and saw that six or seven well-dressed, well-equipped horsemen were riding behind them. They were soon close to them, for they did not ride at the slow pace of the oxen but at the brisk pace of canons' mules. They wanted to reach the inn that could be seen less than a league away so that they might have a siesta as soon as possible. The diligent came closer to the lazy; they exchanged courteous greetings. One of the newcomers was a canon from Toledo and the superior of those who accompanied him. When he beheld the procession, which included the cart, the officers, Sancho, Rocinante, the priest, the barber and Don Quixote locked in a cage, he could not refrain from asking why they were transporting the man in that fashion, although he had already seen the officers' insignia and deduced that the fellow was some violent highwayman or another kind of criminal who came under the jurisdiction of the Holy Brotherhood. One of the troopers whom he had addressed responded:

"Sir, could this gentleman tell us why he is being carried in that fashion?"

Don Quixote heard the question and said:

"Gentlemen, are you well versed in knight-errantry? If you are experts, I will tell you about my misfortunes, otherwise I won't take the trouble to do so."

Seeing that the travelers were talking with Don Quixote de la Mancha, the priest and the barber had ridden up so that they might answer the questions in a way that would prevent them from discovering the deception.

"In truth, brother", said the canon, "I know more about books of chivalry than I do about Villalpando's *Collection of basic principles of logic*. Hence, you can tell me whatever you wish."

"Fine", replied Don Quixote. "Sir, I just want to say that I am in this cage because I have been enchanted by wicked, dishonest wizards who envy me. You know, virtue is more hated by the bad guys than loved by the good guys. I am a knight-errant, but not one of those whom fame never wanted to remember forever. In spite of envy and the actions of all the wizards of Persia, the Brahmans of India and the gymnosophists of Ethiopia, I am a knight whose name will be carved on the temple of immortality in order to enlighten the generations to come. Hence, the future knights-errant will know what they have to do if they want to reach the glorious acme of the military profession."

"Don Quixote de la Mancha is telling the truth", said the priest. "He is enchanted and has been locked in this cage, not because of his sins or misdeeds, but because of the bad intentions of those who hate virtue and courage. Sir, this man is the Weepy Knight. You may have heard of him. His exploits will be carved on everlasting bronze and marble plaques. Neither envy nor malice will conceal his deeds."

When the canon heard both the prisoner and the free man speak in this manner, he almost crossed himself, for he was surprised. His companions were surprised too. Sancho Panza, who had approached to hear the conversation and fix the problem, said:

"Gentlemen, believe it or not, my master is as enchanted as my mother. He is in his right mind. He eats, drinks and takes care of himself like the rest of us, just as he did yesterday, when he was not in this cage. Nobody will make me believe that he is

enchanted! It is said that enchanted people don't eat, or sleep, or speak, whereas my master would speak more than thirty lawyers if they freed him."

He turned to look at the priest and went on:

"Ah, Your Reverence, Your Reverence! Do you think that I have not recognized you? Do you believe that I don't know the purpose of these new enchantments? I can tell you that I have recognized the man who is hiding behind this mask and that I understand him, although he is trying to fool us. In short, envy destroys virtue and meanness kills generosity. Bloody Hell! Because of you, my master cannot marry Princess She-monkeymonkey. So I cannot become a count at least, for Lord Weepy Knight's kindness and my dedication ensure that I will get a county at least. What they say is true: the wheel of fortune is as intelligent as a millstone, for it turns the wealthy into dust. I feel sorry for my wife and children; they rightly expected to see their husband or father enter through the door as a governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, but it's a stable boy they will receive. Father, I have said this because I want you to see that they are mistreating him. God, in the next life, may blame you for my master's imprisonment. He may reproach you for preventing my master from helping people because he is in prison at the present moment."

"Nonsense!", cried the barber. "Are you cut from the same cloth? Good Lord, you should be in the same cage as he, for you are as enchanted as he with respect to chivalry and his mood! It was a bad idea to let his promises *impregnate* you. Now your mind is full of *impregnable,* desirable islands."

"I have not been *impregnated* by anybody", retorted Sancho; "I am not the kind of man who would let himself be *impregnated* by anybody, even by the king. Although I am poor, I am an old Christian: I don't owe anyone anything. I want islands, but other people want worse things. Each man is the product of his deeds. Since I a man, I could become a pope and, of course, the governor of an island. Moreover, my master could conquer so many that there might not be enough people to give them to. Mr. barber, you should think before you speak, for there is more to life than trimming beards and everybody is different. I say this because we all know one another: you cannot fool me. God knows that my master is not enchanted. So, stop lying, for you could get into trouble."

The barber did not want to answer Sancho because he feared that the latter's nonsense would make them discover what he and the priest were trying so hard to conceal. The same consideration led the priest to suggest to the canon that they ride on a little way ahead, where he would explain the mystery of the man in the cage along with other things that would interest him. The canon accompanied by his servants did so and listened most attentively to what the priest told him about Don Quixote's life, his madness and his idiosyncrasies. He briefly recounted the beginning and cause of his ravings, the course of events which had led up to his confinement and how they would bring him home to see if they could find a cure for his madness. This strange story surprised the canon and the servants again. When it was finished, the canon said:

"In fact, Father, I think that those so-called books of chivalry are harmful to the public. Idleness and curiosity moved me to read the beginning of nearly all that have been printed; I have never been able to read any of them from beginning to end, for it seems to me that they are all more or less the same and one is worth about as much as

another. I think that this kind of writing belongs to a genre called Milesian fables. They are nonsensical tales which are aimed at entertaining. They do not teach. Hence, they do not resemble those moral tales which entertain and teach at the same time. Although the chief purpose of these books is to entertain, I do not know how this can be achieved, for they are full of outrageous nonsense. The pleasure that a person feels must come from the beauty and harmony of the things which he sees in his mind or in front of him. Neither ugliness nor rot can delight us. There is no beauty in books or chapters that deal with a sixteen-year-old lad who slashes at a giant tall as a tower and cuts him in half as if he were a cookie. When the writer describes a battle, first he says that there are more than a million soldiers on the side of the enemy. Then the hero of the book attacks them. Whether we like it or not, we are led to believe that this knight defeats them by virtue of his strong arms. In those books, hereditary queens and empresses allow knights-errant whom they hardly know to embrace them! Nobody, except an idiot or an illiterate, enjoys reading a novel in which a great tower filled with knights sails to some place like a ship with a favoring wind. At nightfall it reaches Lombardy; the next day in the morning it passes by the kingdom of Prester John of the Indies or other lands that were neither described by Ptolemy nor discovered by Marco Polo. You may say that these books are works of fiction and that the authors are not obliged to provide accurate information; the bigger the lie, the more people believe and like it. In works of fiction, there should be a connection between the plot and the reader's intelligence. Authors should explain the things that seem improbable, tone down the exploits and surprise, and please and entertain the readers. Surprise should go hand in hand with pleasure. Authors cannot attain this if they flee from verisimilitude and mimicry, qualities which constitute perfection in the art of writing. I have never seen a book of chivalry where all the elements of the story were linked together. In fact, they are made up of many disparate elements that make them resemble chimeras or monsters. Besides, the style is stiff, the exploits improbable, the love affairs outrageous, courtesy discourteous, the battles endless, the arguments stupid and the journeys absurd. There is no artistry here. Hence, they should be banished from Christian countries. Actually, they are useless."

The priest listened attentively. It seemed to him that the canon was an intelligent man who was right. He told him that since he shared his opinion and disliked such works, he had burned the many books of chivalry owned by Don Quixote. He said that he had examined all his books. He gave him the title of those that he had burned and those that he had not. The canon laughed heartily. He added that despite all the bad things that he had said about those books, he had found one good thing about them: intelligence can show itself. An ocean of pages affords the author the opportunity to let his pen run free. He can describe shipwrecks, tempests, duels and battles. He can depict a valiant captain with all the characteristics he must have. Hence, this captain must be prudent and patient. He must anticipate the stratagems of his enemies, persuade or dissuade his soldiers, give them some good advice and make quick decisions. The author could write a tragedy or a comedy full of surprises. He could depict a lovely, chaste, intelligent and shy lady, a kind, courageous Christian knight, a violent, pretentious barbarian, and a polite, valorous and decent prince. The vassals would be kind and faithful; their lords would be great and generous.

“The author”, the canon went on, “can become a kind of astrologer, cosmographer, musician, political analyst, and even a necromancer if he wishes. He can highlight the astuteness of Ulysses, the piety of Aeneas, the bravery of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the betrayals of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the valor of Caesar, the clemency and honesty of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, and the prudence of Cato; in short, all the attributes that make an illustrious man perfect. Sometimes he places them all in one individual; sometimes he divides them among several men. If what he writes in a fluid style is original and close to the truth, the result will surely be a cloth composed of many different, beautiful threads. When it is finished, it will be so beautiful and perfect that it will achieve the greatest goal of any writing, which is, as I have said, to teach and entertain. Prose allows the author to write epics, lyrical novels, tragedies and comedies, with all the elements that are found in poetry and oratory, which are sweet, pleasant sciences. By the way, epics can be written either in prose or in verse.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The canon continues his speech
on the books of chivalry,
with other matters worthy of his intelligence.

“You are right, Mr. canon”, remarked the priest, “which is why the authors who have written such books must be harshly punished. In fact, they have disregarded good advice and the technique which could have guided them and made them as famous in prose as the two princes of Greek and Latin poetry are in verse.”

“You see”, replied the canon, “I was once tempted to write a book of chivalry, observing all the points that I have mentioned. I must confess I have already written more than a hundred pages. Since I wanted to see if they were as good as I thought they were, I submitted them to certain individuals who love this kind of reading. Some of them were learned and intelligent; the others were ignoramuses who just enjoyed listening to nonsense. All of them liked the beginning of my book. I did not continue because I thought that this was unsuited to my profession and that the fools were more numerous than the wise. Since I preferred to be praised by a few intelligent individuals rather than mocked by many idiots, I did not want to subject myself to the confused judgment of conceited, ordinary people, who are the readership of such books. However, the main reason why I did not finish what I had begun was an argument about the comedies that are being performed now. I said to myself: ‘Almost all the plays produced now, whether purely fictitious or historical, are nonsensical. However, ordinary people like them and regard them as good plays, though they are far from good. The authors who write them and the actors who perform them say that they must be like this because the public wants that kind of thing and nothing else. The plays that have a plot and develop the story in an artistic fashion interest only a handful of intelligent people who are able to understand them, while all the others fail to perceive their beauty. Hence, authors and actors prefer to earn their living entertaining the crowd rather than gain a reputation thanks to a few individuals. If I strove to finish writing my book, observing the precepts I have mentioned, I would act

against my best interests.' I have tried to persuade the actors that they are wrong and that they would attract more people and gain more fame with well-made plays than with silly ones. They are so firmly set in their opinions that no argument or evidence will make them admit that they are wrong. I can recall that one day I said to one of these stubborn men: 'Do you remember the three tragedies composed by a famous Spanish author and which were performed here only a few years ago? The audience were mesmerized, namely the simple as well as the wise, the general public as well as the establishment. The three tragedies alone generated more revenue than thirty of the best plays that have been produced since then!' 'I guess', said the author, 'that you are referring to *Isabela*, *Filis* and *Alejandra*.' 'Yes, I am', I replied. 'You see, although they are well-made plays, there are genuine tragedies and please everyone. Thus, the public is not guilty of asking for nonsense; it is the authors and actors who are guilty of producing silly plays. *Ingratitude avenged,* or *Numantia*, or *The merchant in love,* or *The compliant enemy* are not silly plays, nor are the others composed by some intelligent poets who gained fame and enabled the actors to earn a lot of money.' I added a few arguments which left him, I thought, a bit confused, but not convinced enough to abandon his erroneous opinion."

"Mr. canon", said the priest, "your speech has awakened my long-lasting hatred of contemporary plays, which is equal to my hatred of books of chivalry. According to Cicero, a play should mirror human life, highlight the customs and speak the truth. Those that we see now mirror human madness, highlight foolishness and speak like lascivious cocottes. They are nonsensical because the infant who appears in the first scene turns into a bearded man in the following scene. It is foolish to depict a courageous old man, a cowardly lad, an eloquent footman, a wise page, a king as a factotum and a princess as a servant. What shall I say about the attention that is paid to the element of time in connection with the action that is represented? I have seen plays in which the first act takes place in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third in Africa. If there had been four acts, the fourth would have taken place in America. Hence, they would have encompassed the four parts of the world. Since imitation is the chief purpose which a play should have in view, a person of average intelligence cannot possibly like one whose action is supposed to take place in the time of King Pepin and Emperor Charlemagne, but whose leading character, Emperor Heraclius, enters Jerusalem bearing the cross and recovers the Holy Sepulcher like Godefroy de Bouillon; there is a vast stretch of time between the two monarchs! This play is a work of fiction, but the author, who is not thorough, combines historical truths with events that happened to different persons at different times. So the story is full of errors, which is utterly inexcusable. Unfortunately, some ignorant people say that this is perfect and that all the rest is detestable. As for religious plays, their authors invent lots of false miracles and apocryphal, incorrect events; they attribute the miracles of one saint to another! Even in their secular plays, the protagonists perform miracles, for they think that this miracle or stage effect, as they call it, will fit in and attract the simpletons, who will marvel at it. All of this is prejudicial to the truth and to historical accuracy. It tarnishes the reputation of the Spaniards, for foreigners, who scrupulously observe the rules of the theatre, regard us as ignorant barbarians because our plays are absurd. It would not be a sufficient excuse to say that well-ordered states allow the actors to perform these plays chiefly because they entertain and educate people and,

at times, protect them from the inconveniences engendered by idleness. We can achieve this purpose by means of a play; a good or a bad one. There is no need to propose regulation or to compel actors and authors to perform or write in a certain manner, since, as I have said, any kind of play will do the job. However, a good play is more efficient, for, when a spectator watches a well-constructed play, he laughs at the jokes, learns a few truths, marvels at the plot, analyses the arguments, unravels the mysteries, follows the examples, hates vice and venerates virtue. Good plays awaken these feelings in any spectator, however unsophisticated and stupid he or she may be. So they never fail to provide more entertainment and pleasure than the ones that lack the aforesaid qualities, as is the case with those performed today. The poets who compose them are not to blame for this, for some of them know why they are wrong and what they ought to do. Since plays are mere merchandise, they say, and in this they are right, that the stage directors won't buy them if they are not of a certain type. Thus, the poet anticipates the customer's requests. This is evidenced by the infinite number of plays composed by Félix Lope de Vega. They are full of elegant verses, good arguments, important sayings and eloquence. They are so stylish that his name is known all around the world. However, he has anticipated the stage directors' requests, which is why all his plays are not masterpieces. Other authors are so careless that, after the performance, the actors have to flee for fear of being punished, as they often have been for having hurt the feelings of some kings and personages. These improprieties would cease, and with them many others that I do not mention, if there were at court some intelligent person who would examine all the plays before they are put on, not only those that are produced in Madrid but also those that are produced in other parts of Spain. Without his approval, seal and signature, no mayor would permit a play to be staged. Hence, the actors would have to send their plays to court. Then they could perform them since they would not be harmed. Knowing that their works would be examined by a punctilious, learned man, authors would be more careful. Good plays would be produced and the nation would benefit from their objectives: the entertainment of the public, the protection of the reputation of the Spanish writers, the interests and safety of the performers and the end of punishment of actors and authors. Should they ask another person, or this same one, to examine the new books of chivalry, editors would surely publish some that would be as perfect as the ones described by Your Reverence. They would enrich our language with pleasing, priceless eloquence. The old books would be eclipsed by them. They would enable idlers and busy men to have a decent pastime, for a bow cannot always be drawn, nor can man's weak nature be deprived of lawful recreation."

The canon and the priest had reached this point in their conversation when the barber came up to the priest and said:

"Your Reverence, here is the place I mentioned; we can have a rest while the oxen graze."

"This is a very nice spot indeed", replied the priest.

When the canon learned what they had planned to do, he wanted to halt too, for he was seduced by this beautiful valley. In order to enjoy it, continue talking with the priest, whom he liked, and hear more about Don Quixote's exploits, he ordered some of his servants to go to the inn, which was not far away, to bring back enough food for them all, for he had decided to have a rest there that afternoon. One of his servants

replied that the packmule, which might have reached the inn already, carried enough provisions. So they did not need to carry anything from the hostelry except barley.

"So", said the canon, "lead all our mounts there and bring back the packmule."

Sancho saw that he could speak to his master without the constant presence of the priest and the barber, whom he distrusted. So he went up to the cage and said:

"Sir, I feel morally compelled to tell you about your enchantment. In fact, the two masked men are the priest of our village and the barber. I think that they have plotted to cage you up out of sheer envy, for your exploits tarnish their image. So you are not enchanted but fooled and stupid! Just to prove this, I'd like to ask you one thing. If you answer me in the way I think you'll answer, then you'll be able to discover the deception and will see that you are not enchanted but mad."

"Ask me whatever you wish, Sancho", replied Don Quixote. "I will satisfy and obey you. It seems to me that those who accompany us are the priest and the barber, our well-known neighbors, but they are not really the persons they seem to be! Actually, you must understand that they seem to be who they seem to be, as you said, because they must be those who have enchanted me and who have taken on this appearance and likeness. It is easy for enchanters to assume the identity of whoever they like. So they must have assumed the identity of our friends in order to lead you to think what you think and throw you into a labyrinth of illusions from which you would not escape if you had the cord of Theseus. They also have done this in order to confuse me and prevent me from finding the root of the problem. You say that the barber and the priest of our village accompany me and that I am in a cage. Since I know that only a superhero can cage me up, it is clear that my enchantment, in view of the manner in which it has been accomplished, is more powerful than those described in all the books that I have ever read and that deal with enchanted knights-errant. You believe that these men are who they pretend to be, but they are as who they pretend to be as I am a Turk! By the by, you wanted to ask me something. Speak, then; I will answer you, even if you ask me questions from now until tomorrow.''

"Good Lord!", shouted Sancho. "You are so stubborn and brainless that you cannot see that I am telling you the truth. Malice has more to do with your imprisonment and misfortune than enchantment. I want to demonstrate that you are not enchanted. So, when God rescues you and you find yourself in the arms of lady Dulcinea when you least expect it..."

"Stop your incantations", said Don Quixote, "and ask what you like. I have already told you that I will answer you with accuracy."

"Fine", Sancho went on, "I want you to tell me without adding anything to it or leaving anything out, but in all truthfulness, as you would expect it to be told and as it is told by all those who, like you, follow the profession of arms under the title of knights-errant..."

"I have said that I won't lie", replied Don Quixote. "Sancho, finish your question, for these precautions and prayers upset me."

"I am sure", said Sancho, "that you are kind and honest. Since you care about our affair, I'd like to respectfully ask you if, since you have been in this cage, which is enchanted, according to you, you have felt the need to go see Mrs. Murphy?"

"Sancho, I don't know Mrs. Murphy! Speak more clearly if you want me to give you a direct answer.

"You don't know Mrs. Murphy! All the schoolboys know her! Well, then, have you felt the need to go and powder your nose?"

"Ah, I know what you mean, Sancho. Yes, many times, and I feel like powdering my nose right now! Get me out of this, for it smells bad here!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

The intelligent conversation between
Sancho Panza and Don Quixote.

"Ha", cried Sancho, "you have been caught red-handed! That's all I wanted to know! Now, sir, you cannot deny what people usually say here when a person is weird: 'I don't know what's the matter with So-and-so; he doesn't eat, or drink, or sleep, or give you a sensible answer when you ask a question; he must be enchanted!' From all this we can infer that those who don't eat, or drink, or sleep, or do the natural things I have mentioned are enchanted. On the other hand, those who, like you, drink when someone pours them a drink, eat when there's food to eat and answer all the questions are not enchanted.

"Sancho, what you say is true", replied Don Quixote, "but I have already told you that there are many different types of enchantments. Perhaps the enchantment has changed in the course of time, which is why these men do everything that I do, although they did not do so before. One cannot infer anything from experience. I know that I am enchanted, which gives me peace of mind. If this were false, I would be upset, for I would realize that I am in this cage because I am a coward, which prevents me from succoring the weak, who, at this very moment, need my help and protection."

"However", said Sancho, "you should get out of this cage. I promise that I will help you to escape. You will try to mount Rocinante, who also seems enchanted, for he looks so sad. When we have done that, we will try our luck again and embark on new adventures. If they don't turn out well, we will still have time to come back to the cage. If your fate or my stupidity prevents us from implementing what I've said, since I am a good, faithful squire, I promise that I will lock myself up along with Your Lordship."

"I am willing to do as you say, brother Sancho", Don Quixote assured him. "When you have the opportunity to set me free, I will obey your instructions to the letter, but you will realize that you misinterpret my misfortune."

The *knight-errant* and the unlucky, *errant* squire conversed in this manner until they reached the place where the priest, the canon and the barber, who had already dismounted, were waiting for them. The cattleman unyoked his oxen to let them graze in that peaceful verdant meadow. The cool air made all of them, not only people as enchanted as Don Quixote but also persons as sane and intelligent as his squire, want to relax and enjoy the scenery. The latter begged the priest to allow his master to leave the cage for a little while, otherwise it would not remain clean, which did not befit his master's sense of decency.

The priest understood what he meant. He told him that he would gladly grant his request, but he feared that his master, once released, would revert to his old habits and go to a place where he would never be seen by anybody again.

"I swear that he won't flee", replied Sancho.

"As for me", said the canon, "I swear that I will grant your request if he gives me his word of honor, as a gentleman, that he will not leave until we agree to let him go."

"I give it", said Don Quixote, who was listening to everything, "all the more so because enchanted people — and I am one of them — are not allowed to act freely, for wizards can compel them to stay in a certain place for three whole centuries. If they fled, they would be brought back through the air."

He added that it would be a good idea to release him, for, if they did not do so, the smell would nauseate them unless they moved a good distance away.

The canon *sealed the deal* because the knight *had had a bad deal*. So his good intentions moved them to let him out of the cage. He was overjoyed. The first thing he did was to stretch his entire body. Then he went over to Rocinante, slapped him twice on the rump and said:

"O breathtaking image of equine comeliness, I hope that God and His blessed Mother will soon satisfy our desires. I want to mount you in order to take the path that moved God to grant me life."

Having said this, he went to a remote spot with Sancho. When he came back, he felt lighter. He was more desirous than ever of implementing his squire's plan.

The canon looked at him. He was struck by his ravings. However, the knight seemed perfectly sane when he spoke and answered questions. In fact, as been said many times, he lost his grip only when the subject was chivalry. As they all sat on the green grass to wait for the meal, the canon said to him:

"My good man, do you think that those stupid books of chivalry have affected your mind and led you to believe that you are enchanted and that other things that are far from being true have happened? Can a human mind acknowledge the existence of this myriad of Amadises, famous knights, emperors of Trebizond, Felixmartes of Hircania, palfreys, damsels-errant, serpents, dragons, giants, exceptional adventures, enchantments, battles, fierce duels, flashy outfits, lovelorn princesses, squires turned into counts, funny dwarfs, letters, flirtatious remarks, courageous women and stupid things that one can find in books of chivalry? When I read them and forget that they are full of lies and frivolous ideas, I enjoy them. When I realize what they are, I fling most of them across the room. If I saw one here, I would toss it into the fire. They deserve such punishments, for they contain untrue ideas, misleading statements and information that cannot be easily understood by ordinary people. They are like the founders of new sects and new ways of life: they lead all the ignoramuses to believe that the nonsense they contain is true. These *misleading* statements *mislead* the minds of intelligent, wellborn gentlemen like Your Lordship, as evidenced by your demeanor, which has moved them to cage you up and carry you on an oxcart like some lion or tiger that is taken from place to place to be exhibited for money. Ah, Lord Quixote! You should pity yourself, come to your senses and use the great intelligence bestowed upon you by God in a manner that will allow your fertile imagination to read books that will lead you to increase your awareness and improve your reputation. If your idiosyncrasies move you to read books about chivalry and exploits, then turn to *The Book of Judges* in the *Holy Scriptures*, for it deals with great truths and deeds that are real and impressive. Of course Lusitania had Viriato, Rome Caesar, Carthage Hannibal, Greece Alexander, Castilla Count Fernán González, Valencia El Cid, Andalusia Gonzalo Fernández, Extremadura Diego García de Paredes, Jerez Garci Pérez de Vargas, Toledo

Garcilaso, Sevilla Don Manuel de León; their exploits can amuse, interest, delight and surprise the most intelligent readers. So these books will befit your intelligence. You will learn many historical facts, fall in love with virtue, acknowledge goodness, improve your manners and become courageous, but not reckless. You will derive much benefit from this, please God and make La Mancha famous, which is your birthplace, if I am not mistaken."

Don Quixote listened to the canon very attentively. When he saw that he had finished, he stared at him. Then he said to him:

"My good man, it seems to me that your speech is aimed at leading me to believe that knights-errant don't exist, that all the books of chivalry are mendacious, harmful and useless and that I shouldn't have read them, or believed them, or copied the behaviour of the so-called valiant knights-errant who are to be found in such works. According to you, Amadís, either of Gaul or of Greece, and all the other knights whose names are written on so many pages have never existed."

"That's correct", said the canon.

"Sir, you added that such books have done me much harm since they have impaired my ability to ratiocinate and land me in a cage. So I should change my mind and turn my attention to books that are truer, more pleasant and more instructive."

"That's correct."

"Thus, I think that the man who is mad and enchanted is you! You have blasphemed against something that is accepted as true all around the world! Whoever denies it, as you have done, deserves the punishment that, according to you, you inflict on the books that annoy you when you read them. To try to persuade a man that neither Amadís nor any of the adventurers who are depicted in those stories ever existed is the same as trying to make him believe that the sun does not shine, or that ice is not cold, or that the earth is barren. Nobody can convince anybody that the stories about Princess Floripes, Guy of Burgundy, Fierabrás and the bridge of Mantible, which happened in the time of Charlemagne, are not true. I swear that they are as true as the sun that is shining. Since all this is a lie, I assume that there was no Hector, no Achilles, no Trojan War, nor Twelve Peers of France, no King Arthur of England, who was turned into a crow and is expected to reappear in his kingdom at any time. Some people say that the story of Guarino Mezquino and the legend of the Holy Grail are false and that the relationship between Tristan and Queen Yseult and the one between Guinevere and Lancelot are pure invention, but there are people who can almost remember having seen Lady Quintañona, who was the best cupbearer in Great Britain. I can recall that, whenever my paternal grandmother saw a lady with a mantilla, she said: 'grandson, she looks like Lady Quintañona.' From this fact I can infer that she knew her or at least had seen some portrait of her. Who would dare to say that the story of Pierre and the beautiful Magalona is not true? In the royal armory, we can still see the pin — a bit larger than a cart-pole — with which the courageous Pierre guided his wooden horse through the air. The saddle of Babieca is next to the pin. Roland's horn, the size of a beam, is in Roncesvalles. From this fact we can infer that the Twelve Peers, Pierre, The Cid and other similar knights existed,

For people say that
They embark on adventures.

I guess that you believe that Juan de Merlo, the valiant Lusitanian knight-errant, is an illusion, although he went to Burgundy and fought against the famous baron of Charny, called monsieur Pierre, in the city of Arras. Then, in the city of Basle, he fought against monsieur Henri de Remestan. He defeated them and covered himself in glory. What about the adventures and challenges of those courageous Spaniards Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quijada (from whom I am descended in the direct male line)? They also took place in Burgundy. Our compatriots defeated the sons of the Count of St. Paul. You will say that Don Fernando de Guevara did not go to Germany to fight against lord George, a vassal of the Duke of Austria. You will say that the jousts of Suero de Quiñones, which took place along the Orbigo river, were pure invention. You will ignore the attacks of monsieur Louis de Faux on the Castilian knight Gonzalo de Guzman along with many other exploits performed by Christian knights of this and other realms, all of them so true and authentic that, I say it once more, he who denies them is a lunatic."

The canon was amazed at the manner in which Don Quixote combined truth with falsehood and at his knowledge of knight-errantry. He responded:

"Lord Quixote, some of what you have said is true, especially the things about the Spanish knights-errant. I am willing to admit that there were twelve peers in France, but I cannot believe that they did all the things described in the books written by the Archbishop of Turpin. In fact, those knights were chosen by the kings of France. They were called peers because they were equal in worth, rank and valor; at least they should have been. They belonged to a kind of Catholic military order that resembled the present orders of Santiago and Calatrava. It is presumed that those knights must be brave aristocrats. Today we refer to them as Knights of St. John or Knights of Alcántara; in those days they referred to them as Knights of the Twelve Peers, for this Catholic military order was composed of twelve men who were equal. I am certain that El Cid and Bernardo del Carpio existed, but I don't think that they performed the deeds attributed to them. As to Count Pierre's pin, with which he guided his horse and which you claim to have seen alongside Babieca's saddle in the royal armory, I must confess I am so stupid and shortsighted that, although I have seen the saddle, I haven't seen this massive pin."

"I am sure that it is there", replied Don Quixote, "all the more so because they say that it is encased in a cowhide sheath in order to prevent rust."

"Maybe", said the canon. "However, I can assure you that I don't remember seeing it. If I admit that it is there, I nonetheless do not believe what we read in the books that deal with the adventures of all those Amadises or knights. An honorable, gifted and intelligent man like you should not believe that all the strange things described in those nonsensical books of chivalry are true."

CHAPTER L.

Don Quixote's intelligent arguments,
along with other matters.

"Good Lord!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "According to you, the books that are printed with a royal license and with the approval of the ones to whom they have been

submitted and that are liked and praised by the powerful, the weak, the rich, the poor, the learned, the ignorant, aristocrats, commoners and all sorts of people of every status are full of lies, although they seem true since the authors disclose many details about the father, the mother, the relatives, the age, the birthplace and the exploits of this or these knights! You should shut up. You shouldn't blaspheme. Since you are intelligent, you should take my advice and read them. I feel certain that you will enjoy them. Nothing is more enjoyable than seeing, for instance, a big lake of boiling pitch where many serpents, grass snakes, lizards and all sorts of fierce, terrifying animals swim as, from the middle of it, comes a mournful voice, saying: 'You, gentleman, who is looking at this dreadful lake, if you want to get the treasures that lie underneath these dark waters, you will have to display your courage and dive into this burning jet-black solution. If you refused, you would never be allowed to look at the breathtaking wonders enclosed by the seven castles of the seven witches that are situated beneath this darkness.' No sooner does the knight hear that awful voice than, without hesitating or pausing to consider the peril involved, he dives into the fiery lagoon, burdened with the full weight of his armor and commending himself to God and his lady friend. He does not know where he will land or what will happen next. All of a sudden, he finds himself among flowering meadows, which are more beautiful than the Elysian fields. It seems to him that, in this place, the sky is more transparent and that the sun is brighter. He beholds a peaceful forest composed of leafy trees whose emerald canopy enraptures him. His ears are delighted by the sweet, incomparable music played by a myriad of small colorful birds, flying in and out through the interweaving branches. He discovers a rivulet. Its transparent water looks like liquid crystal. It runs over fine sand and white pebbles that resemble gold powder and iridescent pearls. He catches sight of a beautiful fountain composed of varicolored jasper and smooth marble. Farther, there is another one, which was built in a rococo style. The small clam shells and the white and yellow spiral-shaped shells of the snails are arranged in a *well-ordered disorder.* They are mixed with bits of shining glass and counterfeit emeralds. The artists wanted to copy nature, but they ended up surpassing it. All of a sudden, a well-built castle or remarkable fortress appears in front of him. The walls are made of solid gold, the parapets of diamonds, and the gates of rubies. Although it is made of diamonds, red garnets, rubies, pearls, gold and emeralds, the workmanship in itself is of greater worth. There is more to come! Now he sees a large number of damsels come out through the gate of the castle. Their dresses are so pretty that it would take me centuries to describe them. The one who appears to be the leader of them all grasps the hand of the bold knight who dived into the boiling pitch. Without uttering a word, she leads him into the splendid castle, where she has him strip. He is stark naked! She bathes him in lukewarm water, rubs perfumed ointments over his entire body and dresses him in a scented chiffon shirt. Another girl tosses a shawl over his shoulders; they say that its value exceeds the value of a city. It is written that they take him to a hall; the tables are laid in a manner that fills him with amazement. A maid washes his hands with water perfumed with ambergris and flower extract. She sits him on an ivory chair. All the damsels who serve him are completely silent. They bring him a great variety of dishes that are so exquisitely prepared that he does not know which one he will eat first. He can hear beautiful music, but he does not know from where it comes or who plays it. When the meal is

over and the tables are cleared, the knight leans back in his chair and, perhaps, picks his teeth, as is the custom. Suddenly, a damsel much more beautiful than any of the others enters through the doorway of the hall. She seats herself beside him and begins to give him some information about the castle, the manner in which she was enchanted and other things that astonish him and the readers who are reading this story. I don't want to go further, for one can already understand that any passage from a book of chivalry delights everybody. Trust me! Read these books; they make melancholic people feel better. As for me, I just want to say that, since I became a knight-errant, I have been courageous, polite, generous, kind, bold and patient. I have also endured hardships, imprisonment and enchantments. Although they have just locked me in a cage because they believe me to be mad, I think that my strong arms, Heaven and good fortune will enable me to become, within a few days, the king of some kingdom where my generous heart will express its gratitude. In truth, sir, he who is poor cannot give support to anyone, although he is very generous. Gratitude that consists only of hopes soon disappears, just as disappears faith when it is not pursued. Hence, I'd like fortune to enable me to become an emperor as soon as possible so that my heart may recompense my friends for their efforts, especially this poor fellow, Sancho Panza, my squire, who is the best man in the world. I'd like to give him the earldom that I promised him long ago, but I fear that he won't be able to manage his estate."

As soon as Sancho heard these last words, he said to his master:

"Sir, make sure that you give me the earldom that you promised me and which I have been waiting for all this time, for I swear that I'll be able to govern it. It is said that there are men who rent such estates and regularly pay the owners a sum of money. They manage the estate while the lord of the manor does absolutely nothing but cash the cheques without worrying about anything else. That's what I'll do if I cannot govern it. I won't quibble over trifles. I'll get rid of the hassle. They will work and I will enjoy my money like a duke."

"Brother Sancho", said the canon, "you can, of course, earn money in that fashion, but the owner of a great estate is also a judge. So he must be competent, sensible and, above all, find the truth, for when someone is reluctant at the beginning, the middle and the end are always wrong, which is why God always favors the good intentions of the simple men and frustrates the bad intentions of the intelligent."

"I don't understand these philosophies", replied Sancho. "All I know is that once I have that earldom, I'll be able to rule it, for I have a soul like anybody else and a body like the rest of them. I'll be as much a king in my state as the others are in theirs. When I am king, I will do what I want. Since I will do what I want, I will be happy. When you are happy, there's nothing more to be desired. So give me that earldom and see you later, alligator, as one blind man said to another!"

"Those are not bad philosophies, as you call them, Sancho", observed the canon, "but there is much to be said on this subject of earldoms."

"I do not know what more there is to be said", Don Quixote answered. "I am guided simply by the example of the great Amadís of Gaul, who made his squire count of Firm Island. So I can, with a clear conscience, make Sancho Panza a count, for he is one of the best squires that a knight-errant ever had."

The canon was astonished at Don Quixote's well-constructed nonsense, at the manner in which he had described the Knight of the Lake's adventure, at the fact that the falsehoods contained in his books had influenced him deeply, and at the stupidity of Sancho, who so eagerly longed to obtain the earldom that his master had promised him.

The canon's servants, who had been to the inn to look after the mule, returned. They spread a blanket on the green grass of the meadow, sat down in the shade of some trees and ate there so that, as I have said, the cattleman might take advantage of the spot. While they were eating, they suddenly heard a loud noise and the sound of a small bell, which came from some nearby brambles and dense undergrowth. At that instant they saw a beautiful she-goat come out of the thicket; its skin was speckled with black, white and brown spots. Behind it came a goatherd. He called to it, using jargon, so that it might stop and come back to the flock. However, the panic-stricken fugitive ran up to where they were sitting, as if asking for their help. It stopped there.

The goatherd came over to it and seized it by the horns. Speaking to it as if it had been able to understand him, he said:

"Ah, Spotty, Spotty! You are so rebellious! Stop monkeying around! Girl, what wolves have frightened you? Beauty, what's going on? I know that you are restless because you are a female; you and people like you are unfortunate! Come back, come back, my dear. You are not so happy there, but at least you'll be safer in the fold, along with your female companions. Your duty is to look after them and lead them. What will happen to them if you wander?"

The goatherd's words amused them, especially the canon, who said:

"Brother, don't panic! You should not hurry to lead this goat to the fold. Since it is a female, as you say, it must follow its instincts; this is beyond your control! Eat something, drink a bit of wine, and calm down while the goat rests."

He presented him with some cold loin of rabbit on the end of a knife and handed him a glass of wine. The goatherd thanked him for the food and the wine. He gulped down a mouthful of wine and grew calmer. Then he said:

"Gentlemen, I hope that you will not take me for a simpleton because l spoke to this pet as if it were a human being. In truth, what I said to it is not mysterious. Although I am a countryman, I know how to speak to both men and beasts."

"I believe you", said the priest, "for I know from experience that the fields give birth to learned men and that shepherds' huts accommodate philosophers."

"At least, sir", replied the goatherd, "they accommodate wretched men. Gentlemen, in order that you may acknowledge this truth, even though it is impolite to speak without being invited, I'd like you, if you don't mind, to listen closely as I tell you a story which will confirm what His Reverence and I have just said."

Don Quixote responded:

"Since there is a touch of knight-errantry in that affair, I will be glad to listen to you, brother; so will all these gentlemen, for they are extremely intelligent and fond of new curiosities, which surprise, delight and entertain people, as I am sure your story will. Begin, then, my friend, for we are all ears."

"Pass", declared Sancho. "I'm going over to that rivulet with this pie. I am going to devour it! I have heard His Lordship say that a knight-errant's squire ought to eat all he can when he has the opportunity, for, when he and his master go into a dense wood,

at times they are not able to find their way out for a week. If his belly is not full or his saddlebags well-stocked, he will stay there, as very often happens, and turn into a skeletal mummy."

"You are right, Sancho", said Don Quixote. "Go wherever you like and eat as much as you like, for I have already eaten. Now I need to *feed* my soul with recreation: I am going to listen to this good man's story."

"We will all do the same", said the canon.

Then he asked the goatherd to begin the tale he had promised.

The man, who was holding the animal by the horns, gave it a couple of slaps on the side, saying to it:

"Spotty, lie down here beside me; we don't need to return to the fold right now."

The she-goat seemed to understand him, for, when its master sat down, it stretched out beside him very calmly. Its eyes met his; it was listening to every word he was saying. The man began as follows.

CHAPTER LI.

The story the goatherd told to
those who were taking Don Quixote home.

"Three leagues from this valley is a village which, although it is a small one, is one of the richest in the region and where lived a farmer who was highly respected. Although the wealthy are always esteemed, people respected him not because of his wealth, but because of his virtue. According to him, what made him happier than anything else was the possession of a daughter who was so pretty, intelligent, charming and virtuous that whoever knew and saw her was bedazzled by the breathtaking gifts bestowed upon her by Heaven and nature. She was already a pretty little girl, but as she grew older, her beauty increased. By the time she reached the age of sixteen, she was gorgeous. Her reputation began to spread to the neighboring villages, to distant cities, to royal castles and to the ears of all sorts of people. They came from all around to behold this curiosity, this icon. Her father watched over her and she watched over herself, for there are no padlocks, or guards, or locks that protect a maiden better than self-distrust. His wealth and her beauty led many neighbors and strangers to ask for her hand in marriage. However, this precious jewel confused him; he could not decide to which of the countless suitors he would give it. I was one of them. I had high expectations since her father knew me: I was a wealthy, intelligent pure-blooded young native of the same village. Another suitor of the village, with the same characteristics, had also asked for her hand in marriage, which had perplexed him: it seemed to him that either of us would be a good match for his daughter. In order to ease his mind, he resolved to speak to Leandra, which is the name of the pretty girl who keeps torturing me. Since we belonged to the same social class, he thought that it was a good idea to allow his beloved daughter to choose the man she preferred, a procedure that should be imitated by all parents who want their children to get married. Obviously, they must not be between the devil and the deep blue sea. In fact, there must be a first selection; then they can choose between good and good! I do not know which of us Leandra chose; I just know that her father put us

off, saying that the girl was very young and speaking in broad generalities, which was not a flat refusal. My rival's name is Anselmo; mine is Eugenio. You need to know the name of the people who take part in this tragedy. It is not over yet, but it seems that the outcome will be awful. At this time a certain Vicente de la Rosa came to our village. He was the son of a poor peasant who lived there. He had been a soldier in Italy and elsewhere. When he was about twelve years of age he had been taken away by a captain who had chanced to pass through our village with his regiment. The lad returned twelve years later; he was wearing a gaudy uniform covered with a thousand glass trinkets and fine steel chains. He kept changing uniforms, but all of them were flimsy, showy, light and cheap. Peasants, who are naturally malicious and who can be malice itself when idleness gives them the opportunity, noticed this. They examined his jewelry and outfits and discovered that he had three uniforms of different colors with stockings and garters to match, but he combined the pieces so cleverly that if they had not counted them, they would have sworn that he had displayed more than ten different suits and more than twenty guises. This information about the garments is not irrelevant, for they play an important part in the story. He used to sit on a stone bench that stands underneath a large poplar tree in the public square of our village. There he would recount his exploits, which fascinated us all; he had visited all the countries, taken part in all the battles, killed more Moors than there are in Morocco and Tunis put together and engaged in more duels than Gante, Luna, Diego García de Paredes and a thousand other knights whom he mentioned. He had emerged victorious from all of them without having lost a single drop of blood. Moreover, he would show us his scars. We could not distinguish them, but we were given to understand that they had been caused by shots from muskets in various battles. Finally, with unparalleled arrogance, he addressed his equals and friends as "your lordship", saying that his father was his hero, that his deeds were his pedigree and that he owed nothing to the king, for he was a soldier. In addition to this arrogance, he was something of a musician; he could strum the guitar in such a way as to make it speak, according to some. His accomplishments did not stop here, for he was also a poet who composed a ballad a league and a half long on any trifling event that occurred in the village. This brave soldier, whom I have just described, this Vicente de la Rosa, this charmer, this musician, this poet, was often seen and observed by Leandra from a window in her house which overlooked the square. His showy uniforms and his ballads seduced her; he made twenty copies of each one he composed. She heard of his exploits since he kept referring to them. Finally, with the help of the Devil, she came to fall in love with him before he had thought of wooing her. Since no love affair can be easily brought to a happy conclusion when the lady is not in love, Leandra and Vicente entered into an agreement. So, before any of her numerous suitors discovered her affections, she had satisfied her desires, left the village and the house of her beloved father (she had no mother) and run away with the soldier, who boasted more about this than about all his other accomplishments. All the villagers and the people who heard the news were shocked. I was surprised, Anselmo amazed, her father sad, her relatives ashamed, justice on alert, and the officers of the Brotherhood ready to go. They searched the highways, woods and all the surrounding territory. At the end of three days they found the capricious Leandra in a cave in the country. She was wearing only a chemise. The large sum of money and priceless jewels with which she had left

home had disappeared. They took her to the house of her grief-stricken father and questioned her. She freely confessed that Vicente de la Rosa had tricked her into leaving her father's house because he had promised that he would marry her and take her to the richest and most depraved city in the world, namely Naples. She had believed him because she was ignorant and impressionable. Hence, she had robbed her father and agreed to follow him on the night that she disappeared. Thus, he had taken her to an isolated place and locked her in the cave where they had found her. She added that the soldier had not damaged her reputation but robbed her of all her belongings. Then he had run away and left her in that cave, which surprised us a bit more. We refused to acknowledge the young man's abstinence, but she was so persuasive that her disconsolate father calmed down. He did not care about the money because his daughter still possessed the one jewel that cannot be regained once it is lost. On the very day that Leandra returned, he took her to a convent in a nearby city, for he did not want anybody to see her. He hoped that time would enable her to restore her reputation. The girl's youth served to *excuse* her *inexcusable* behavior, at least in the eyes of those who did not care about her morality, but those who knew that she was intelligent and perspicacious did not attribute her sin to ignorance but to flippancy and women's nature, who are, most of the time, irresponsible and unbalanced. Since Leandra was in a convent, Anselmo's eyes were sightless, or at least they saw nothing that made him feel happy. Mine were in darkness; no light allowed them to rejoice. Her absence inflamed our sorrow; we grew impatient; we cursed the soldier's fancy uniforms and abhorred her father's lack of prudence. Finally, Anselmo and I decided to leave the village and come to this valley, where he pastures a large number of sheep that belong to him and I pasture a large flock of my goats. We spend our lives among the trees, giving vent to our feelings, or praising the beautiful Leandra, or cursing her, or sighing and complaining to Heaven. Many of Leandra's other suitors have copied us: they have come to this inhospitable place to practice meditation. There are so many of them that this place has turned into the pastoral Arcadia: it is full of shepherds and sheepfolds. The name of the beautiful Leandra is heard everywhere. One curses her and calls her capricious, inconsistent and dishonest. Another man says that she is flirtatious. One pardons her; one sentences her to many years in prison. One praises her beauty; another criticizes her nature. In short, they adore and hate her! They are so mad that some of them complain about her disdain, though they have never met her. Others complain and are overwhelmed by jealousy, although she is not responsible, for, as I have said, her sin was discovered before her affections. There is no cave, no brookside, no shade where you will not find some shepherd recounting his misfortunes to the air. The echo keeps repeating the name of Leandra; the mountains resound with her name; the brooks murmur 'Leandra'. She has bewitched and puzzled us; we *hope hopelessly* and fear a thing that we do not know. My rival, Anselmo, is saner than these foolish men. He has so many other things to complain about, but he only complains about her absence. He writes sensible lyrics; when he sings his sad songs, he accompanies himself on the rebec, which he plays admirably. As for me, I follow an easier and, as it seems to me, a wiser path, which consists in criticizing women because they are flirtatious, inconsistent, disloyal, unreliable and, lastly, irresolute. Gentlemen, this is the reason why I spoke to my she-goat in this fashion. Since it is a female, I have little respect for it, even though it is the best of all my flock.

Such is the story that I promised to tell you. My tale is long-winded, but it does not mean that I will be slow in serving you. My hut is nearby; in it there is fresh milk, delectable cheese and ripe fruit that is no less pleasing to the eye than it is to the taste."

CHAPTER LII.

The quarrel that Don Quixote had with the goatherd,
together with the strange adventure of the penitents,
which the knight brought to a happy conclusion
by the sweat of his brow.

The goatherd's story pleased those who had listened to it, especially the canon, who was surprised by the manner in which it had been told. The goatherd was not that rustic. In fact, he was as educated as a witty courtier. The canon remarked that the priest was correct in saying that the fields gave birth to learned men. They all complimented Eugenio on his story. Don Quixote was the most generous of any in this regard. He said to him:

"Brother goatherd, if I could embark on a new adventure, I would do my best to help you. I would take Leandra out of that convent, where she is undoubtedly held against her will, in spite of the shenanigans of the abbess and the rest of them. Then I would entrust her to you. You would be allowed to treat her as you would like, but you would have to follow the rules of chivalry, which prohibit mistreatment of damsels. I hope that God will lessen the power of the malicious enchanters so that the good ones can defeat them. Once it is done, I will help you since my calling compels me to succor the weak and the needy."

The goatherd stared at him. The knight's shabby clothes and strange mien surprised him. He turned to the barber, who was next to him, and asked:

"Sir, who is this man who looks so strange and talks in this fashion?"

"This man", replied the barber, "is the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, righter of wrongs, protector of damsels, giant-charmer and great conqueror."

"That", said the goatherd, "sounds to me like the sort of thing one reads in books about knights-errant, for they do all the things that you have just mentioned. Are you joking? Is this gentleman a *nutcase*?"

"You are a wicked barbarian!", cried Don Quixote. "It is you who are the *nutcase*. *In any case*, the bitch who bore you is *nuttier* than the *basket case* I am supposed to be!"

He seized a loaf of bread that was lying beside him and hurled it straight in the goatherd's face with such force that it flattened his nose. The man did not enjoy the joke. When he saw how badly he was being mistreated, ignoring the blanket, the tablecloth and those who were eating, he leaped on Don Quixote and started to squeeze his throat. He would have strangled him if Sancho Panza had not rushed over to his master to seize him by the shoulders and throw him down on the blanket, smashing plates and cups and spilling and scattering everything that was on it.

When Don Quixote saw that he was free, he jumped on the shepherd. The latter's face was covered in blood and Sancho kept kicking him; he was crawling on his

hands and knees in order to find a table knife with which he would exact a sanguinary revenge, but the canon and the priest prevented him from doing so. However, the barber helped the goatherd to hold Don Quixote down. The knight was beaten so harshly that his face was soon as bloody as the shepherd's.

The canon and the priest roared with laughter. The officers were excited. They all barked at the pair as men do at a dog fight. Sancho Panza alone was in despair, for he could not free himself from one of the canon's servants who prevented him from helping his master.

All of them were having fun except the two street fighters. Suddenly, they heard the mournful sound of a trumpet; they turned their heads in the direction from which it came. Don Quixote got excited. He was more than a little bruised and still underneath the goatherd, which displeased him very much. He said to him:

"Brother, you must be a demon since you have defeated me thanks to your strength and courage. I beseech you to stop fighting for no more than an hour, for the mournful sound of that trumpet might be the starting signal: a new adventure is awaiting me."

Tired of hitting and being hit, the goatherd released him. He rose to his feet and turned his head in the direction of the sound. Don Quixote saw a large number of persons coming down a slope. Thew were clad in white after the fashion of penitents.

That year, the clouds had refused to water the thirsty earth. So there were processions with flagellants in all the parts of that region. The penitents were imploring God to have mercy on them and to send rain. The inhabitants of a nearby town were making a pilgrimage to a cave located in this valley and where a devout hermit lived.

Don Quixote beheld the strange robes of the penitents. Although he had often seen processions, he believed that this was the beginning of an adventure. So, since he was a knight-errant, he alone had to undertake it. The veiled statue that they were carrying reinforced his point of view. It seemed to him that some highborn lady was being carried away against her will by those disrespectful, messy ruffians. No sooner did this idea cross his mind than he rushed over to Rocinante; it was grazing not far away. He removed the bridle and his buckler from the saddletree, adjusted the bridle, asked Sancho for his sword, mounted his horse, grasped his shield and shouted:

"Now, courageous people, you are going to understand why there must be knights-errant in this world. I am going to free this captive lady to demonstrate that such knights are to be esteemed."

As he said this, he dug his legs into Rocinante's flanks since he had no spurs. At a brisk trot (nowhere in this true history do we read that the hack ran at a full gallop), he bore down on the penitents in spite of all that the canon, the priest and the barber did to restrain him; their efforts were as vain as were the entreaties of his squire. The latter said to him:

"Where are you going, Lord Quixote? Why the devil are you challenging our Catholic faith? This is a procession of penitents and the lady they are carrying on the palanquin is the blessed image of the Immaculate Conception. Sir, look what you're doing! This time you are really mistaken."

Sancho's efforts were in vain. His master was determined to attack the veiled figures and to free the lady clad in black. He did not want to listen to Sancho. If the

king himself had commanded him to turn back, he wouldn't have changed his mind. Having reached the procession, he reined in Rocinante. The hack was already tired. In a hoarse voice, he shouted nervously:

"You who keep your faces covered, perhaps because you are wicked, listen to what I have to say to you."

The first to halt were those who carried the statue. One of the four clergyman who were chanting saw Don Quixote's strange mien, his bony nag and other amusing things. He replied:

"Brother, if you have something to say to us, say it quickly, for these brethren are flagellating themselves, which is why we cannot or must not stop to hear anything unless it is said in a couple of words."

"I will say it in one word", retorted Don Quixote. "That word is the following: 'release at once that lovely lady whose tears and mournful countenance prove that you are carrying her away against her will and that you have done her some shameful wrong. I will not allow you to take a single step forward until you set her free, which is what she wants and deserves!'"

When they heard these words, they all thought that Don Quixote was a lunatic. They began to laugh heartily, which kindled his wrath. Without saying another word, he drew his sword and charged at the palanquin. One of the men who was carrying the statue let his companions bear his share of the weight and came out to meet the knight. He brandished the forked stick that he used to support the Virgin while he was resting. Don Quixote slashed at it and broke it in two. With the piece about a third long that remained in his hand, he hit the knight so hard on the shoulder, on the same side as his sword, that the poor fellow let go of his shield and fell to the ground: he was in a bad situation.

Sancho Panza ran up to him, panting. When he saw that his master was lying on the ground, he shouted at Don Quixote's attacker not to hit him again, for he was a poor enchanted knight who had never, ever, harmed anybody. Sancho's shouts did not stop the peasant. In fact, when he saw that the knight did not move, he thought that he had killed him. So he hastily tucked the bottom edge of his robe into his belt and fled across the fields like a deer.

By this time Don Quixote's companions had reached the spot where he lay. As the penitents saw all of them running, including the officers with their crossbows, they gathered around the statue because they feared trouble. They put on their hoods and grasped their whips as the clergymen brandished their candlesticks. They expected an assault, but they were resolved to defend themselves and even, if possible, to attack their assailants. Fortune arranged matters better than they had expected, for Sancho threw himself down onto his master's body and burst into tears: he believed that his master was dead! What an amusing sight!

The priest was recognized by another priest in the procession, which allayed the fears of both parties. The first priest briefly told the second who Don Quixote was. So the second priest and all the penitents went to see if the poor knight was dead. They heard Sancho Panza, who was inconsolable, say:

"O epitome of chivalry, a single blow with a club has brought your well-spent years to an end! You are the pride of your family, La Mancha and all the world, which, since you won't be there anymore, will be full of evildoers who won't be afraid of being

punished for their bad deeds. O Master, you were more generous than all the Alexanders, for, after only eight months of service, you had to give me the best island ever surrounded by the sea! You were humble with the proud and haughty with the humble. You faced dangers, suffered calumny, imitated the good, spanked the wicked and defeated the mean. You were a knight-errant, that's all."

Sancho's cries and groans awakened Don Quixote. The first thing he said was:

"Sweet Dulcinea, he who does not live with you endures greater miseries than these. Friend Sancho, help me onto this enchanted cart, for this shoulder is broken and I cannot sit in Rocinante's saddle."

"Sir, I'll be glad to help you", replied Sancho. "Let's go back to my village with these gentlemen, who are concerned for your welfare. There we will plan another journey that will bring us more profit and fame."

"Well said, Sancho", responded Don Quixote, "for me must be prudent and wait until the present evil influence of the stars has passed."

The canon, the priest and the barber said that it was a very good idea. Amused by Sancho Panza's tomfoolery, they placed Don Quixote on the cart as they had done before. The procession re-formed and continued on its way. The goatherd said his goodbyes. The priest paid the officers what he owed them since they did not want to go any farther. The canon asked the priest to inform him of the outcome of Don Quixote's madness; he wanted to know whether the knight would recover or not. Then he resumed his journey. In short, they left, but the priest, the barber, Don Quixote, Sancho and Rocinante remained there. The poor horse had witnessed all this with the same resignation as his master.

The cattleman yoked his oxen and laid the knight cautiously on a bale of hay. Then, at his customary slow pace, he followed the road chosen by the priest. At the end of six days they reached Don Quixote's village. They entered it at noon, on a Sunday. The cart crossed the overcrowded square. The villagers gathered around it to see who was in it. When they recognized their neighbor, they were astonished. A boy hurried to the knight's house to tell his housekeeper and niece the news. He said that their master and uncle was lying on a bale of hay in an oxcart; he was skinny and yellow. The good ladies screamed, wailed and cursed again the bloody books of chivalry. They vociferated even more when they saw Don Quixote come through the door. The sight was really pitiful!

Sancho Panza's wife rushed to the village square when she heard the news. She had already learned that her husband had accompanied Don Quixote and that he was his squire. As soon as she saw Sancho, she asked him if the ass was okay. Sancho replied that it was in better shape than his master.

"Thank God for all his blessings!", she exclaimed. "Tell me now, my dear, what have you gained from all your adventures? Have you brought a new cloak for your wife and shoes for your children?"

"I've brought you nothing of the sort, darling", said Sancho, "but things that are more important and respected."

"I'm glad to hear that", she replied. "Show me those things that are more important and respected, my dear. I want to see them so that my heart may rejoice, for it has been so sad during all the centuries of your absence."

“Darling, I will show them to you when we are at home”, said Sancho. “For the time being, you should be happy, for God wants us to embark on a new adventure. In no time I will be the count or the governor of an island, of the best island, not an ordinary one.”

“I hope that Heaven will grant you this, my dear, for we do need it. But tell me, what do you mean by island? I don’t understand.”

“Drop it! You’ll understand soon and you will be surprised to hear yourself called ‘your ladyship’ by all your vassals.”

“Sancho, what do you mean by ladyship, island and vassals?”, inquired Juana Panza, which was the name of Sancho’s wife. They were not blood relatives. Actually, in La Mancha, wives take their husbands’ surnames.

“Juana, there is no need to hurry to get to know all this. I am going to tell you the truth. So, keep silent. I can tell you that there is nothing in the world that is more rewarding than being the respected squire of a knight-errant who seeks adventures. It is true that most of them do not turn out as well as one would like, for ninety-nine out of a hundred turn out wrong. I know that from experience, for, in some, I have been tossed in a blanket and, in others, I have been beaten to a pulp. However, one enjoys waiting for what will happen next, crossing fields, scanning woods, climbing cliffs, visiting castles and staying in inns for free whenever one pleases.”

While Sancho Panza and Juana Panza, his wife, were having this conversation, Don Quixote’s housekeeper and niece welcomed him, undressed him and put him in his bed. He stared at them blankly: he did not understand where he was. The priest asked the niece to take care of her uncle and prevent him from escaping again. He told them how difficult it had been to bring him home. The two women began to call to God again and to curse the books of chivalry again; they asked God to throw the authors of such lies and nonsense into an abyss. In fact, they were confused. They feared that their master and uncle would flee again if he felt better, which is what happened!

The author of this book, although he has striven hard to get information about the deeds performed by Don Quixote on his third sally, has found nothing, at least nothing based on authentic sources. However, a Manchegan legend states that he went to Saragossa, where he took part in some famous tournaments and where he experienced situations that befitted his bravery and intelligence. Besides, I haven’t found anything about his death. Fortunately, I met an old physician who possessed a lead box which, according to him, had been found under the rubble from an old hermitage that was being rebuilt. In this box, he discovered some parchments on which were written, in Gothic script, Castilian verses which dealt with Don Quixote’s exploits, Dulcinea del Toboso’s beauty, Rocinante’s appearance, Sancho Panza’s loyalty and the knight’s burial. There were various epitaphs and eulogies that described his life and habits.

Those that were legible and could be transcribed are the ones that the trustworthy author of this new, extraordinary story has written here. In return for the enormous labor involved in perusing the manuscripts kept in the archives of La Mancha, which task enabled me to publish this book, I ask you to read it and trust it as much as intelligent people trust those popular books of chivalry. Should you do so, I would consider myself well-paid and happy. I would look for and recount other stories, if not as true, then at least as original and entertaining as this one.

The first words written on the parchment that was found in the lead box were these:

You will find herein what the academics of Argamasilla,
a village of La Mancha, wrote on the life and death
of the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Congoleseape, academic of Argamasilla, for Don Quixote's tomb:

EPITAPH

Underneath this frigid stone lie the mortal remains of
The raving maniac who delighted the Manchegans
With more spoils than Jason brought to Crete,
Of the diseased mind of the weather vane
When it lost control,
Of the strong arm that went to
China via Gaeta,
Of the frightening, intelligent male muse
Who carved verses on bronze slabs,
Of the man who left the Amadises behind him
And ignored the Galaors
Because of his affections and generosity,
Of the horseman who mounted Rocinante to wander.

Favorite, academic of Argamasilla, in praise of Dulcinea del Toboso:

SONNET

Here you can see the puffy visage,
The big breasts and the gesticulations of
Dulcinea, Queen of El Toboso,
Whom the great Don Quixote once loved.
For her sake, he crossed
The Sierra Morena and the famous fields of Montiel
And reached the verdant plain of Aranjuez.
He was on foot and tired because of Rocinante.
O unkind fate,
When this ugly young
Manchegan lady died,
The summoned Knight-errant,
Though some marble slabs were inscribed with his name,
Could not free himself from love, or anger, or illusion!

Capricious, a most learned academic of Argamasilla, in praise of Rocinante,
horse of Don Quixote de la Mancha:

SONNET

The restless banner of the Manchegan knight
Waves in a strange manner
Above the magnificent diamond throne
Covered with the bloodied footprints of Mars.
He puts away the weapons and the sword
With which he destroys, demolishes, slashes and cuts.
What an extraordinary feat! Military science invents
A new style for this new paladin.
Amadís is the pride of Gaul.
His brave descendants won a thousand battles in Greece,
Which made this country more famous.
Today the military academy, headed by Bellona,
Bestows a laurel wreath upon Don Quixote.
La Mancha is prouder than Greece or Gaul.
Eternity will never forget his exploits, all the more so
Because Rocinante is so handsome
That he surpasses Brilladoro and Bayardo.

Joker, academic of Argamasilla, to Sancho Panza:

SONNET

Although Sancho Panza is short,
He is a courageous warrior; what a strange surprise!
I swear that he is the most ordinary,
Honest squire in the world.
He would have been a count
If he had not been defeated by our wicked time,
Which always punishes
The simple-minded men.
I can assure you that
The gentle squire rode his ass
And that he was always behind
The gentle Rocinante and its master.
Oh, vain hopes,
You promise people miracles! They turn out to be
Shadows, smoke and illusions!

Hobgoblin, academic of Argamasilla, for Don Quixote's tomb:

EPITAPH

Here lies the bruised

Wandering knight
Who wandered the world
On Rocinante's back.
The simple-minded Sancho Panza
Lies beside him.
He was the most faithful squire
In the world.

Tick-tock, academic of Argamasilla, for Dulcinea del Toboso's tomb:

EPITAPH

Here lies Dulcinea del Toboso.
Although she was plump,
The frightening, ugly death
Turned her into dust.
This pure-blooded woman
Looked like an aristocrat.
She was Don Quixote's flame
And the pride of this village.

Such were the verses that could be made out. Since the other manuscripts were worm-eaten, I gave them to an academic so that he might decipher them. It is said that he has done so; many nights and hard work were necessary. He would like to publish them. Hence, one day we might know what happened to Don Quixote during his third sally.

Perhaps someone else's style will be better [in Italian].

VOLUME 2

To the Count of Lemos

Some days ago, I sent Your Excellency my plays, which were printed before they were performed. If I remember correctly, I said that Don Quixote was about to put on his spurs to go kiss your Excellency's hands. In fact, he has put them on and has already set out. I hope that he will arrive soon so that he may serve you. I have urged him away because he must rid me of the disgust occasioned by another Don Quixote, who is wandering the world in the guise of a so-called Second Part. The great Emperor of China is longing to meet the true Don Quixote. A month ago, his messenger handed me a letter written in the Chinese language, in which he asked or, properly speaking,

beseeched me to send him to China, for he wanted to establish a school where Castilian would be taught by means of readings: the teacher would read the story of Don Quixote. He informed me that he wanted me to become the director of that school. I asked the messenger if His Majesty had given him some money in order to defray my expenses. He replied that the idea never crossed the Emperor's mind. "Well, then, brother", I said to him, "you can go back to China and cover ten leagues a day, or twenty, or whatever distance, for my health does not allow me to undertake so long a journey. Moreover, I am penniless. I don't know any emperor or king, but the great Count of Lemos, viceroy of Naples. He helps, protects and favors me beyond anything that I could desire, although he has never dangled rich rewards before me." I said goodbye to him and I say goodbye to you now, offering you *The Travails of Persiles and Sigismunda*, a book that I will complete within four months, Good willing. It will be either the worst or the best novel ever composed in our language. I shouldn't have said "the worst novel", since, according to my friends, it will be a masterpiece. I hope that I will find Your Excellency in good health. Persiles will soon be there to thank you.

I Remain, Sir, Your Humble and Obedient Servant.

Madrid, the 31st of October 1615.

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

Prologue

To the readers

Wealthy or poor readers, you must be eager to read this prologue since you expect to find strong rebukes delivered to the author of the second Don Quixote – I mean the one who was begotten in Tordesillas and born in Tarragona! Actually, I am not going to satisfy your desires: although offense always kindles people's wrath, I am an exception that proves the rule. You might call him a jackass, a fool and an insolent man. I won't do so, for I don't care; his sin will be his punishment. In fact, I care about his persiflage: he described me as a one-handed old codger, but I could not stop growing older! Besides, I did not lose my hand in some tavern but during the greatest event ever seen. If my wounds do not impress the people who see them, at least those who know where they were received marvel. The soldier who is killed in action is more impressive than the one who escapes and survives. However, if I could step back in time, I'd prefer to fight in that great battle again rather than surrender and be unharmed. The scars that one can see on a soldier's face and chest are stars that show others the way to pride and well-merited praise. This kind of achievement does not happen when people are old but when they are wise, which is a quality that improves with the years.

I resent him for calling me envious and for telling me what envy means, though I am not an ignoramus. Actually, there are two different types of envy; I know the one

that is holy, noble and well-intentioned. Hence, I will not oppose any priest, especially if he is acquainted with the Holy Office. If he said this to someone who was supposed to be criticized for his demeanor, then he is utterly mistaken, for I like this person and admire his works and dedication. I want to thank this author for observing that my novels are more satirical than educative. He once said that they were good, which is normal since there is a little of everything in them. You may think that I am too restrained and modest, but affliction must not to be heaped on the afflicted. This gentleman must be suffering greatly since he does not dare to show himself, or reveal his name, or disclose his nationality, as if he had betrayed the King. Should you meet him, you would have to tell him on my behalf that I do not bear a grudge against him, for I know what temptation is. The Devil leads a man to believe that he can write a book, have it printed, earn a lot of money and become famous. In order to confirm this and since you are a good storyteller, I want you to to recount what follows.

There was in Seville a certain madman whose madness assumed one of the funniest forms that ever was seen in this world. He used to take a hollow reed sharpened at one end, catch a dog in the street or somewhere else, hold one of its legs with his foot, raise the other with his hand, fix his reed as best he could in a certain part and blow up the dog, which became as round as a ball. Then he used to give it a couple of slaps on the belly and let it go, saying to the many bystanders: “Do you think that it is easy to inflate a dog? Do you think that it is easy to write a book?”

Dear reader, should you fail to catch his attention, you would have to tell him the following story, which also deals with a madman and a dog.

There was another lunatic in Cordoba who used to carry a heavy marble slab or stone on his head. When he beheld some stray dog, he used to come closer to it in order to drop the stone upon it. Since the dog suffered, it used to bark and run down three whole streets without stopping. One of the dogs that he treated in this fashion belonged to a capmaker who liked it very much. So the madman let the stone fall on its head; the animal growled. Its owner heard and saw his pet; he grasped a measuring rod and began to hit the dog’s assailant. Each time he hit him he said: “You dognapper, you attacked my greyhound! You barbarian, didn’t you notice that it was a greyhound?” Repeating the word “greyhound” over and over, he beat the lunatic up. The madman had learned his lesson. So he disappeared and was not seen in public for more than a month. Then, carrying his stone on his head, he returned; he was as insane as before. He went up to the dog and stared at it. He did not dare to drop his stone. He said to himself: “Beware! This is a greyhound.” Each time he came across dogs, he said that they were greyhounds, although they were mastiffs or chihuahuas, which is why he let them go. The same thing may happen to this storyteller: he will not venture to drop his wit on bad books that are harder than rocks.

Tell him that I don’t care about his threat to deprive me of the revenue generated by my book because of his. Quoting from the famous interlude, *La Perendenga*, I will say to him: “Long live the twenty-four councilors and see you later, alligator.” Long live the great Count of Lemos, whose Christian spirit and well-known liberality have enabled me to survive in spite of all the blows delivered by ill fate. Long live Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, the pious cardinal from Toledo. Should all the printing presses in the world print a great many books that would tarnish my reputation, I wouldn’t give a damn about it! I did not have to flatter these two princes.

In fact, there are so kind that they keep helping me. Hence, I consider myself richer and more fortunate than if fortune had favored me by ordinary means. The poor can be proud, not the villains. Nobility can be eclipsed by poverty, but it cannot be destroyed by it. Since the light of virtue comes from itself and passes through the cracks of adversity, high, noble minds come to esteem it.

I don't want to reveal anything else to you. So don't reveal anything else to him. I just want to say that the *Second Part of Don Quixote*, which I herewith present to you, is cut from the same cloth and by the same craftsman as the *First Part*. This book is the continuation of his history. I killed and buried him so that nobody might venture to keep on testifying against him, for there is enough evidence now. An honorable man has already chronicled this lunatic's ravings. So there is no need to repeat what had been described. An abundance of things, even of good things, discredits them, while scarcity makes people trust them. I almost forgot to tell you that *Persiles*, on which I am now putting the finishing touches, and *Part Second of the Galatea* will soon be published.

CHAPTER I.

The conversation which the priest and the barber had with Don Quixote about his disease.

In the second part of this story, which deals with Don Quixote's third journey, Cid Hamete Benengeli tells us that the priest and the barber had not seen their friend in a month in order not to remind him of what had happened. However, they kept on visiting his niece and his housekeeper, whom they entreated to give the knight invigorating food that would be good for his heart and for his brain, which, to all appearances, was the source of his trouble and the cause of all his misfortunes. The women replied that this was what they were doing. They would continue to do so because they had noticed that, at times, their master seemed perfectly sane. The priest and the barber rejoiced at this news; they concluded that they had been right to have Don Quixote carried in an oxcart, as was recounted in the last chapter of the *First Part* of this great, detailed story. Hence, they decided to visit him in order to see if his condition had improved, but they believed that it was impossible. So they agreed that they would not bring up any subject that had to do with knight-errantry, as they did not want to run the risk of re-opening a wound that was still so sore.

Finally, they visited him and found him seated on his bed. He was wearing a green woolen waistcoat and a red Toledo cap. He was as skeletal and dry as a mummy. He welcomed them warmly. They asked him how he felt. He gave them some information about him and his disease: he seemed sensible. In the course of their conversation, they came to speak of politics. So they corrected this mistake, condemned that one, reformed one law and changed another. The three of them became lawmakers, modern Lycurguses, brilliant Solons. They redesigned the state, as if they had placed it in a forge and had drawn out something quite different from what they had put in. All the while, whatever subject was broached, Don Quixote remained sensible, which led the two examiners to believe that he was in his right mind.

The niece and the housekeeper were present at this conversation. They kept thanking God, for their master was sane again. However, the priest changed his mind about not bringing up anything that had to do with chivalry, for he wanted to check whether the knight's recovery was real or not. So he came to refer to news from Madrid: everybody said that the powerful Turkish army was about to reach Spain. Nevertheless, nobody knew what the Turks would do or where they would go. The fear that leads us every year to sound the alarm moved the King and all the Christian countries to fortify the coasts of Naples, Sicily and Malta.

"His Majesty", remarked Don Quixote, "is a most prudent warrior, for he has taken some time to protect his dominions; the enemy will not surprise him. That being said, if he followed my advice, I would tell him to adopt a measure which, I am sure, has not crossed his mind."

"Poor Don Quixote", said the priest to himself when he heard this, "may God help you, for it seems to me that you have fallen from the high cliff of your madness into the abyss of your stupidity!"

The barber shared the same opinion. He asked the knight what the King should do; perhaps his suggestion would have to be added to the long list of stupid things said to princes.

"My suggestion, Mr. hairdresser", replied Don Quixote, "is not *stupid* but *stupendous.*"

"That is not what I meant", said the barber, "but experience has shown that all or most of the plans that are proposed to His Majesty are either impossible or stupid. They may also harm him and his kingdom."

"Mine", Don Quixote insisted, "is neither impossible nor stupid. Anybody can implement it easily."

"It takes you a long time to tell it", observed the priest.

"I do not want to tell it to you now", said the knight, "for, if I do so, tomorrow morning the councilors will know it. I don't want anybody to enjoy the fruits of my work."

"I swear to God", said the barber, "that I will not reveal what you will say to the king, or to the rook, or to any mortal. This oath comes from a ballad about a priest who, in the prelude, tells the king that a thief has robbed him of a hundred doblas and his mule."

"I know nothing about such stories", said Don Quixote, "but I do know that the oath is a good one since the barber is a decent man."

"If he were not", the clergyman went on, "I would hold myself responsible for him: he would be as silent as a mute man for fear of being sued and sentenced."

"Why should I trust you?", inquired Don Quixote.

"Because I am a priest", the clergyman replied, "which consists in keeping secrets."

"You're right!", exclaimed the knight. "His Majesty should ask the town criers to tell all the knights-errant who are in Spain to assemble in Madrid on a given day. If no more than half a dozen came, one of them would be able to defeat the Turks. Pay attention and listen closely to what I am about to say. Can a single knight-errant defeat an army of two hundred thousand men, as if they all had but one throat or were made of sugar paste? Tell me, how many stories are filled with such marvels? Unfortunately

for me, if the famous Don Belianís were alive today, or any of the countless other descendants of Amadís of Gaul, the Turks would be in big trouble. God will scan his flock and find someone who will not be as aggressive as those knights but who will be as courageous as they are. God knows what I mean. I won't say anything more about it."

"Oh, dear!", exclaimed the niece at this point, "I hope that my master will not want to become a knight-errant again."

"Whether you like it or not, I am a knight-errant", said Don Quixote. "The Turks can come and go and show off... God knows what I mean!"

"I beg you", said the barber, "to allow me to recount a brief story that happened in Seville. It is a story that is made for the present occasion, which is why I would like to tell it."

Don Quixote agreed to his request. The priest and the others were all ears. The barber began to say:

"A man had been put in the psychiatric hospital of Seville by his relatives because he was insane. He was a graduate of Osuna, in canon law; most people thought that if he had been a graduate of Salamanca, he would have been as mad. After a few years of seclusion, this man began to believe that he was sane again. So he wrote to the archbishop. Using sensible arguments, he beseeched him to have him released from the misery in which he was living, for, thanks to God, he had recovered his sanity. Although he was in his right mind, the members of his family kept him there because they were enjoying his share of the estate. They wanted him to remain insane until he died. Impressed by the many well-written, sensible letters he had received from this man, the archbishop sent one of his chaplains to ask the director of the psychiatric hospital if what the graduate had written was true. The chaplain had to talk with the patient. If he was sane, he had to have him released. Following these instructions, he was informed by the director that the man was still mad. He used to say sensible things, but he also used to talk nonsense, as was readily to be seen by speaking with him. The chaplain resolved to do so. He met the patient and conversed with him for more than an hour. During that time the madman did not make any incoherent or foolish remark. What he said was so logical that the chaplain believed him to be sane. Among other things, the man stated that the director hated him because he did not want to lose the gifts that the patient's relatives sent him for saying that he was still insane, although he had lucid intervals. The greatest misfortune that he had to contend with was his wealth: since his enemies wanted to enjoy it, they doubted God's help, who had turned the beast into a human being again. What he said made the director's behavior seem highly suspicious, while his relatives appeared to be greedy and cruel and he appeared to be sane. So the chaplain resolved to take the man to the archbishop's residence so that the latter might meet him and acknowledge the truth. With this worthy intention, he asked the director to send for the clothes that the graduate wore when he entered the hospital. Once again the director asked him to reconsider his decision, for the patient was undoubtedly mad. This entreaty did not prevent the chaplain from implementing his plan. Since it was the archbishop's request, the director complied. Thus, they brought the graduate his clothes, which were new and decent. When the latter saw himself dressed like a sane man and rid of his madman's garments, he begged the chaplain to allow him to take leave of his

friends: the lunatics. The chaplain said that he wished to accompany him and meet the inmates. So, some of the patients and the two of them went upstairs and came to a cell where there was a raving maniac, but, at that moment, he was calm and quiet. The graduate said to him: 'Brother, is there anything I can do for you? I am going home. Although I don't deserve it, God, in His infinite goodness and mercy, has restored me to health: I am sane again. You see, He is omnipotent. You must trust Him, for if you do so, He will restore you to your former condition, as He did to me. I will send you some good things to eat. You will have to eat them, for, since I have experienced it, I can tell you that empty stomachs and heads full of air always lead to madness. So force yourself to eat because discouragement impairs the health, which leads to death.' Everything the graduate said was heard by another madman in a cell across the way. Rising from an old mat where he had been lying bare naked, this inmate asked in a loud voice who was the sane man who was going away. 'Brother, it is I', replied the graduate. 'I am leaving you, which is why I want to thank God for His kindness.' 'Pay attention to what you are saying, Mr. graduate', the other said to him; 'keep calm and stay where you are: you will spare yourself the trouble of coming back.' 'I know that I am all right', replied the graduate, 'and that I won't have to carry the cross again.' 'You are all right!', exclaimed the madman. 'So, prove it and go away! I swear to Jupiter, whom I represent on earth, that because of this sin, which Seville is committing today since it is releasing you from this place as if you were cured, I will have to punish it in a manner which people will remember everlastingly; Amen! Little graduate, I will be able to do this because, as I have said, I am Jupiter, the thunder god who grasps the fiery bolts of lightening and threatens to destroy the world. However, I want to punish these ignorant people in a certain manner: it will not rain in Seville or anywhere in the entire district for three whole years; today is the beginning of the drought! You are neither free nor sane. I am not in a psychiatric hospital, and I am not insane. Nothing will move me to allow the rain to fall!' The bystanders listened attentively to the madman's words and cries. Then the graduate turned to the chaplain, seized his hands and said: 'Sir, don't upset yourself. Pay no attention to what this fellow says. If Jupiter prevents the rain from falling, each time it will be necessary, I will send the rain, for I am Neptune, the father and god of water!' 'Mr. Neptune', the chaplain answered, 'you should not annoy Mr. Jupiter. You should stay here. Another day, when it is more convenient and there is less disorder, we will return for you.' The director and the others laughed heartily. The chaplain was a bit upset. They undressed the graduate; he remained where he was. That's the end of the story."

"Mr. barber", said Don Quixote, "is this the story that fitted the situation and which you could not refrain from telling? Ah, Mr. hairdresser, Mr. hairdresser, how blind is he who cannot see through gauze! Do you know that comparisons between intelligence and intelligence, value and value, beauty and beauty, and ancestors and ancestors are always awful and ill-received? Mr. barber, I am not Neptune, god of water; I don't want anybody to take me for an intelligent man, since I am not intelligent. I am just trying to make people realize that they should step back in time and reestablish knight-errantry. Our wicked time does not deserve to enjoy so great a blessing as that which former ages knew, when knights-errant defended kingdoms, protected damsels, succored orphans, punished the proud and helped the poor. Most of the knights of today are sissies: they prefer damasks, brocades and other beautiful

fabrics to coats of mail. None of them sleep outside, exposed to the inclement weather, armed from head to foot. None of them doze without taking their feet out of the stirrups, leaning on their lances. None of them emerge from a wood in order to climb a mountain and, then, tread on a barren, deserted beach where the enormous waves surge towards a small boat, without oars, a sail, a mast, or rigging of any kind; they don't leap boldly into it or face the implacable waves that bite the clouds and dive into the abyss. They don't defy the unbeatable tempest which carries them to a place that is three thousand miles from the harbor where they embarked. Hence, they cannot jump ashore upon the soil of a remote, unknown land or embark on adventures that are worthy of being recorded in bronze, not on parchment. Moreover, laziness has triumphed over effort, idleness over work, vice over virtue, arrogance over valor, and theory over warfare, which was resplendent during the golden age of knight-errantry. Tell me, who was more virtuous and valiant than the famous Amadís of Gaul? Who was more intelligent than Palmerín of England? Who was more compliant and kinder than Tirante el Blanco? Who was more elegant than Lisuarte of Greece? Who was more stabbed or stabbed more people than Don Belianís? Who was bolder than Perión of Gaul? Who was more courageous than Felixmarte of Hircania? Who was more sincere than Esplandián? Who was more daring than Don Cirongilio of Thrace? Who was braver than Rodamonte? Who was wiser than King Sobrino, bolder than Rinaldo and more invincible than Orlando? Who was handsomer and more courteous than Ruggiero, from whom the present dukes of Ferrara are descended, according to Turpin in his *Cosmography?* Father, all these men and many others whom I could mention were the best knights-errant. I'd like them or people like them to belong to my army, in which case His Majesty would be well served and would save a lot of money; the Turks would be upset. Hence, I will stay at home if the chaplain does not take me out. If Jupiter, as the barber has said, prevented the rain from falling, I would strive to send the rain. I say this so that Mr. Basin may know that I understand him."

"In fact, Lord Quixote", said the barber, "that's not the reason why I said that. Since my intentions were good, you should not get angry."

"I know whether I must get angry or not", replied Don Quixote.

Then the priest said:

"Luckily, I have hardly said a word up to now, but scruples prevent me from having a clear conscience; they come from what Don Quixote has just told us."

"Father", said Don Quixote, "feel free to express yourself, for one must never have a guilty conscience."

"Well, then", the clergyman continued, "allow me to say that I think that the many knights-errant you have mentioned have never existed. I believe that it's all fiction, fables and daydreams, or rather, illusions."

"This", declared Don Quixote, "is another mistake which many people make when they do not believe that such knights ever existed. With various persons and on various occasions, I often endeavored to clarify the situation. Sometimes I failed; sometimes I succeeded in telling the truth, for the truth is so clear that I can assure you that I met Amadís of Gaul. He was a tall fair-skinned man. His black beard was a bit rough. He did not talk a lot. He was not irritable. The other knights-errant who are depicted in the books looked like him. I feel certain that the accurate information contained in these books and their exploits allow us to visualize them."

"Lord Quixote, according to you, how tall was the giant Morgante?", the barber asked.

"There are different opinions about the existence of giants", replied the knight, "but the Bible, which is the truth, shows us that giants did exist since it tells us the story of a Philistine named Goliath, who was seven cubits and a half in height, which is a very great size. Moreover, in the island of Sicily, they have found shinbones and shoulder blades so large that they must have belonged to giants as tall as towers; this is architectural evidence. However, I don't know precisely Morgante's size, though I assume that he was not exceedingly tall, since I found in the books where his exploits are recorded that he used to sleep underneath a roof: considering that he found houses that were large enough to accommodate him, he was not that tall."

"I agree with you", said the priest.

Because he enjoyed listening to such nonsense, he asked Don Quixote what Rinaldo of Montalbán, Don Orlando and the Twelve Peers of France, who were all knights-errant, looked like.

"Concerning Rinaldo", Don Quixote responded, "I would venture to say that he had a broad face, a ruddy complexion and big twinkling eyes. He was touchy and extremely choleric. He used to befriend thieves and misfits. As for Roldán, or Rotolando, or Orlando, which are his names in the books of chivalry, I think that he was of medium height, broad-shouldered, somewhat bow-legged, red-bearded and hairy. He looked daggers at people. He did not talk a lot, but he was calm and well-bred."

"Orlando", observed the priest, "was not that attractive. So it came as no surprise that the beautiful Angelica disdained him and left him for that bearded young moor who was elegant, graceful and handsome. She was right to prefer the softness of Medoro to Orlando's roughness."

"Father", replied the knight, "that Angelica was an inattentive, flighty and capricious damsel. She filled the world with her impertinence and the fame of her beauty. She belittled a thousand courageous, intelligent men and preferred a bearded little boy whose wealth and fame depended on his friend's help. The great poet who praised her beauty, the famous Ariosto, either did not dare or did not want to relate what happened to this lady following her disgraceful capitulation. It seems that her adventures were not very edifying. At this point he said:

Since she is queen of China now,
Perhaps another poet will be more enthusiastic.

Undoubtedly, this was a prophecy, for poets are also soothsayers. This is so true that a famous Andalusian poet sang and cried over her misfortunes, while another famous, exceptional poet from Castile praised her beauty."

"But tell me, Lord Quixote", said the barber, "among all the poets who have praised her, has there been one who wrote a satire on Lady Angelica?"

"I think", replied Don Quixote, "that if Sacripante or Orlando had been poets, they would have given the damsel a dressing-down, for when poets have been scorned and rejected by the women whom they love, whether the ladies in question be real or imaginary, it is natural for them to try to avenge themselves by means of satires and

libels, although this demeanor is unworthy of good-natured people. Up to now, I have not come upon any defamatory verses directed at Lady Angelica, who stirred up trouble."

"That's very strange", said the priest.

At that moment they heard the housekeeper and the niece, who had left the room a while ago, shouting at someone in the courtyard. So they all rushed out.

CHAPTER II.

The notable argument that Sancho Panza had
with Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper,
along with other amusing happenings.

The story says that the cries which Don Quixote, the priest and the barber heard came from the niece and the housekeeper. They were shouting at Sancho Panza, who was struggling to get in to see the knight while they were doing their best to keep him out.

"What is this clumsy man doing here? Go home, brother, for it is you who deceive him and entice him to wander the country."

"You are the housekeeper of the Devil", retorted Sancho. "It is he who deceives me and entices me to wander the country. You are utterly mistaken. He tricked me into leaving my home by promising me an island of which I have not taken possession yet."

"Wretched man", responded the niece. "I hope that those bloody islands will choke you. By the way, what are those islands? Glutton, can you eat them?"

"One cannot eat them", replied Sancho; "one must govern them, which is not an easy task, since they are bigger than four cities put together."

"Well, then", said the housekeeper, "you are not coming in here, you snollygoster. Govern your house and plough your plot of land; stop talking about islands or islets.'

The clergyman and the barber greatly enjoyed listening to this conversation. Don Quixote feared that Sancho would talk nonsense, reveal some secrets and touch on certain subjects that would not redound to his master's benefit. So he ordered the two women to shut up and let the unwelcome visitor come in. Sancho entered the house as the priest and the barber took their leave. They despaired over Don Quixote's sanity, for they knew that he was stubborn and obsessed with knight-errantry. The priest said to the barber:

"You see, my friend, he will embark on a new adventure when we least expect it."

"I have no doubt about it", replied the barber, "but the squire's stupidity impresses me more than the knight's madness. I think that nothing will prevent him from believing that he will get an island."

"May God help them", said the priest; "we will have to wait and see what happens. It seems that the knight and the squire share the same madness. In fact, the madness of the master depends on the squire's stupidity."

"You are right", agreed the barber. "I'd like to know what they are talking about at this moment."

“I feel certain”, replied the priest, “that the niece and the housekeeper are going to tell us about it, for they are gossips.”

In the meanwhile, Don Quixote had shut himself in his room with Sancho. As soon as they were alone, he said to him:

“Sancho, I am disappointed in you because you said that I changed your life. You know very well that I did not remain in my own house. We both decided to go away and wander the country. We shared the same fortune and the same fate. They tossed you once in a blanket, but they hit me a hundred times: you are privileged!”

“You are right”, Sancho remarked, “for, according to what you said, knights-errant endure more misfortunes than their squires.”

“Sancho, you are mistaken”, replied the knight, “for, as the saying goes: ‘Quando caput dolet etc.’”

“I understand no other language than my own,” said Sancho.

“I mean”, said Don Quixote, “that when the head hurts, the other parts of the body hurt. Since I am your master, I am your head; since you are my servant, you are a part of me. Hence, when one of us suffers, the other suffers.”

“Perhaps”, Sancho answered, “but l know that when they tossed my body up, my head was on the other side of the wall, watching me fly through the air, without feeling any pain whatever. Since the other parts of the body hurt when the head hurts, the head should hurt when the organs hurt.”

“Sancho, do you mean that I felt nothing when they tossed you in the blanket? You must not say or think such a thing, for I felt more pain in my mind than you did in your body. However, let us change the subject; we will solve that problem later on. Sancho my friend, tell me, what do the villagers think of me? What do the noblemen and knights think of me? What do they say about my courage, exploits and kindness? Do they think that I was right to reestablish the quasi-forgotten knight-errantry? In short, Sancho, I want you to tell me everything that you have heard about this issue, but don’t embellish the story, for loyal vassals must tell the truth to their lords, just as it is; they must not flatter them. Sancho, I can tell you that if the princes knew the truth, our time would be different and other eras would be known as the age of iron, not ours, which is a golden age. Heed my advice, Sancho, for you will be able to answer my questions intelligently and faithfully, and tell me the truth.

“Sir, I am willingly to do so", Sancho replied, “but you must promise me that you won’t fly into a rage if I say something unpleasant, which might happen since you want me to tell you what I heard without embellishing it.”

“I will not fly into a rage", said Don Quixote. “You may speak freely, Sancho; you don’t have to beat about the bush.”

“Well, in the first place, the commoners look upon you and me as lunatics. The noblemen say that you have usurped the title Don and that you call yourself a knight, although you own a small piece of land and are shabby. The knights, on the other hand, say that they don’t want the noblemen to oppose them, especially the gentlemen who polish their own shoes and darn their black stockings with green silk."

“That", said the knight, “has nothing to do with me, since I am always well-dressed and never wear clothes with patches. There are holes in them, not because they are worn-out, but because they have been pierced by swords."

“There are different opinions", Sancho went on, “about your courage, kindness and exploits. Some people say that you are crazy, but amusing. Other people say that you are brave, but unfortunate; others that you are courteous, but impertinent. They keep on criticizing us."

“You see, Sancho”, replied his master, “when virtue is extreme, it is always persecuted. All or most of the famous men of the past were slandered by wicked people. Julius Caesar, a most energetic, wise and courageous captain was criticized for being ambitious, dirty and cruel. Alexander, whose deeds won him the title of Great, was regarded as a drunkard. Hercules, the god who labored hard twelve times, was accused of being a womanizer. It was rumored that Don Galaor was a bit lascivious and that his brother, Amadís of Gaul, was a whinger. You see, Sancho, since good men have been belittled in this fashion, what they say about me may be forgotten, all the more so because they don’t criticize me a lot."

“Unfortunately”, said Sancho, “there’s the rub!”

“What?”, Don Quixote asked. “Is there anything else you would like to add?”

“Don’t count your chickens before they hatch”, said Sancho. “You have just eaten the appetizer! If you want to know all the mean things they say, I can grass! Bartolome Carrasco’s son came home last night. He has been studying at Salamanca and has just graduated from this university. When I went to welcome him, he told me that they had published a book about your life, which is called *The Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha*. He added that I am mentioned in it. In fact, my name, Lady Dulcinea del Toboso’s and what happened to us when we were alone are mentioned in it. I crossed myself, for I did not know how the author was able to discover what had happened.”

“I can assure you, Sancho”, said Don Quixote, “that the author of this book must be some wise enchanter, for one cannot conceal anything from this kind of person.”

“Why do you say that the author is a wise enchanter?”, Sancho asked. “According to the graduate student Sansón Carrasco, which is the name of my informer, the author’s name is Cid Hamete Eggplant.”

“This”, said Don Quixote, “is a Moorish name.”

“You are right”, replied Sancho, “for it is said that the Moors like eggplant.”

“You must be mistaken”, said the knight, “about the surname of this Cid, a title which means ‘lord’ in Arabic.”

“Perhaps”, replied Sancho, “but if you want me to bring him here, I must do it right now.”

“I’d like you to do so, my friend”, said Don Quixote, “for what you have told me piques my curiosity. I will not eat anything invigorating until I have learned about it.”

“Very well, then”, said Sancho, “I am going to fetch him.”

He left his master and went out to look for the graduate student. He returned with him a short while later. Then the three of them had a most amusing conversation.

CHAPTER III.

The amusing conversation between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza and the graduate student Sansón Carrasco.

Don Quixote remained pensive as he waited for Sansón Carrasco. He hoped that the student would allow him to read the book which, according to Sancho, dealt with his history. He could not believe that any such book on his exploits existed, since the blood of the enemies he had killed was not yet dry on his sword. He thought that some wizard, either a friend or an enemy, had printed it, as if by magic. If the wizard had been a friend, he would have exalted Don Quixote's exploits, which would have overshadowed the knights-errant of old. If he had been an enemy, he would have belittled them, set their value below the meanest action performed by any wicked squire and set them down in writing, but no book dealt with the exploits of squires. If the book on his life existed, it would be sublime, exceptional, remarkable, magnificent and full of accurate information, for it dealt with a knight-errant's life. He found comfort in this, but he regretted that the author was probably a Moor since he was a "Cid". You know, Moors are liars: they deceive people, cheat and make up stories. He feared that his love affair with Dulcinea del Toboso had been recounted in a manner that would tarnish her reputation. He hoped that the book had portrayed him as a faithful, courteous suitor, for he had overcome his instincts and spurned queens, empresses and damsels of any rank. He was thinking about this when Sancho returned with Carrasco. Don Quixote welcomed the student.

Although his name was Samson, he was not tall. However, he was sly. His skin was fair and he was intelligent. He was about twenty-four years of age and had a round face, a snub nose and a large mouth. He seemed mischievous, witty and funny, which proved to be true when he kneeled down before Don Quixote and said to him:

"Your Royal Highness, please, allow the humble student who wears a cassock, though he is not a clergyman, to shake hands with you. You are the most famous knights-errant that ever have been or ever will be anywhere on earth. May God bless Cid Hamete Benengeli, who recorded your history, and the learned man who had it translated from Arabic into Castilian in order to entertain us."

Don Quixote asked him to rise and said:

"Is it true that a wise Moor has written a book on my life?"

"Yes, it's true", replied Sansón. "I can tell you that they have printed more than twelve thousand copies of that story in Portugal, Barcelona, Valencia and Antwerp. It is so famous that I feel certain that all the inhabitants of planet earth will know it soon, for it will be translated into all the languages."

"A virtuous personage", remarked Don Quixote, "likes to be praised, during his lifetime, by readers who speak so many different languages. I have said 'praised', for, if they criticized him, his fate would be worse than death."

"Your Lordship", said the student, "you are more famous and have a better reputation than all the other knights-errant, for the Moor in his tongue and the Christian in his have highlighted your grace, courage, patience when you suffered, and

honorable behaviour with regard to the platonic relationship that you have with Lady Dulcinea del Toboso."

"Never in my life", said Sancho, "have I heard anybody address Dulcinea as Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. People call her Mrs. Toboso. So, on that point, the story is wrong."

"That's not important", said Carrasco.

"No, certainly not", Don Quixote agreed. "But tell me, sir, what adventures of mine have made the deepest impression in this book?"

"There are different opinions", the student answered, "for people do not like the same things. Some people are very fond of the adventure of the windmills, which you mistook for Briareuses or giants. Others like the adventure of the watermills. This man relishes the story of the two armies which, in fact, were flocks of sheep. That man appreciates the tale of the dead man whom they transported to Segovia in order to bury him. A person will assert that the story of the galley slaves is the best of all; another will say that nothing surpasses the story of the Benedictine giants or the encounter with the valiant Biscayan."

"Tell me, sir", said Sancho, "does the book say anything about the adventure with the Yanguesans, when our good Rocinante asked for the moon?"

"The learned man", replied Sansón, "did not conceal anything: he told everything, including the somersaults Sancho did as they tossed him in the blanket."

"I did not do somersaults in the blanket", objected Sancho, "I did them in the air, and more than I wanted."

"I suppose", said Don Quixote, "that all the histories that deal with mankind have their ups and downs, especially those that have to do with chivalry, for they can never be full of happy events alone."

"Nevertheless", the graduate student went on, "some readers say that the authors should have skipped over the innumerable blows which Don Quixote received in the course of various encounters."

"Here we must deal with the accuracy of the story", said Sancho.

"They should have skipped over them", observed Don Quixote, "on the grounds of equity, for there is no need to record the events that do not alter the veracity of the story if they tarnish the hero's reputation. You can rest assured that Aeneas was not the pious man described by Vergil, nor was Ulysses the intelligent hero portrayed by Homer."

"That's true", replied Sansón, "but poets and historians do not use the same technique. Poets recount the events not as they were, but as they should have been, whereas historians recount them not as they should have been, but as they were; they never deviate from the truth."

"Well", said Sancho, "since this Moorish man always tells the truth, I feel certain that my bruises accompany my master's. In fact, people have never looked at His Lordship's shoulders or at my body. But this comes as no surprise, for, as my master says, when the head hurts, the other organs hurt."

"You're such a mocker, Sancho", said Don Quixote. "Honestly, you remember things only when you choose to do so!"

"Even if I wanted to forget the blows which they delivered to me", answered Sancho, "the bruises on my ribs would prevent me from doing so, for they are still fresh,"

"Be quiet, Sancho," his master admonished him, "and do not interrupt the student. I beg him to go on and tell me what is said about me in this book."

"What does it say about me?", added Sancho. "It is said that I am one of the main *cataracts*."

"*Characters*, not *cataracts,* Sancho, my friend", said Sansón.

"You're such a pedant", retorted Sancho. "If we go on at this rate, we'll never be through in a lifetime."

"Sancho, I can assure you", the student said, "that you are the second most important person in the story and that some people would rather listen to you than to anyone else in the book. However, some readers say that you are gullible, for you believed that Don Quixote, who is here, would give you an island and that you would be able to govern it."

"There is room for that", said Don Quixote. "When Sancho is a little older, with the experience that the years bring, he will be wiser and better fitted to be a governor than he is at the present time."

"By Jove", said Sancho, "Should I be as old as Methuselah, I would not be a better governor. I can govern that island, but I don't know where it is located."

"Leave it to God, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "and everything will come out all right, perhaps even better than you think. You see, God rules over the universe."

"That's true", said Sansón, "God will certainly allow Sancho to govern an island."

"I have seen a few governors around here", said Sancho, "who can't hold a candle to me. However, they are addressed as 'your lordship' and have many footmen."

"Those men do not govern islands", Sansón informed him, "but smaller areas. You see, the men who govern islands must be experts in *the field of* grammar."

"I like *fields*", replied Sancho, "but I don't like grammar, for I am illiterate. God will give me an island because He will send me wherever I can best serve Him. Mr. Carrasco, I am pleased that the author spoke well of me. If he had spoken ill of me, I would have had an argument with him."

"This would be impossible", said Sansón.

"This may happen", said Sancho, "for everybody must watch his or her mouth. One must not set down the first thing that crosses one's mind."

"There are oddities in this book", continued the student. "For instance, the author has inserted a story entitled *The inquisitive, demanding man*. This is not a bad story, nor is it badly written, but it is off-topic: it has nothing to do with the history of Lord Quixote."

"That son of a dog", said Sancho, "has mixed apples up with oranges."

"The author of this book", declared Don Quixote, "missed the mark. This ignorant prattler strove to write it, but he was messy. He resembled Orbaneja, the painter from Ubeda who used to say that he sketched his subjects. On one occasion he painted a rooster whose shape was so blurry that he had to write alongside it, in Gothic letters, 'This is a rooster.' I guess that the story of my life will have to be explained so that people may understand it."

"That won't be necessary", replied Sansón, "for it is so clearly written that none can fail to understand it. Little children leaf through it; young people read it; adults understand it; the old praise it. It is read by all sorts of people. It is so famous that as soon as people see a skinny nag, they say: 'This is Rocinante!' There are lots of pages

who read it: one can always behold a copy in the study of their masters. When one of them lays it down, another picks it up. When someone grasps it, another asks for it. It is the most interesting and least harmful distraction of all time, for there are no indecent words or ideas."

"To write in any other manner", observed Don Quixote, "would be to write lies and not the truth. The authors who lie should be burned like the persons who counterfeit money. I do not know what led the author to insert off-topic stories when he had so much to write about my adventures. He must have been influenced by this old saying: 'the people who starve are compelled to eat straw.' In truth, if he had recorded my thoughts, sighs, tears, good intentions and exploits, he would have been able to publish a bigger book or, at least, one as big as *The Complete Works of El Tostado*. Sir, I think that writers must be perceptive. People who say and write witty, amusing things are geniuses. The cleverest character in a play is the jester, for the actor who does silly things is not silly at all. History is almost sacred, for it must be true: where the truth is, there is God. However, some people write and sell books as if they were donuts."

"Even in a bad book", opined the student, "there are interesting passages."

"That's true", replied Don Quixote, "but, most of the time, those who rightly became very famous while they were writing their books are less respected when they have them printed."

"In fact", said Sansón, "since people read slowly, they see all the mistakes, all the more so because they scrutinize the famous writers' books. Famous geniuses and great poets and historians are almost always envied by those who enjoy criticizing the writings of others, though they have never published anything."

"I am not surprised", said Don Quixote, "for many theologians who are poor preachers are skilled in detecting the mistakes and overstatements of their colleagues."

"That's true, Lord Quixote", replied Carrasco, "but I wish that these critics were a bit more merciful and less persnickety. They should pay less attention to the dust that rises from the book which they criticize. Although the good Homer sometimes dozed [written in Latin], most of the time he was awake, which enabled him to give birth to a quasi-perfect story. What they regard as a default might turn out to be moles, which sometimes add to the beauty of the face. Hence, he who publishes a book runs a big risk since it is impossible to please all the readers."

"This book about me must have pleased very few", remarked Don Quixote.

"Quite the contrary", said Sansón, "for, although there are lots of idiots [written in Latin], there are lots of people who like this story. Some say that the author purposely forgot to disclose the identity of the thief who stole Sancho's grey donkey. There is no indication: the reader must deduce that the ass was stolen. A little further on, the squire mounts this donkey, though it has not reappeared in the story! They also say that the author forgot to tell us what Sancho did with the hundred crowns that he found in the suitcase in the Sierra Morena, as nothing more is said about them. Many readers would like to know how he spent the money, which is a serious omission."

"Mr. Carrasco", replied Sancho, "I do not feel like *recounting* this story or *keeping count* of anything, for I am thirsty. I must drink a bit of good wine, or else I will faint. I have some at home, and my wife is waiting for me. After I've had dinner, I will

come back and answer your questions or anybody else's, whether it's about the ass or the hundred escudos."

Without waiting for a reply or uttering a word, he went home. Don Quixote asked the student to stay and have a snack with him. Sansón accepted the invitation. They ate ordinary food and a couple of pigeons. They talked about chivalry. Carrasco humored his host. When the meal was over, they had a rest. Then Sancho returned and their previous conversation resumed.

CHAPTER IV.

Sancho Panza answers the student's questions
and clarifies the situation,
together with other events that are worthy
of being known and recounted.

Sancho returned to Don Quixote's house and resumed his conversation. He said:

"Mr. Carrasco said that he would like to know who stole my ass and how and when it happened. I told him that it happened on the night when we went to the Sierra Morena in order to flee from the Holy Brotherhood. It was after the *not so advantageous adventure* of the galley slaves and that of the dead man whom they were taking to Segovia. My master and I had entered a wood. We were bruised and tired because of the battles we had fought. My master leaned on his lance; I was seated on my gray donkey; we slept as if we had had four featherbeds beneath us. I was so exhausted that anybody might have come to put four stakes under the four sides of my packsaddle and leave me sitting astraddle in order to take my ass out from under me without awakening me."

"That", said Sansón, "is an easy thing to do and has been done before. It happened to Sacripante when, at the siege of Albraca, the famous thief known as Brunello, employing the same device, took the horse out from between the knight's legs."

"Then", Sancho went on, "the sun rose. I stretched; the stakes gave way; I fell to the ground. I looked for the ass and did not see it. I began to cry and heaved a sigh that the author should have recorded. After I don't know how many days, traveling with Princess She-monkeymonkey, I caught sight of my donkey. Dressed like a gypsy, Ginés de Pasamonte was sitting on it. My master and I had freed this wicked liar."

"This is not a mistake", replied Sansón. "In fact, the author says that Sancho rides on his donkey, although it has not reappeared in the story."

"I don't know what to say", said Sancho. "Perhaps the writer made a mistake. Perhaps the printer was careless."

"You are right", said Sansón, "but what did they do with the hundred escudos? Did they vanish into thin air?"

"I spent the money on myself, my wife and my children, which is why she put up with my wanderings along the highways when I was at the service of my master. If after all that time I had come home without my ass or money, I would have been in trouble. If there is anything else you would like to know about me, I am ready to

inform the king himself. It is nobody's business whether I took it or not or whether I spent it or not. If they paid four maravedis for each blow they delivered to me during the journeys, they would have to pay more than one hundred escudos for the half of them. People should put their own house in order before they start judging others. Each one is as God made him and often a good deal worse."

"I will take care", said Carrasco, "to tell the author not to forget to include Sancho's remarks in the next edition, which will greatly improve the book."

"Are there any other corrections to be made in this book?", Don Quixote inquired.

"There probably are", the student replied, "but the ones we have mentioned are the most important."

"Does the author by any chance promise a second part?"

"Yes, he does", said Sansón, "but he states that he has not found the manuscript yet, nor does he know in whose possession it is. Thus, we don't know whether it will be published or not. Some people say that sequels are never good; others say that there will be a second part because optimistic people would like Don Quixote to embark on frantic adventures and Sancho to make his comments."

"What is the author's point of view?"

"Should he find the manuscript that he is looking for", said Sansón, "he would publish the book, for he prefers to earn money rather than earn praise."

"Is the author interested in money?", asked Sancho. "I feel certain that he will not confess to that, for he does not want to botch up the editing of this book: work done in haste is never done as it should be. That Moorish gentleman, or whoever he is, should be more careful. My master and I will give him a lot of information about our adventures and other happenings so that he may write one hundred sequels to the first part. This good man believes that we don't care about this book, but he should gather information before he forms an opinion. I just want to say that if my master took my advice, we would be in the country now, righting wrongs, as good knights-errant do."

No sooner had Sancho said this than they heard the whinnying of Rocinante, which Don Quixote regarded as a very good omen. So he resolved that they would set off within the next three or four days. He expressed his intention and asked the graduate student where he should go. Sansón replied that, in his opinion, the knight should head for the kingdom of Aragon and the city of Saragossa since there would be a pompous jousting tournament very shortly, during the feast of St. George. Don Quixote might defeat all the knights of Aragon, which would be like defeating all the knights in the world. Sansón praised him for his honorable, courageous decision, but he told him to be more prudent since his life did not belong to him but to all the people who needed help and protection."

"I complain about that, Mr. Carrasco", said Sancho. "My master is used to attacking a hundred armed men just like a greedy boy falling on six melons. By Jove, there is a time to attack and a time to retreat! We cannot fight all the time. I have heard people say — so has my master, if I am not mistaken — that bravery lies somewhere in between cowardice and recklessness. Hence, I don't want him to run away for no reason or attack when it is dangerous to do so. Above all else I want to tell my master that if he brings me with him, he will have to do battle against enemies. I will only look

after him, keep him clean and entertain him. I will serve him; I will not do battle against anybody, including villainous commoners. Mr. Carrasco, I don't want to gain fame as a knight but as the best and most loyal squire that ever served a knight-errant. I'd like my master to give me one of the islands that, according to him, are to be found here, in order to recompense me for my efforts. Since no man should depend on anybody but God, if my master did not accede to my request, my bread would taste better. You see, in those dominions, the Devil may have set a few traps in order to make me fall and break my teeth. I was born to become myself, and I will remain myself until I die. However, if, without much risk or trouble, Heaven offered me an island, I would accept it, for I am not an idiot. When someone offers you a heifer, come running with a halter, and when good luck comes along, open the door and let it in."

"You have spoken like a professor, brother", said Carrasco, "but you should put your trust in God and in Don Quixote, for the latter will give you a kingdom in place of an island."

"It is all the same to me", replied Sancho. "Mr. Carrasco, I can tell you that my master will not spoil the kingdom he is going to give me. I have weighed up the pros and cons and I have come to the conclusion that I can govern a country or islands; I have already told him that."

"Sancho", said the student, "honors change manners; when you become a governor, perhaps you will reject your mother!"

"Bad guys behave in this manner, not people who, like me, are genuine old Christian. You don't know me, but I am not the kind of man who would be ungrateful to anybody."

"God's will be done", said Don Quixote. "We will verify that when you govern an island, which will happen soon."

Then the knight asked the student if he was a poet. If he were one, he would have to compose a few farewell verses for Dulcinea del Toboso. Each line would begin with a letter of her name. When the poem was complete, those letters and her name would stand out. The student replied that there were three and a half famous poets in Spain and that he was not one of them. However, he agreed to do as Don Quixote had requested, although he found the task rather difficult, for there were seventeen letters. If he wrote four stanzas of four lines each, there would be one letter left over. If he employed one of those five-lined stanzas known as decimas or redondillas, he would be short of three letters. Nevertheless, he would try, some way or other, to drop a letter so that he might get the name Dulcinea del Toboso into a set of four-lined stanzas.

"You must manage it somehow", said Don Quixote, "for, if all the letters that compose her name are not written, no woman will believe that the poem is dedicated to her."

This point having been settled, it was decided that the knight's departure should be one week from that day. Don Quixote asked the student to conceal the information from the priest, Master Nicolás, the niece and the housekeeper so that they might not prevent him from implementing his legitimate, ambitious plan. Carrasco promised that he would do so. Before he left, he asked Don Quixote to inform him of the good and bad things that would happen to them. They left. Sancho went away to make preparations for the expedition.

CHAPTER V.

The witty conversation between Sancho Panza
and his wife, Teresa Panza,
with other matters that deserve to be recorded.

When the man who translated this story into Spanish finished setting down the fifth chapter, he realized that it was apocryphal, for Sancho Panza speaks in a manner that does not fit his limited intelligence. His remarks are so witty that they cannot be his. However, the translator completed his task, which is why you can read what follows.

As Sancho approached his house, he was so happy that his wife could tell it at the distance of a crossbow shot. She asked:

"Sancho, what makes you feel so happy?"

"Wife", he replied, "I want God to make me fell less happy."

"Husband, I don't understand you", she said. "I don't know what you mean. I must be an idiot, for I don't understand why you would like not to be happy."

"You see, Teresa", said Sancho, "I am happy because I have decided to serve my master, Don Quixote, who wants to embark on a third adventure. I feel like going with him because I hope that we will find escudos like those we have spent. However, it grieves me to leave you and my children. God could easily allow me to eat at home and keep me from wandering the world if He chose to do so. I would be happier. For the time being, I am happy, but I am also a bit sad because I am going to leave you. That's what I meant when I said that I would be happy if God made me feel less happy."

"Listen to me, Sancho", his wife replied. "Ever since you met a certain knight-errant, you've been so verbose that nobody understands you."

"At the least, God understands me", said Sancho, "for He understands everything, which satisfies me. Sister, take care of the gray ass for the next three days so that it may be able to carry weapons. Give it a double portion of barley and look after the packsaddle and the other harness, for we will not attend a wedding. We will roam the world and play hide-and-go with giants, dragons and other monsters. We will hear hisses, roars, bellows and shouts, but these difficulties are trifling compared to the Yanguesans and enchanted Moors we will have to face."

"Husband", said Teresa, "I know that squires have to earn their daily bread. So I will keep on praying to convince God to help you."

"Woman", said Sancho, "I can tell you that if I did not expect to become the governor of an island before long, I would die right here and now."

"No, not that, my husband", Teresa protested. "You have to make do with what you have. You can live without those governorships. When you were born, you *did not control* any territory. So far, you *have not lost control*. You will *show control* until God decides to summon you. Many people are not governors, yet they do not stop living. The best sauce in the world is hunger; since the poor are always hungry, they enjoy eating. You see, Sancho, if you became a governor, you would have to remember me and your children. Sancho Junior is already fifteen; he must go to college since his uncle, the abbot, wants him to become a clergyman. Besides, your daughter, Mari Sancha, would like to get married. I presume that she is as anxious to get married as

you are to be a governor. In fact, a daughter badly married is better than one who is happy, but who has an extra-marital affair."

"Should God give me an interesting governorship", replied Sancho, "I would get Mari Sancha a husband, which would lead people to address her as 'your ladyship.'"

"That's a bad idea", said his wife. "Marry her to someone who is her equal; that's the best way. If you swapped her clogs for high heels, removed her brown flannel gown to dress her in a silk hoop skirt, and addressed her as 'your ladyship', the poor girl would be surprised. She would make a lot of mistakes, which would show that she is just a peasant girl in disguise."

"Hush, foolish woman", said Sancho. "All she will need is two or three years to get used to it. Then she will become a dignified lady. If she fails, it will not matter, since she will remain a lady, come what may."

"You should stay humble, Sancho", Teresa admonished him, "for you are not special. Remember the old saying: 'Wipe the nose of your neighbor's son and take him into your house.' It would be fine to have our daughter married to some great count or aristocrat who would mistreat her and call her a commoner, an illiterate's daughter and a proletarian. I will not accept that view, for I did not raise my daughter for that purpose. Bring some money home, Sancho, and let me choose her husband. Lope Tocho, Juan Tocho's son, is strong and healthy. We know him well, and he likes our daughter. He is our equal. It will be a happy marriage. We will be able to keep an eye on her. We will all be together: parents, children, grandchildren, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law. We will be happy thanks to God. Don't try to marry her to a courtier or a castellan who will not understand her because she will feel lost."

"You stupid creature, wife of Barabbas!", exclaimed Sancho. "Why do you want to keep me from marrying my daughter to someone who will give me grandchildren who will be called 'your lordships'? You see, Teresa, my parents used to say that one must always make the most of luck when it shows up. Since luck is knocking at our door, we must let it in."

This way of speaking and what Sancho said a little further on led the translator to remark that this chapter was apocryphal.

"*Beastly pet*", Sancho went on, "don't you think that it would be fine to become a governor, which would enable us to lead a life of comfort? Mari Sancha will marry the man whom I will choose. Then people will call you Lady Panza. In church, you will sit on fine cushions: the noblewomen of the village will envy you. If you refuse to grow as a person, you will remain a figure on a tapestry. My daughter is going to be a countess whether you like it or not."

"Husband", said Teresa, ''I don't think you know what you are talking about, for I fear that my daughter will be on the road to perdition if she becomes a countess. You can do what you like; you can make her a duchess or a princess, but I can tell you that I will not give my consent to that. Brother, I believe in equality, and I can't bear to see people put on airs and graces for no good reason. I was christened Teresa, which is a simple name that does not fit titles. My father's name was Cascajo. As your wife, I am now called Teresa Panza, but people should call me Teresa Cascajo. Where there are kings, there are laws, and I content myself with this name. Should I *bear* a title, it would be so *unbearable* that I could *not bear* to *bear* it. So I don't want people who might see me dressed like a countess or a governor's wife to say: 'Look at this hick: she

is so vain! Some time ago she used to spin flax and go to Mass with the tail of her petticoat over her head in place of a shawl; now she goes to Mass clad in a farthingale, covered with brooches, and she snubs us.' If God allows me to keep my seven or five senses, or whatever number, I will not give them a chance to see me in such a predicament. As for you, brother, you can go wherever you want and become the governor of an island, but I swear that neither my daughter nor I will leave our village: a respectable woman must stay at home and a virtuous maid must work. You can follow that Don Quixote of yours and look for adventures. We have had bad luck. God will help us if we deserve it. I'm sure I don't know who made him a nobleman, for neither his father nor his grandfather was one before him."

"You must be possessed by the Devil", said Sancho. "Woman, you mistake one thing for another. What do the name Cascajo, the brooches, the proverbs and vanity have to do with what I'm saying? You are a foolish, ignorant woman, for you don't understand what I say, nor do you want to be happy. If I said that my daughter had to jump from the top of a tower or wander the world as Princess Uracca threatened to do, you would have to disagree with me. However, if, in the blink of an eye, I bestowed a title upon her, freed her from the fields, sit her on a dais, under a canopy, and gave her more velvet *cushions* than there is *caution* in the Almohades family, you would have to agree with me."

"Husband, do you want to know why?", Teresa asked. "Because of the proverb that says: 'He who *covers* you *uncovers* you.' In fact, People glance at the poor, while they stare at the rich. The nouveaux riches are always criticized by gossips. They are like bees: they swarm across the streets."

"Pay attention, Teresa", said Sancho, "and listen to what I am about to tell you. Perhaps you have never heard it. It is not my point of view, but the priest's, who preached in this village during Lent, the last time. If I remember correctly, he said that all present things which our eyes behold impress us more than memories."

These remarks made by Sancho led the translator again to say that this chapter was apocryphal, for they were too witty. He went on:

"When we see a person who is well groomed, well-dressed and accompanied by many servants, we feel compelled to respect him, even though we may remember his former status. Since that status, whether due to poverty or humble birth, belongs to the past, it is his current status that matters to us. Teresa, if the poor man whom fortune has turned into a personage in the manner described by the priest is well-mannered, generous and kind to people, especially those who are of noble birth, nobody will remember his former status. In fact, they will admire him for his current status. Obviously, the envious will keep on despising him, for they belittle everybody."

"Husband, I do not understand you", replied Teresa. "Do as you like and stop brainwashing me. Since you have *dissolved what you've said*..."

"You mean *resolved to do what you've said*."

"Don't argue with me", retorted Teresa. "I speak as God wants me to speak; I am straightforward. Since you are determined to govern an island, you must take your son, Sancho Junior, with you; you will teach him how to govern, for it is good for sons to follow in their fathers' footsteps."

"As soon as I become a governor", said Sancho, "I will send for him and send you some money, for I will be rich: there are always plenty of people who lend money to

governors when they need it. I want you to dress him in such a way as to hide what he is and make him look like what he will become."

"Send the money", Teresa replied, "and I will tell him to put on a great many garments."

"So, then, we both agree that our daughter must become a countess."

"If she became a countess", said Teresa, "I would be devastated. But do as you like, for women must obey their husbands, however stupid they may be."

She began to cry profusely, as though Sanchica was already dead and buried. Sancho tried to console her. Although he had to make his daughter a countess, he assured her that he would put off doing so as long as he could. The conversation ended and Sancho went to see Don Quixote in order to make arrangements for their departure.

CHAPTER VI.

What happened to Don Quixote, his niece and his housekeeper,
which is one of the most important chapters in the story.

While Sancho Panza and his wife, Teresa Cascajo, were engaged in the irrelevant conversation that has just been reported, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were by no means idle. A great many indications showed that their uncle and master was about to slip away for the third time and return to what they regarded as his wicked knight-errantry. So they strove in every way possible to make him abandon this evil idea, but it was like talking to a brick wall or trying to turn lead into gold. The housekeeper set out many arguments and declared:

"In truth, sir, if you do not behave yourself, or stay at home, or stop wandering over mountains and valleys like a ghost, seeking what is called adventure, which I call misadventure, I will complain to God and the king so that they may solve this problem."

"Madam", replied Don Quixote, "I don't know what God or His Majesty will say to you. However, if I were king, I would not bother to reply to the innumerable foolish petitions presented to me every day. One of the greatest of the many tasks which kings have to face is that of being obliged to listen to everybody and give everyone an answer. Hence, I do not want to annoy His Majesty."

"Well, sir", said the housekeeper, "are there no knights at His Majesty's court?"

"There are many of them, for they enhance the princes' reputations and contribute to the royal pomp."

"Well, then", persisted the housekeeper, "are you one of those who are always on their feet in order to serve their lord and king at court?"

"You see", said Don Quixote, "all the knights cannot be courtiers, nor can all the courtiers be, nor should they be, knights-errant, for it takes all sorts to make a world. Although all of us are knights, we are really different. Actually, courtiers, without leaving their bedrooms or the palace, believe that they travel the world when they look at a map; it does not cost them anything, and they do not suffer heat, or cold, or hunger, or thirst. But on the other hand, those of us who are real knights-errant cross the continents on foot or on horseback, underneath the sun and the moon, and we are

confronted with the cold, the wind and the rain. We meet our enemies; we don't know them because we have seen their portraits. On any occasion, even when we are in difficulties, we attack them. We pay no attention to the rules or the details of the duels; we don't care whether their lances or swords are short, or whether they carry relics or wands, or whether we must protect the warriors from the sun, or whether me must follow the kind of procedure that is in use in duels, with which I am familiar but which you don't know. Moreover, the good knight-errant may behold ten giants with heads that touch the clouds and rise above them. The legs of these giants are tall towers. Their arms resemble the masts of huge powerful ships. Their eyes look like big mill wheels. They look daggers at the knight, who must not be afraid. He must calmly and boldly attack them and, if possible, defeat them right away, though their armors are made of certain shells that are said to be harder than diamonds. Instead of swords, they carry sharp Damascus steel daggers or iron ball-and-chain flails with steel spikes; I have often seen these weapons. Woman, I tell you all this so that you may perceive that all knights are not alike. Princes should revere the second variety of knights-errant, or rather the first one, for, according to history books, some of them have saved a great many kingdoms."

"Ah, sir!", cried the niece at this point, "you must remember that what you are saying about knights-errant is a fable and a lie. If the censors did not burn these books, they would have to mark them with a sign in order to forewarn people that they are evil and indecent."

"By the God who helps me!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "If you were not my niece, the daughter of my sister, I would punish you for uttering such blasphemy: my shouts would echo across the world. A girl who barely knows how to make lace should not criticize or censure the books that deal with knight-errantry. What would Lord Amadís say if he heard you? I fell certain that he would forgive you since he was the most humble, courteous knight of his age. Moreover, he used to protect all damsels. However, if others heard you, you would be in trouble, for some of them are not courteous or composed: they are troublemakers and ill-mannered men. Those who call themselves gentlemen are not always what they pretend to be. Some are made of gold; others are made of brass. They all look the part, but not all can prove that they are not frauds. Some commoners yearn to look like gentlemen; some gentlemen yearn to look like commoners. The former increase their worth by means of ambition or virtue; the latter belittle themselves by means of carelessness or vice. A good deal of intelligence is required to distinguish between these two kinds of gentlemen who bear the same name, but who behave in a different way."

"Good Lord!", exclaimed the niece, "you are a sage. If you needed money, you could preach in the streets. However, you are so foolish that you may believe that you are a courageous, righteous strong aristocrat although you are an overwhelmed weak old commoner who will never become a knight, since poor men cannot become noblemen."

"You are right", replied Don Quixote. "I could tell you things about the nobility that would astonish you, but I won't say anything because the human and the divine don't mix. My friends, listen to me. There are four types of people. Some people are born poor, but they become important personages. Some are born powerful, and they remain powerful. Some are also born powerful, but they *end in a tip* like pyramids. In

fact, they keep diminishing and *end up* being nothing, *like the tip of a pyramid*, which, compared with its base, is nothing. Finally, most people are born poor and remain so; they are ordinary people; they are called proletarians. For instance, the Turks belong to the first group. Those low-born shepherds came to prominence and are still in this situation. Most hereditary princes belong to the second group. They are born powerful and remain so; they stay peacefully in their countries; their authority does not increase or decrease. There are lots of people who used to be powerful and became has-beens. All the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, all the Roman emperors and hordes of princes, kings, lords, Medes, Persians, Greeks and barbarians who belonged to the nobility lost their status. It is almost impossible to find their descendants. Should we find one, he would be a social outcast. I have nothing to say about the proletarians, except that they serve to increase the number of the living, which is not a great achievement. Innocent ladies, I want you to understand that people's lineage is a puzzling matter. Men are great when they are virtuous, rich and generous. I have said virtuous, rich and generous because a *vicious, great man* is *greatly vicious* and a rich man who is not generous is just a poor miser. Wealthy people are happy because they spend money, not because they save it. Besides, they must spend it intelligently. A penniless gentleman proves that he is a gentleman when he behaves well. He must be affable, polite, courteous and helpful. He must not be proud, or haughty, or gossipy. Most of all, he must be charitable. He is happy to give two maravedis to a poor man, which demonstrates that he is as generous as the man who distributes alms and publicizes his good deed. All the people who will perceive this man's qualities, even though they may not know him, will regard him as a nobleman. It would be surprising if it were not so, for virtue is always rewarded with praise, and those who are virtuous are always complimented. Ladies, there are two ways of becoming rich and honored: to become a writer or a warrior. I prefer the second occupation. When I was born, planet Mars was in the first house, which is why I must battle against enemies, though people are unhappy with my decisions. It is a waste of time trying to persuade me not to do what Heaven wants, fate ordains, reason asks and my volition wishes. I know the pros and cons of knight-errantry. I know that the *pathway to virtue is narrow*, while *that to vice is broad*. I know that their aims are different, for the broad pathway to vice leads to death, while the difficult narrow pathway to virtue leads to life, to eternal life. As our great Castilian poet said:

When a man refuses to follow a rough road,
He never reaches the heavenly throne of immortality."

"Oh, dear me!", exclaimed the niece. "My uncle is also a poet. He knows everything and can do everything. I guess that if he chose to become a mason, it would be easy for him to build houses bigger than birdcages."

"Young lady, I can tell you", replied Don Quixote, "that if chivalry did not preoccupy me, my hands would make many things, especially birdcages and toothpicks."

Someone knocked at the door. When they asked who was there, Sancho replied that it was he. No sooner did the housekeeper hear this than she ran and hid herself, for she hated him. The niece opened the door and Don Quixote greeted him. Then the

two of them shut themselves in the knight's room, where they conversed in a way that surpassed this chit-chat.

CHAPTER VII.

What happened to Don Quixote and his squire,
with other very famous events.

When the housekeeper saw her master and Sancho Panza shut themselves in that room, she at once guessed what they were plotting. She felt certain that this consultation would result in a third journey. The sad, nervous woman seized her shawl and went out to look for Sansón Carrasco. It seemed to her that the affable new friend of her master might be able to persuade him to give up so insane an undertaking. She found the student pacing the courtyard of his house. When she caught sight of him, she ran up to him and kneeled down; she was sad and covered with sweat. When Carrasco beheld the grief-stricken, nervous woman, he said to her:

"Madam, why are you so sad?"

"It is nothing, Mr. Carrasco", she replied, "except that my master wants to *break away*; I have no doubt about that."

"Madam, what do you mean by *'break away'*? Has he *broken a part of his body*?"

"No, he hasn't", said she. "In fact, he wants to *break into a run*. Dear sir, I mean that he wants to *go away*, which will be the third time. He wants to set out in order to embark on what he calls a new *adventure*, which might turn out to be a *misadventure.* The first time he came back, he was lying on the back of an ass because he had been beaten to a pulp. The second time, he was in a cage in an oxcart. He said that he had been enchanted. He was so miserable that his mother would not have been able to recognize him, for he was skeletal and yellow and his eyes were sunken. In order to restore him to his former self, I had him eat more than six hundred eggs, as God, everybody and my hens know; the latter wouldn't let me lie."

"I believe", the student assured her, "that those hens are so good, so fat, and so well-bred that they would not dare to lie even if they were angry. In fact, madam, apart from what you fear that Don Quixote may do, has he committed an offense?"

"No, he hasn't", said she.

"Well, then, there is no need to worry. You should go home and prepare food so that I may eat something hot. On the way, you will have to repeat St. Apollonia's prayer if you know it. Then I will go to your place, and you will see miracles."

"Ah, poor me!", exclaimed the housekeeper. "So it's St. Apollonia's prayer that I should be saying, is it? That would be okay if my master had tooth decay, but his trouble is not in his teeth: it is in his brains."

"Madam, I am not mistaken. So go away and do not dispute my statement, for, as you know, I study at the university of Salamanca, which is the crème de la crème."

The housekeeper returned home and Carrasco went in search of the priest in order to have a conversation with him, which will be recounted in due course.

When they were together, Don Quixote and Sancho had a conversation which is faithfully recorded in this book.

"Sir", Sancho began, "I have *persecuted* my wife to let me go with you wherever you choose to take me."

"*Persuaded*, Sancho, not *persecuted*."

"Once or twice before, if I remember correctly", said Sancho, "I asked you not to correct me, since you understand what I mean. When you don't understand me, all you have to do is say: 'Sancho, I don't know what the devil you mean.' If I don't explain what I say, you will have to correct me. I am so *fizzy-boiling* [*easy-going*]."

"I don't understand you, Sancho", said Don Quixote. "What do you mean by 'I am so *fizzy-boiling*'?"

"*Fizzy-boiling*", replied Sancho, "means that I behave in this way."

"I understand you less than ever."

"Well, if you can't understand me, I don't know what to say to you. That's the best I can do, so help me God."

"Ah! I get it. You mean that you are so *easy-going* that you will obey me."

"I suppose", said Sancho, "that you understood what I meant and intended to confuse me in order to hear me say many stupid things."

"Perhaps", replied Don Quixote, "but what did Teresa say?"

"She said that I should negotiate with you and sign a contract, for legal procedures must be respected. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. I can tell you that women rarely give advice. Hence, he who does not obey them is a fool."

"And so say I", observed Don Quixote. "Go on, Sancho; you are so eloquent today."

"I am indeed", continued Sancho. "As you know, all of us will die; today we are alive and we will be dead tomorrow. First, the lamb dies; then the sheep dies. Nobody can expect more hours of life than God may see fit to give him, for death is deaf and when it knocks at the door of our life, it is always in a hurry. It is well-known that neither prayers, nor intimidation, nor scepters, nor miters can hold it back. That's what priests tell us in church."

"That's true", said Don Quixote, "but what are you getting at?"

"I want you", replied Sancho, "to give me the same amount of money every month during the time that I work for you; this money will come from your income. I don't want to depend on presents that come late or never and may not be what you expect; I just want to receive what I deserve. In fact, I'd like to know how much money I will earn, though my salary may be small. You see, a hen lays one egg every day, which makes a large number of eggs at the end of the year. When one earns something, one does not lose anything! Should you give me the island you have promised me, which I neither believe nor expect, I would *retract* [*subtract*] my wages from the money earned thanks to this island, for I am neither ungrateful nor persnickety."

"My dear Sancho", remarked Don Quixote, "a *subtraction* is as good as a *retraction*."

"I get you", said Sancho. "I should have said subtract, not retract, but it does not matter, since you understood me."

"I understand you so well", said Don Quixote, "that I can read you like a book. All your proverbs are useless. Sancho, I would pay a wage if I found, in the books of chivalry, any example that would suggest that they received a certain amount of money every month or year. I have read all or most of those books and I cannot recall

any knight who paid his squire's wages. In fact, they all worked for them; they did not get paid; and when they least expected it, if their masters had been lucky, they received an island or something else that was comparable. At the least, a title and a fief were bestowed upon them. These hopes and extras may move you to work for me again, which would be fine, but I can assure you that I will never break the ancient rules of chivalry. So, Sancho, go back home and tell your wife how I feel about it. I'd like you and her to accept my proposal. However, should you reject it, we would remain good friends, for, when there is food in the dovecote, the doves stay there. Son, good hope is better than bad ownership, and a good complaint is better than a bad salary. Sancho, I speak in this manner in order to show you that I, too, can cite many proverbs. I just want to say that if you do not choose to come with me to gamble on the same matter, God will provide you with everything and turn you into a saint. I feel certain that I will find other squires who will be more obedient, more helpful, more sober and less talkative than you."

When Sancho realized that his master was adamant about this point, his mood darkened and he got upset, for he believed that Don Quixote would not embark on an adventure without him. He was very much astonished and was still lost in thought when Sansón Carrasco entered the room. He was accompanied by the housekeeper and the niece, who wished to hear the arguments which the student would employ in order to persuade their master not to seek adventures. Sansón, that famous jester, took a step towards Don Quixote and embraced him as he had done on the previous occasion. He declaimed:

"O epitome of knight-errantry, O shining sword, O pride and mirror of Spain! May Almighty God in His infinite power forbid the person or persons who would like to prevent you from going away for the third time to exit the labyrinth of their desires so that they may not implement their wicked plan."

He turned to the housekeeper and went on:

"Madam Housekeeper, you can stop saying St. Apollonia's prayer, for I know that God wants Don Quixote to put his great new ideas into effect. I would feel guilty if I did not tell or persuade this knight to unleash his strong arms and his good, courageous soul, for delay prevents him from righting wrongs, protecting orphans, damsels, widows and married women, and doing other things that have to do with knight-errantry. Dear Don Quixote, brave good-looking knight, you should set off right now. Should you be unable to implement your plan, I would help you and give you some money. If necessary, I could even become the squire of Your Highness: I would consider myself lucky."

At this point Don Quixote turned to Sancho and said:

"Didn't I tell you, Sancho, that it would be easy to find squires? For instance, the distinguished student Sansón Carrasco has offered to serve me. You know, the students of Salamanca love to listen to him and play with him in the schoolyards. He has a strong constitution. He is agile and quiet. He can stand heat, cold, hunger and thirst. He has all the qualifications that are required of a squire to a knight-errant. But God does not want me to gratify my own desire. So I will not remove the top of the pillar of literature, or break the vase of science, or cut down the towering palm tree of the liberal arts. This new Samson must remain in his own country in order to make his

fellow countrymen and aged parents feel proud. As for me, I will accept any squire since Sancho does not want to come with me."

"I'd like to come", Sancho protested. He was deeply moved and his eyes were filled with tears. "I don't want people to think", he went on, "that I am ungrateful. My ancestors were not disgraced individuals; everybody, especially the inhabitants of my village, knows who they were. Besides, your kind actions and words show that you want to help me. In fact, I have haggled a bit over my wages in order to please my wife. When she decides to get you to do something, she turns into a hammer: she hammers her ideas into you until you've done what she wants you to do. However, a man has to be a man and a woman a woman. Since I am still a man, which is unquestionable, I am going to be my own man, whatever anybody says. So, then, there is nothing more to be done except for Your Lordship to make your will, with an ultimate agreement that will not be *revolved* [*revoked*]. Then we will set out to please Mr. Carrasco, who says that his conscience compels him to persuade you to make a third journey. I offer to become your faithful squire. I will serve you as well and better than all the squires that have served knights-errant in times past or present."

The student was amazed at Sancho Panza's way of talking, for, although he had read the First Part of the story, he never would have believed that the squire was as funny as he was depicted in the book. Since the squire had mistaken *revolve* for *revoke*, he was firmly convinced that all the things written in the book were true and that this man was one of the greatest simpletons of our time. He said to himself that the master and his servant were one-of-a-kind lunatics.

Finally, Don Quixote and Sancho shook hands and remained friends. The great Carrasco, who was their oracle, advised them to set the date for their departure at three days from then. They would have time to make the necessary preparations and look for the closed helmet which Don Quixote wanted to take with him. Sansón offered to see to this, for a friend of his had such a piece and would not refuse to give it to him. However, it was neither bright nor clean; its steel surface was rusty.

The housekeeper and the niece cursed the student a thousand times. They tore their hair, scratched their faces and, like the hired mourners of old, cried over their master's departure. One would have thought that they were lamenting his death. Sansón had persuaded the knight to sally forth again; this will be recounted further on. What he did had been suggested by the priest and the barber, with whom he had previously discussed the matter.

In the course of those three days Don Quixote and Sancho provided themselves with what they thought was necessary. The squire calmed his wife down and the knight pacified his niece and housekeeper. The two men set off at nightfall for El Toboso, without being seen by anyone except the student, who accompanied them for a distance of half a league from the village. Don Quixote was riding his good Rocinante and Sancho his old donkey. His saddlebags were full of food and his purse of money, which his master had given to him so that he might address any problem. Sansón embraced the knight, urging him to inform him of the success or failure that the pair would meet with. Since Carrasco was a close friend of them, he would rejoice at the former or grieve over the latter. Don Quixote promised that he would do so. The student returned to the village while the two men headed for the great city of El Toboso.

CHAPTER VIII.

Of what happened to Don Quixote
as he went to see his lady friend
Dulcinea del Toboso.

"Blessed be the mighty Allah!", wrote Hamete Benengeli at the beginning of this eighth chapter. He repeats "Blessed be Allah!" three times in order to show the readers of this wonderful story that Don Quixote and Sancho are on their way and that the exploits of the knight and the foolish actions of his squire really start at this point. He tells them to forget the deeds that the Ingenious Gentleman has performed in the past so that they may discover those that will be done or start here, on the El Toboso highway, whereas the others had begun on the plains of Montiel. It surely is not much to ask in return for all that he promises. Then he goes on.

No sooner had Sansón left Don Quixote and Sancho alone than Rocinante began neighing and the donkey started farting, which both knight and squire regarded as a good sign and a very good omen. To tell the truth, the noises made by the donkey, more than those made by the hack, led Sancho to assert that his luck had to surpass his master's. He based his opinion on astrology, which was his specialty, but there is no information on this point in the book. It is believed that, when he stumbled or fell, he said that he shouldn't have left his house, for, according to him, when someone falls, he gets nothing but broken ribs or shoes. Although he was an idiot, he was not completely wrong. Don Quixote said to him:

''Sancho, my friend, night is falling and it is becoming so dark that we will not be able to reach El Toboso before the moon rises. However, I am resolved to go there before embarking on another adventure, for I need the blessing and approval of the peerless Dulcinea. Thanks to that, I feel certain that I will achieve any dangerous task, for knights-errant are always more courageous when their lady friends favor them; nothing in this life is more efficient than this."

"It will be difficult for you", replied Sancho, "to meet her and speak with her in a place where she will be able, at least, to give you permission to undertake such a task. You will have to meet her in front of the fence of the stableyard where I saw her the last time, when I handed her the letter that described the foolish things you did in the heart of the Sierra Morena."

"Are you sure that you were facing a stableyard fence", said Don Quixote, "when you beheld that noble pretty lady who is not praised enough? You must have been in the gallery, or corridor, or portico, or whatever you call it, of some grand royal palace."

"Maybe", said Sancho. "But, if I remember correctly, it looked like a fence to me."

"Nevertheless, Sancho, we are going there", Don Quixote insisted, "for I need to see her through a fence, or a window, or the chinks in a door, or the railing of a garden. As soon as I behold the sun of her beauty, I will become sane and courageous, saner and more courageous than anybody."

"To tell you the truth", said Sancho, "when I saw Dulcinea del Toboso's sun, it was cloudy: it was not shining! As I told you, she was winnowing wheat at the time, and this raised a lot of dust, which came before her face like a cloud and darkened it."

"Sancho", said Don Quixote, "you still persist in saying and believing that Lady Dulcinea was winnowing wheat, which is a task that is at variance with everything that aristocrats do and are supposed to do. These people train to fulfill tasks that befit their rank. O Sancho, you have forgotten those verses of our poet in which he describes the labor performed in their crystal houses by the four nymphs who rose from their beloved Tagus and sat on the verdant meadow to weave the sumptuous tapestries which, according to him, were made of gold, silk and pearls. When you saw my lady friend, she must have been doing the same thing. However, some evil enchanter envies me, for all the things that I like keep turning into other things. According to some people, my exploits have been recorded in a book. The author may be an enemy of mine, a wizard who may have mistaken one thing for another. He may have combined a thousand lies with a little truth in order to amuse himself by relating many things that have nothing to do with the true sequence of events. O envy, root of devilry, termite that devours virtue! You see, Sancho, all the other vices are not devoid of pleasure, but envy is full of hatred, bitterness and rage."

"I agree with you", replied Sancho, "and I think that in this legend or story, which Mr. Carrasco has heard, my reputation has been ruined or, at least, tarnished. I don't understand him, for I am an honest man who has never spoken ill of any enchanter. Besides, I am not rich. Of course, I am a bit mischievous and boisterous, but I am also a truly affable, approachable man, which leads people to excuse my behavior. If I had no other virtue than that of believing, as I always have believed, firmly and truly in God and in all that the holy Roman Catholic Church has and believes, which includes its hatred of Jews, the historians would have to pity me and treat me well in their writings. But they are free to write whatever they wish. You know, when I was born, I was naked, and I am still naked: nothing has changed. Although I am the hero of a book that is widely known, I don't care about what writers say about me."

"That reminds me, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "of what happened to a famous poet of these days. He had published an unpleasant satire on all the well-bred ladies, but he had not referred to a certain woman whose politeness was questioned. When she saw that her name was not on the list, she complained to the poet and asked him why she was not mentioned. She ordered him to add a sequel to his satire and put her name in it, or else he would be in trouble. The poet did so. The book depicted her as a wicked woman, but she was content because she was becoming *famous,* although she was portrayed as an *infamous* individual. There is also the story about the shepherd who set fire and burned down the famous temple of Diana, which was one of the seven wonders of the world, because he wanted people to remember him forever. Although nobody was allowed to say or write his name, for no one wanted him to fulfill his desire, we learned that his name was Erostratus. In Rome, the same thing happened to a great emperor, Charles V, and a certain gentleman. The emperor wished to see the Pantheon, which, back then, was known as the temple of all the gods and today is more appropriately named All Saints' Temple. Of all the pagan edifices in Rome, this is the one that comes nearest to being preserved in its entirety. It constitutes a tribute to the grandeur and magnificence of those who built it. It is constructed in the shape of a half-orange. The building is large and light. The only illumination comes from a window, or rather a round skylight at the top. It was from this vantage point that the emperor surveyed the building. At his side was a Roman gentleman who draw his

attention to the delicate parts of this remarkable huge structure. As they made their way down from the skylight, the gentleman turned to the emperor and said: 'A thousand times, Your Imperial Majesty, I wanted to throw my arms around you and jump from that dome in order to become famous and remain so forever.' 'I thank you', the emperor replied, 'for not having yielded to so wicked an impulse. From now on, I will prevent you from putting your loyalty to the test again. Hence, I command you not to speak to me or meet me again.' Then he gave him a nice present. Sancho, I just want to say that people do want to become famous. Why did Horatius jump off that bridge, clad in full armor, into the Tiber? Who *burned* Scaevola's *buns* and hand? What moved Curtius to throw himself into the deep flaming abyss that was situated in the middle of the city of Rome? What led Julius Caesar to cross the Rubicon in spite of all the warnings given by the haruspices? I am going to give more recent examples. Who, in America, scuttled the ships and took the valiant Spaniards led by the *courteous Cortes* to a desert island? All these and other great deeds of different types are, were and will be linked to fame, which people want to achieve because they believe that their exploits deserve to be remembered forever. We Christians, Catholics and knights-errant are more concerned with eternal glory in Paradise than vainglory here and now, for, although it may last long, it will end at the end of the world, which has been foreordained. So, Sancho, our deeds should not exceed the limits set by the Christian religion, which we follow. We kill vanity when we kill giants; generosity destroys envy; serenity defeats anger; gluttony and inaction vanish into thin air when we fast and stand guard; we are so faithful to the ladies we love that we cannot be called lascivious; we behead laziness each time we travel the world in order to have an opportunity to become famous knights and better Christians. These are the means by which one is held in high esteem, which depends on good reputation."

"I have understood very well", said Sancho, "all that you have said up to now, but I'd like you to *petrify* a point that has just crossed my mind."

"Sancho, you mean *clarify*", replied Don Quixote. "Speak out, and I will answer you as best I can."

"Sir", Sancho went on, "those Julys, Augusts and all the courageous knights you mentioned are dead. So where are they now?"

"The heathens", said Don Quixote, "are undoubtedly in Hell; the Christians, if they were good Christians, are either in Purgatory or in Heaven."

"Fine", said Sancho, "but I want to know if there are silver lamps in front of the tombs where the bodies of those great lords lie buried. Are the walls of their chapels decorated with crutches, shrouds, locks of hair, legs and eyes made of wax? If not, how are they decorated?"

"The pagan sepulchers", Don Quixote answered, "were, for the most part, luxurious monuments. Julius Caesar's ashes, for example, were placed upon a gigantic stone pyramid which, in the Rome of today, is known as St. Peter's Needle. The Emperor Hadrian's burial place was a castle as big as a village. It was called the Hill of Hadrian. Today it is St. Angelo's Castle. Queen Artemisia had her husband, King Mausolus, buried in a tomb that was one of the seven wonders of the world. However, none of the many pagan tombs was decorated with shrouds or offerings that are commonly seen where saints are buried."

“Interesting...”, said Sancho. “Tell me, is it more important to bring a dead man back to life than to kill a giant?”

“The answer to that question is easy”, replied Don Quixote; “to bring a dead man to life.”

“You are mistaken”, said Sancho. “Those who bring the dead back to life, make the blind see, cure cripples and the sick and have lighted lamps in front of their tombs while their chapels are filled with kneeling worshipers who have come to adore their relics are more famous, both in this world and in the world to come, than all the heathen emperors and knights-errant of old.”

“I’ll grant you”, Don Quixote admitted.

“Well, then”, continued Sancho, “this fame, or theses qualities, or these privileges, or whatever you call them, belongs to the bodies and relics of the saints, who, with the approval and permission of our Holy Mother Church, have lamps, candles, shrouds, crutches, paintings, locks of hair, eyes and legs, which spread their Christian fame and make the worshipers more devout. Kings are used to taking the bodies of saints or saints’ relics upon their backs. They kiss the pieces of bone and use them to decorate and beautify their chapels and favorite altars.”

“What can I infer from what you are saying?”, Don Quixote asked.

“In fact”, said Sancho, “we should become saints, for we would become famous more rapidly. Sir, you know, a short while ago, perhaps yesterday or the day before yesterday, they canonized or beatified two unimportant barefooted friars. People consider that they are very lucky when they succeed in kissing or touching the iron chains with which they fastened their cassocks and tortured their bodies. It is said that they are more venerated than Orlando’s sword, which is in the armory of the king; God bless him. So, Your Lordship, a humble little barefooted friar, whatever the order he belongs to, is more respected than a brave knight-errant. With God’s help, twenty-four penances will get you more than two thousand lance thrusts, whether they be given to giants, or monsters, or dragons.”

“You are right”, said Don Quixote, “but we cannot all be friars, and there are many paths by which God takes His sheep to Heaven. Chivalry is a part of religion: some famous knights became saints!”

“Yes, of course”, said Sancho, “but I have heard that there are more friars in Heaven than knights-errant.”

“Actually, there are more clergymen than knights”, Don Quixote explained.

“There are many knights-errant”, observed Sancho.

“Many indeed”, his master agreed, “but few deserve to be called knights.”

They spent that night and the following day talking in this manner. Nothing important happened to them, which upset Don Quixote. On the day after that, at sunset, they saw the great city of El Toboso. The knight was elated, but Sancho was downcast, for he did not know where Dulcinea lived. He and his master had never seen her house. So they were anxious because one of them wanted to see it, whereas the other had never seen it. Sancho did not know what he would do when his master sent him to El Toboso. Finally, Don Quixote decided to enter the village at night. In the meantime, they waited in a nearby wood. When the time came, they went into that village, where great things happened to them.

CHAPTER IX.

A chapter in which is related
what you will discover in it!

It was around midnight when Don Quixote and Sancho left the wood and entered El Toboso. The village was silent because all the inhabitants were sleeping. The sky was not completely dark; Sancho wished it had been, for he would have found an excuse for his inability to find his way. A few dogs were barking, which deafened Don Quixote and upset his squire. Now and then an ass would bray, pigs would grunt and cats would miaow. These noises grew louder; the lovelorn knight regarded this as a bad omen. However, he said to Sancho:

"Sancho, my son, lead me to Dulcinea's palace; perhaps she is awake."

"To what palace should I lead you?", asked Sancho. "When I saw Her Highness, she was in a very small house."

"I suppose", replied Don Quixote, "that she had retired to some outhouse in order to amuse herself with her ladies-in-waiting, as is the custom of highborn ladies and princesses."

"Sir", said Sancho, "since you believe, in spite of anything I say, that Lady Dulcinea's house is a castle, you can rest assured that, at this hour, the gate is closed. Should we knock at it, we would frighten the castle dwellers. We cannot behave like the bachelors who meet their girlfriends at any time, however late it may be."

"First of all", said Don Quixote, "let us find out where the palace is. Then, Sancho, I will tell you what we will do next. Look over there; unless I am mistaken, that silhouette is Dulcinea's castle."

"Sir, lead the way, for you may be right. But I want to see it with my own eyes and touch it so that I may acknowledge that it is a castle."

Don Quixote led the way. When they had gone some two hundred paces, they came up to the dark silhouette and saw that it was a tall tower. They realized that this was not a palace but the main church of the town.

"We have reached the church", the knight remarked.

"Yes, we have", replied the squire. "I hope that God will not bury us in these graves, for it is always dangerous to wander in cemeteries at this hour of the night. Moreover, if I remember correctly, I have told you that this lady's house stands in a small alley where there is no way out."

"You fool!", cried his master. "Castles and royal palaces are never built in small alleys where there are no ways out."

"Sir", responded Sancho, "every land has its own customs. Perhaps, in El Toboso, there are used to putting up palaces and other tall buildings in alleys. So I beg you to let me scan these streets and alleys: in some corner, I may come upon this palace, though I'd like to see it eaten by dogs, for we are on a wild goose chase."

"Sancho, when you speak", said Don Quixote, "you should not belittle my lady friend's possessions. Let us calm down and rejoice."

"I am going to calm down", said Sancho. "You are trying my patience. You know, I only saw Lady Toboso's house once. So I don't remember its location. I will not find it

in the middle of the night. But you must have seen it thousands of times, and you are not able to find it!"

"Sancho", said Don Quixote, "you are getting on my nerves. You heretic, haven't I told you many a time that I have never seen the peerless Dulcinea or crossed the threshold of her castle? I love her because everybody says that she is pretty and intelligent."

"I see", replied Sancho. "You have never seen her, nor have I..."

"But that's impossible", said Don Quixote. "Well, at any rate, when you handed me her letter, you told me that you had seen her winnowing wheat."

"Pay no attention to that, sir, for I must say that I did not meet her or bring you a letter written by her. So I cannot tell you who she is."

"Sancho, Sancho, there is a time to joke and a time when jokes are inappropriate. Just because I tell you that I have never seen nor spoken to my beloved lady friend does not mean that you should say the same thing, for you know that it's not true."

As they were engaged in this conversation, they saw a man coming toward them with a team of mules hitched to a plow, which made a loud noise as it scraped along the ground. They assumed that this farmer had got up before daybreak in order to go to his master's fields; this proved to be true. The farmer was singing a ballad which says:

Frenchmen, your army
Was annihilated in Roncesvalles...

"Sancho, I feel certain", said Don Quixote when he heard it, "that something good will happen tonight. Do you hear what this peasant is singing?"

"Yes, I hear it", replied Sancho, "but what has the battle of Roncesvalles to do with our business? It is as inappropriate as the ballad of Calainos."

At this point the farmer came up to them. Don Quixote asked:

"Can you tell me, my good man, where is the castle of the peerless princess Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"Sir", the lad answered, "I am a stranger here. I have been in this town only a few days. I work for a rich farmer; I plow his fields. The priest and the sacristan live in that house over there. They will tell you what you want to know about this princess, for they have a list of all the inhabitants of El Toboso. However, I never saw any princess whatever anywhere in the entire city. There are many noblewomen; each may be regarded as a princess in her own house."

"My friend, the lady whom I am inquiring after must be among them", said Don Quixote.

"Maybe", replied the lad. "I must leave now, for the sun is rising." He tapped his mules with his whip; he did not answer other questions.

Sancho noticed that his poor master was confused. He said to him:

"Sir, it will soon be daylight. We cannot stay here. We must leave the town so that you may hide yourself in some nearby forest. I will then come back and look in every corner for Dulcinea's house, or fortress, or mansion. It would be a pity if I did

not find it. When I find it, I will speak to her and tell her that you are waiting for her to schedule an appointment with you, which must not tarnish her reputation."

"Sancho", said Don Quixote, "you have used a few words to express lots of good ideas. I thank you for the advice you have given me. My son, let us go look for a place where I may hide. Then, as you say, you will come back to look for her, meet her and talk with her. I expect that her kindness and intelligence will lead her to help me a lot."

Sancho was in a hurry to get his master out of the town, for he did not want him to discover the lie about Dulcinea's answer, which he had taken to the Sierra Morena. They set out at once. At a distance of two miles from the city, they found a forest or wood where Don Quixote hid himself while Sancho returned to El Toboso to talk to Dulcinea. In the course of this mission, some things happened to the messenger: they must be investigated.

CHAPTER X.

How Sancho cast a spell on Dulcinea del Toboso,
with other true, outlandish events.

When the author of this great book recounted the events that are set forth in this chapter, he said that he would have liked to pass over them, as he feared that he would not be believed, for Don Quixote's madness reached a point beyond which the imagination cannot go. It even exceeded that point by a couple of bowshots. Nevertheless, in spite of such fear and misgiving, the author recounted these events just as they happened. He did not change anything, for he did not care whether they would call him a liar or not. He was right because the truth never disappears: it always covers falsehood as oil covers water.

He resumed his story and said that the knight hid himself in a forest near El Toboso. He ordered Sancho to go to the city and not to come back until he had spoken to Lady Dulcinea, begged her to arrange an appointment with her captive knight and asked her to bless him, which would enable him to achieve any task. Sancho said that he would comply with his orders and promised to bring back as fair a reply as he had on the previous occasion.

"Go, my son", said Don Quixote. "Do not let yourself be blinded by the light from that sun of beauty, which you are about to meet. Sancho, you are the luckiest squire in the world! You will have to remember how she receives you. You will have to tell me whether she changes color when you give her my message, if she loses her composure upon hearing my name, if she fidgets in her throne, if she stamps, if she repeats two or three times her answer, if her mood changes from kindness to bitterness and from bitterness to love, and if she smooths her hair, although it is neatly combed. Actually, you will have to observe her and describe her reaction accurately so that I may make out what her shy heart thinks of my love for her. You know, Sancho, when lovers react to pieces of information about the people whom they love, they show us their true feelings. I hope that you will be luckier than I and that you will bring good news when you return to the awful solitude in which you leave me."

"I go", said Sancho, "but I will return shortly. In the meantime, console your little heart, for, at the moment, it must be as small as a hazelnut. Remember that

courageous people are never unlucky and that all that glitters is not gold. They also say that when the hare does not *expect* to find the thing it is looking for, it goes away. I say this because, thanks to daylight, I *expect* to find Dulcinea's castle when I *least expect* it. Once I have found it, I will talk to her."

"Sancho", replied Don Quixote, "I'd like to be as lucky as what is said in your proverbs."

Sancho turned his back, tapped his donkey with his stick and rode off. Seated in the saddle, his feet in the stirrups, Don Quixote was leaning on his lance. Let us leave the sad, bemused knight there in order to follow Sancho Panza, who was as sad and bemused as he. As soon as he was out of the wood, Sancho turned his head and looked back. Since he was out of sight, he dismounted from his ass and sat down at the foot of a tree, where he began talking to himself. He said:

"Brother, do you know where Sancho is going? Is he searching for an ass that has strayed? No, certainly not. Well, then, what is he searching for? I am looking for an awesome princess who is as pretty as the sun and the sky. Where do you think you are going to find all this, Sancho? In the great city of El Toboso. Fine. Who asked you to look for her? The famous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha. He feeds the thirsty and pours drinks for the hungry. That's fine, but in what kind of house does she live? My master said that she lives in a royal palace or an impressive castle. Have you ever seen her? Neither I nor my master has ever seen her. Do you think that, if the inhabitants of El Toboso knew that you are here to pump information out of their princesses and disturb their noblewomen, they would have the right to beat you up and break all your bones? To tell you the truth, they would be right if they did not know that someone sent me on a diplomatic mission to El Toboso. You see,

I am a messenger:
I must not be blamed.

Don't be so confident about that, Sancho, for the Manchegans are as hot-tempered as they are honest. They don't like to be annoyed. Should they get wind of your mission, you would have a hard time. Off with you, villain! Back off, Satan! I must complete an impossible task just to please someone. Looking for Dulcinea in El Toboso is like trying to find Marica in Ravena or a graduate student in Salamanca. It was the devil, the devil himself and nobody else, who got me into this."

This soliloquy did not enable Sancho to come to a conclusion. So he continued:

"Well, there is a remedy for everything except death, beneath whose yoke we all have to pass at the end of our lives, however heavy it may weigh upon us. A thousand details show that my master is a raving maniac. However, I don't bear a grudge against him, for I am madder than he since I follow and serve him. In this regard the old proverb must be true. It says: 'Your personality is evidenced by the people whom you befriend.' Another one says: 'A man always *shares* the opinion of the people with whom he *shares* his food, although they don't have the same mother.' He is a madman. Most of the time, he mistakes one thing for another: white turns into black and black into white! Not so long ago he believed that the windmills were giants, that the monks' mules were dromedaries, that the flocks of sheep were enemy troops, etc. Hence, it will not be hard to make him believe that the first peasant girl I come across is Lady

Toboso. Should he disbelieve me, I would voice my opinion. Should he continue disbelieving me, I would continue saying that I am right. Should he argue stubbornly, I would argue persuasively. I must impose my opinion on him. My obstinacy might lead him to forbid me to carry out that kind of mission, all the more so because I will bring bad news. Perhaps he will believe that one of the wicked enchanters who, according to him, keep annoying him has changed her figure just to piss him off."

These reflections helped Sancho Panza to calm down. He thought that he had done well. Accordingly, he remained where he was until the afternoon so that Don Quixote might think he had had time to go to El Toboso and return. He was so lucky that, when he mounted his ass, he saw three peasant girls in the direction of El Toboso. They were riding young male or female donkeys; the author did not clarify this point, but it seems that they were she-asses, for peasant girl usually ride these animals. Since it is a detail, it is useless to check the information. In fact, as soon as Sancho saw the girls, he hurried to join Don Quixote, who was sighing and complaining about his love affair with Dulcinea. When he beheld Sancho, he said:

"What's up, Sancho, my friend? Should I mark this day with a white or a black stone?"

"You should", replied Sancho, "use red chalk to put your thoughts down on a blackboard in order to inform everybody of what they want to know."

"I guess", said Don Quixote, "that you bring good news."

"There are so good", replied Sancho, "that you should spur Rocinante and ride out in the open in order to meet Dulcinea del Toboso, who, with two of her maids, has come to pay her respects to Your Lordship."

"Good Lord! What are you saying? Don't try to deceive me or raise false hopes."

"Why would I deceive you?", asked Sancho. "Besides, you are about to find the truth by yourself. Come quickly, sir, and you will see our princess. She is wearing clothes and jewels that befit her status. She and her maids are covered with bright gold, pearl necklaces, diamonds, rubies and brocade cloth with more than ten borders. Their hair fall loose over their shoulders; they resemble sunbeams flying back in the wind. Moreover, they are riding beautiful *bunnies*."

"You mean *ponies*."

"Bunnies or ponies, it makes very little difference", replied Sancho. "They are riding *gorgeous* beasts and they are *gorgeous*, especially Princess Dulcinea, who bewitches men."

"Let's go", said Don Quixote. "Since I wish to thank you for the good, unexpected news, I promise you the best spoils that I get during my first adventure. Should you be dissatisfied with that, I would give you the colts which my three mares will have this year. As you know, they are now out on the village common and are about to foal."

"I will take the colts", said Sancho, "because the spoils from that first adventure are rather uncertain."

They emerged from the wood; they were close to the three peasant girls. He looked up and down the highway that led to El Toboso. Don Quixote was upset because all he could see was these young ladies. He asked Sancho if he had left them in front of the city.

"In front of the city!", exclaimed Sancho. "Are you blind? They are in front of you, and they are as resplendent as the sun at midday."

"I see nothing", declared Don Quixote, "except three peasant girls on three asses."

"Lord, protect me from the Devil!", exclaimed Sancho. "You mistake pure-white bunnies, or whatever you call them, for donkeys. By the living God, I would tear out this beard of mine if that were true!"

"I am telling you, Sancho, it is as true that those beasts are asses or she-asses as it is that I am Don Quixote and you are Sancho Panza. At least, that's the way they look to me."

"Hush, sir", Sancho admonished him. "Don't say such a thing. Open your eyes and pay you respects to the lady you love, for she is approaching."

As he said this, he rode on to meet the female villagers. He dismounted from his donkey, seized one of their beasts by the halter, kneeled down and said:

"O queen, princess and duchess of comeliness! May the beauty of Your Highness or Majesty welcome your captive knight, who is as petrified as a piece of marble. Actually, he is bedazzled by your presence. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he is Don Quixote de la Mancha, a knight and a globe-trotter who is also called the Weepy Knight."

By this time Don Quixote was down on his knees beside Sancho. He was staring at the girl whom Sancho had called queen and lady. It seemed to him that she was just an ugly peasant girl, for she was round-faced and snub-nosed. The perplexed knight did not dare to speak. The girls were also surprised to see these strange men kneeling in front of one of them, which prevented her from passing. The discontented girl broke the silence when she said:

"Get out of my way and let me pass, for I am in a hurry."

"O princess and sole owner of El Toboso!", cried Sancho. "How can your magnanimous heart fail to melt as you behold, kneeling before your sublime presence, the one who is the very pillar and support of knight-errantry?"

Hearing this, one of the others said:

"Calm down, wild animal! Have the city dwellers come to make fun of country girls? We, too, can make fun of people. You'd better go away and leave us alone!"

"Get up, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "for I perceive that fortune, which is not tired of hurting me, has taken possession of all the roads thanks to which happiness might come to cheer my mean soul up. Madam, you are all that could be desired, the sum of human gentleness and sole remedy for this afflicted heart, which adores you. The wicked enchanter who persecutes me has placed clouds and cataracts upon my eyes, which is why they have mistaken your pretty visage for the ugly face of a poor peasant girl. I hope that he has not likewise changed my face into that of some monster in order to frighten you. However, keep looking at me tenderly and lovingly. You will soon understand that I belittle myself in front of your *ugly beauty* because I adore you."

"What's the devil the matter?", cried the girl. "This is absolute nonsense! Please, let us go."

Sancho took a step backward. He was relieved to solve this problem so easily. No sooner did the girl who was supposed to have Dulcinea's face pass Sancho than she started to spur her "pony" with a spike on the end of a long stick that she carried with her. The beast set off at top speed across the meadow. Feeling the pain more than

usual, the ass began to buck. Lady Dulcinea fell to the ground. When he saw this, Don Quixote ran over to her and lifted her up while Sancho tightened the girths and adjusted the packsaddle, which had slipped down under the animal's belly. This having been done, Don Quixote tried to take his enchanted lady in his arms in order to place her upon the she-ass. The girl prevented him from doing so, for she jumped to her feet, took a few steps backward, began to run, placed both hands on the crupper of the ass, landed more lightly than a falcon on the packsaddle and stood astride it like a man.

"By Jove", exclaimed Sancho, "our lady is lighter than a falcon. She could teach the most talented Cordovan or Mexican how to ride a horse. She cleared the back of the saddle in one jump. Although she does not have spurs, she makes her pony run like a zebra. Her maids are not far behind, for they all move like the wind."

This was true, for, when they saw Dulcinea in the saddle, the other two prodded their beasts, which began to gallop behind the former. They did not turn their heads to look back until they had ridden for a distance of half a league. Don Quixote followed them with his eyes. When they were no longer visible, he turned to Sancho and said:

"Sancho, there is a gap between enchanters and knights. Those wicked men hate me, for they want to deprive me of the pleasure I might derive from seeing my lady friend as she is ordinarily. In fact, I was born to be an example of misfortune and to be the target at which the arrows of ill luck are aimed. I can tell you that, not content with turning my Dulcinea into someone else, they made her look like a poor ugly peasant girl. They also deprived her of an aristocratic quality: a pleasant smell, which comes from the fact that noblewomen are always surrounded by flowers and ambergris vapor. Sancho, when Dulcinea mounted her pony, as you call it, which resembles a she-ass, her breath smelled of raw garlic, which made my head swim and poisoned my soul."

"You scum!", cried Sancho. "You wretched, wicked enchanters! I'd like to see you strung up by the gills like sardines on a reed! You are knowledgeable, powerful and dangerous. Barbarians, you turned the princess' pearly eyes into cork balls and her gold hair into the bristles of a red ox's tail. You altered her qualities and smell: if you had not done so, we would have discovered what was beneath that ugly bark. To tell you the truth, I never noticed her ugliness but only her beauty, which was enhanced by a mole between the right nostril and the upper lip. It resembled a moustache because it was surrounded by seven or eight blond hairs of more than a palm in length."

"You see", observed Don Quixote, "moles on the face correspond to those in the body. So Dulcinea must have one of the same sort inside her thigh, on the same side as the other. But hairs of the length you mentioned are very long for moles."

"Well, I can tell you", answered Sancho, "that they seemed natural."

"I believe you", said Don Quixote, "because each element nature bestowed upon her is perfect. Hence, if she had a hundred moles of the kind you have described, they would not be moles but resplendent moons or stars. By the by, was the thing that looked like a packsaddle, which you were adjusting, an ordinary saddle or a sidesaddle?"

"It was neither one nor the other", replied Sancho, "but a high-bowed saddle with expensive decorations that were worth half a kingdom."

"I have not seen all that! I tell you again, and I will tell you a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men."

It was all that the sarcastic Sancho could do to keep from laughing as he listened to the nonsensical arguments of his master, who had been so ingeniously deceived. Finally, they continued conversing for quite a while. Then they mounted their beasts again and followed the route to Saragossa. They hoped to arrive there in time for a certain important feast that is celebrated in that illustrious city every year. However, before they reached their destination, many strange, noteworthy things happened to them. They deserve to be recounted, as you will see further on.

CHAPTER XI.

The strange adventure that befell
the valiant Don Quixote, which deals with
the cart or wagon of the Parliament of Death.

The knight continued on his way. He was ruminating on the trick which the enchanters had played on him by turning his girlfriend into an ugly peasant girl. He did not know how he would restore her to her original shape. He was so absorbed in these reflections that, without noticing it, he let go of Rocinante's reins. The animal took advantage of the liberty granted to it: it paused at every step in order to eat the green grass that covered the plain. Sancho broke the silence; he said:

"Sir, sorrow is not an animal emotion but a human one. However, when human beings are too sad, they become animals. You should regain your composure, pick up Rocinante's reins, shake yourself, cheer up and exhibit the courage that knights-errant are supposed to have. What the devil's the matter? What's up? Don't let this discourage you. Let Satan take all the Dulcineas in the world away, for the welfare of a single knight is more important than a great many spells and transformations."

"Hush, Sancho", retorted Don Quixote; "hush, and do not criticize that enchanted lady, for I alone am to blame for her misfortunes, which are due to the wicked ones' feelings of envy towards me."

"That's true", agreed Sancho. "If one of her acquaintances saw her now, he or she would feel sorry for her."

"You can say that", responded Don Quixote, "because you saw her while she was pretty. Actually, the spell did not prevent you from perceiving that she was good-looking. Its venom only poisoned my eyes. Moreover, you did not provide accurate information when you described her. If I remember correctly, you said that she had pearly eyes, but eyes of that sort are a characteristic of idiots, not of ladies. Dulcinea's eyes must be big emeralds; her brows must be rainbows. Remove those pearls from her eyes and set them upon her teeth, for, Sancho, you have mistaken the former for the latter."

"Maybe", said Sancho. "Her beauty disturbed me as much as her ugliness disturbed you. We must trust God, for He knows what will happen in this valley of tears, in this evil world of ours, where everything is always connected with wickedness, deceit and cruelty. Sir, one thing worries me a lot: what will you do when you defeat some giant or knight? You will ask him to meet the beautiful Dulcinea, but where will that poor giant or knight find her? I guess that they will turn into

scarecrows and go to El Toboso in order to look for Dulcinea. However, if they met her in the middle of the street, they could not differentiate her from my father."

"Perhaps", said Don Quixote, "the spell will not prevent giants or knights from recognizing her. I will check the information when I defeat one or two of them. I will ask them to go to El Toboso and tell me whether they were able to see her or not."

"This solution is intelligent", replied Sancho. "This trick will enable us to find out what we want to know. You are the only person who cannot see her as she is; the misfortune is more yours than hers. Since Lady Dulcinea will be healthy and happy, we will make the best of this situation. We will seek adventures and let time work out a solution, for it is the best physician: it can cure this and other more serious diseases."

Don Quixote was about to answer Sancho, but something caught his attention: a cart crossed the highway. It was filled with flamboyant, weird people and figures. An ugly demon, who served as a carter, was leading the mules. The vehicle was open: there was no awning or framework. The first figure that Don Quixote beheld was that of Death; it had a human visage. Next to it was an angel with large painted wings. At one side was an emperor with, on his head, a crown that seemed to be made of gold. At Death's feet was a god called Cupid, without a bandage over his eyes but with his bow, his quiver and his arrows. There was also a knight in full armor; he had no morion or helmet but a hat decked with multicolored plumes. There were also other people who wore different outfits. Don Quixote was a bit frightened; Sancho was petrified. Then the knight rejoiced because he thought that this was a new perilous adventure. With this in mind and disposed to confront any danger, he positioned himself in front of the cart and yelled:

"Carter, or coachman, or demon, or whoever you may be, tell me at once who you are and where you are going. Who are the persons whom you carry in that stagecoach, which resembles Charon's boat, not an ordinary carriage?"

The Devil stopped the wagon and said gently:

"Sir, we are actors who belong to Angulo el Malo's company. This morning, which is the 8th day of Corpus Christi, we performed a play, in the village which is located beyond that hill, whose title is *The Parliament of Death.* We have to perform it again, this afternoon, in another village which you can see from here. Since the distance is so short and in order to spare ourselves the trouble of undressing and dressing again, we are traveling in the garments that we wear on stage. That lad there is Death; the other is an angel. That woman, who is the author's wife, plays a queen. This one is a soldier; that one is an emperor, and I am the Devil. In fact, I am one of the principal characters in the play, for I am a prominent member of this company. If there is anything else you would like to know about us, feel free to ask me; I will answer you very precisely, for I am the Devil: I can do anything."

"I can assure you", said Don Quixote, "that, when I first saw this wagon, I thought that some great adventure was awaiting me, but one must always touch mirages in order to avoid being deceived. Go, good people; go to your festival. If I can serve you in any way, I will gladly do so, for, when I was a little boy, I was very fond of masks, and, when I was a young man, I used to watch comedies."

As they were conversing, a member of the company who was dresses as a clown chanced to arrive. He had many small bells and three balloons fixed to the end of a stick. He approached Don Quixote, brandished his stick and began beating the

ground with the balloons and jumping high in the air while the bells were jingling. This scene of rejoicing frightened Rocinante. His master could not restrain it. The hack bit the reins and started to run swiftly across the plain, though its bony anatomy would have never led us to acknowledge that it was possible. Sancho perceived that his master could fall to the ground; he leaped from his ass and ran over to him in order to help him, but by the time he reached the spot both horse and rider were on the ground, which was the usual end of Rocinante's exploits.

No sooner had Sancho dismounted in order to rescue Don Quixote than the demon who was dancing with the balloons jumped on the donkey's back and began beating it with them. Frightened by the sound rather than harmed by the man, the animal crossed the fields at full speed in the direction of the village where the festival would be held. As he witnessed his donkey's flight and his master's fall, Sancho did not know whether he had to succor the former or the latter. Since he was a good squire and a good servant, his love for his master prevailed over his fondness for his beast. Nevertheless, each time he saw the balloons rise in the air and hit the donkey's flanks, he really felt for it. He would have preferred to take its place in order to be mistreated. He was extremely upset when he reached the spot where Don Quixote was. He helped him up on Rocinante's back and said:

"The Devil has stolen my donkey."

"What devil?", asked Don Quixote.

"The one with the balloons."

"Then I will recover it, even if he locks himself with it in the deepest or darkest dungeons of Hell. Follow me, Sancho, for the wagon proceeds at a slow pace and the mules will make up for the loss of your donkey."

"Don't upset yourself, sir", replied Sancho. "You should calm down, for, if I am not mistaken, the Devil has let the ass go, and the beast is feeling a little homesick."

This proved to be true, for the Devil, like Don Quixote, fell from his mount and went on foot to the village while the ass returned to the place where its owner was.

"We should", said Don Quixote, "punish that demon for his discourtesy by kidnapping one of those in the wagon; the emperor, for instance."

"Forget it", replied Sancho. "You should take my advice: don't mess with comedians, for they are in luck. I knew one who had been released from prison, though he had killed two people. You see, since they are funny, everybody likes, protects and helps them, especially if they belong to a state-regulated company. In fact, people think that all or most of them are princes because they wear expensive clothes and behave in a certain way."

"Nonetheless," said Don Quixote, "I will not let that funny, bombastic demon go away, even if the whole human race is on his side."

Saying this, he headed for the wagon, which, by this time, was near the village. He cried:

"Stop! Wait, you cheerful rabble! I'll teach you how to behave toward the donkeys and the mounts of the squires of knights-errant."

Don Quixote was shouting so loudly that those in the wagon were able to hear and make out what he said. Since the knight's intention was clear now, Death jumped from the coach; he was followed by the emperor, the Devil, the angel, the queen and Cupid. They armed themselves with pebbles, lined up and waited to greet Don Quixote

with their missiles. The knight saw these courageous warriors with their arms uplifted; they were about to stone him. He pulled Rocinante's reins and began to imagine how he would attack them without risking his life. At this point Sancho came up to him. He saw that his master was about to attack the disciplined warriors. He said to him:

"It would be foolish to do such a thing. Bear in mind that no defensive measure can enable you to achieve such a task without being killed unless you hide yourself under a bronze bell. Besides, a man who attacks an army that includes Death, emperors, angels and demons, without being helped by anybody, is foolish, not courageous. If this does not lead you to remain calm, I will have to tell you that there are no knights-errant in this army, although these soldiers resemble kings, princes and emperors."

"Ah", said Don Quixote, "you have made your point! I must change my mind. As I have told you many times, I must not do battle with a man who has not been dubbed a knight. So it's up to you to avenge the assault on your donkey. Should you decide to do so, I would cheer you on and give you good advice."

"It is useless", replied Sancho, "to take revenge on anybody, for good Christians must not avenge themselves. Besides, I will arrange with my ass to let me act, and I will do nothing because I want to live peaceably until Heaven summons me."

"Since that's your decision, my good Sancho, my wise Sancho, my sincere Christian Sancho, let us leave these phantoms and seek better and more important adventures, for I know that this country will enable us to embark on lots of amazing ones."

The knight turned his horse; Sancho fetched his ass; Death and his flying squadron returned to the wagon; then they continued on their way. Such was the happy ending of this bold adventure of the wagon of Death, thanks to the good advice which Sancho Panza gave his master, who, the very next day, met another lovelorn knight-errant. This new adventure is as thrilling as the one that has just been related.

CHAPTER XII.

The strange adventure that
befell the valiant Don Quixote
and the courageous Knight of the Mirrors.

Don Quixote and his squire spent the night that followed the encounter with Death underneath some tall leafy trees, for Sancho had persuaded the knight to eat some food stored in the saddlebags carried by the ass. In the course of the meal, Sancho said:

"I would have made a mistake if I had chosen the spoils from your first adventure rather than the foals from the three mares. In fact, *a sparrow in the hand is worth two vultures in the bush*."

"However", replied Don Quixote, "if you had let me attack them, as I wished to do, you would at least have received the Empress's gold crown and Cupid's painted wings, for I would have stolen them to offer them to you."

"The crowns and scepters of the actors who play emperors", remarked Sancho, "are never made of pure gold; they are made of tinsel or tin."

"That's true", said Don Quixote, "for it is believed that the accessories used in plays are fakes; they are as unreal as comedy itself. Sancho, you should think highly of authors and actors, for they render some service to their countries by describing all the aspects of human life. Comedy and actors are the most efficient means to show who we are and who we should be. Tell me, haven't you seen some plays in which actors portray kings, emperors, pontiffs, knights, ladies and numerous other characters? They also play scoundrels, liars, merchants, soldiers, intelligent servants and stupid lovers. When the play is over and they have taken their garments off, all the actors look alike."

"Yes", replied Sancho, "I have seen all that."

"The same thing happens in a play that we call life", continued Don Quixote, "where people play emperors, pontiffs and all the characters that a drama may have. When it is all over, that is to say when life is over, death takes the clothes that enable us to differentiate one person from another: all, at last, are equal in the grave."

"It is a good comparison", Sancho admitted, "but it's not so new, for I have heard it many times before. It reminds me of the parables of the chess pieces. So long as the game lasts, each piece has its special qualities, but, when it is over, they are put into a bag and mixed together, which means that they are killed."

"Every day, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "the stupid squire becomes more intelligent."

"Because your wits enlighten me", answered Sancho. "I am like a piece of land that is dry and barren, but if you scatter manure over it and cultivate it, it will bear good fruit. I mean that what you said was the manure that fell upon the barren land of my dry intelligence. Thanks to cultivation and the time I spent at your service, conversing with you, I hope that I will soon produce good fruit, which will keep on following the rules of good behavior, which have been put into my barren intelligence by Your Lordship."

Don Quixote laughed at this pretentious verbiage, but he had to admit that what the squire had said was true, for now and then the servant spoke in a manner that astonished his master. However, most of the time, when he tried to use fine language, his arguments fell from the top of his stupidity into the abyss of his ignorance. When he quoted old sayings, whether or not they had anything to do with the subject under discussion, he exhibited his eloquence and prodigious memory, as you have already seen and noted in the course of this story.

They spent a good part of the night talking in this manner. Then Sancho wanted to draw his eyelids, as he used to say when he wished to sleep. He unsaddled his mount and set it loose so that it might graze at will. He did not unsaddle Rocinante because his master had ordered him to do so. In fact, when they were out and could not sleep under a roof, it was forbidden to unsaddle it. This was an old custom which knights-errant still observed: they could remove the bridle and saddlebow, not the saddle. That is what Sancho did; he also set it loose. The horse's friendship with the ass was so close and unique that people say that the author of this true story wrote a number of special chapters on this subject, although, in order to preserve the decency and decorum that befit so edifying a tale, he chose to omit them in the final version.

However, he forgot his good intentions on a few occasions and wrote that the two beasts, when they were together, used to scratch each other. When they were tired and their bellies were full, Rocinante would lay his long neck over that of the ass; it extended more than half a yard on the other side. The pair would then stand there gazing pensively at the ground for as much as three whole days in a row or, at least, until someone came for them or hunger compelled them to go in search of food. It is said that the author compared their friendship to that of Nisus with Euryalus and that of Pylades with Orestes. If this were true, we would all marvel at the close friendship that developed between these two peaceable animals. Men should be ashamed of themselves, for they are unable to preserve friendship, which is why a poet said:

The man who used to be your friend
Will soon become your enemy.

Another one sang:

Friends are bedbugs...

The author was right to compare animal friendship with human friendship, for human beings have been deeply influenced by beasts and have learned many important things thanks to them. Stork have taught them how to use an enema, dogs how to behave themselves and be kind, cranes how to be cautious, ants how to be prudent, elephants how to be chaste, and horses how to be loyal.

Sancho had, at last, fallen asleep at the foot of a cork tree while Don Quixote was sleeping beneath a big oak tree. Very little time had passed when the knight was awakened by a noise behind him, which startled him. He looked around and pricked up his ears to make out where the noise came from. He caught sight of two men on horseback; one of them slipped down from the saddle and said to the other:

"Dismount, my friend, and unbridle the horses, for it seems to me that there is plenty of grass for them and enough silence and solitude for my amorous thoughts."

Saying this, he stretched himself out on the ground. As he flung himself down, his armor cracked. Don Quixote inferred from this noise that he was a knight-errant. He went over to Sancho, who was still sleeping, shook him by the arm, woke him easily and said in a low voice:

"Brother Sancho, we are going to have an adventure."

"May God make it a good one", said Sancho. "Sir, where is Lady Adventure?"

"Where, Sancho?", said Don Quixote. "Turn your head and look; you will see a knight-errant lying on the ground. I think that he is not really happy, for, when he flung himself down, I saw that he was despondent and heard his armor crack."

"Well", said Sancho, "what makes you thing that this is an adventure?"

"This is not an adventure", the knight answered, "but the beginning of one, for that's the way they start. But listen; it seems that he is tuning a lute or guitar, spitting and clearing his throat: he must be getting ready to sing something."

"You're right", said Sancho. "He must be some lovesick knight."

"There are no knights-errant that are not lovesick", Don Quixote informed him. "Let us listen to him; the thread of his song will enable us to discover his thoughts, for, when tongues sing, the feelings are revealed."

Sancho would have liked to answer his master, but the voice of the Knight of the Wood, which was neither very good nor very bad, prevented him from doing so. As the two of them listened attentively, they heard this sonnet:

SONNET

Madam, show me the nature of your will
So that I may link mine to yours
And agree with you on every point.
If you want me to conceal
The grief that is killing me,
It is you who will kill me.
If you ask me to explain it in another manner,
I will have love to describe it.
I am made of different materials:
Soft wax and hard diamond.
My heart follows the laws of love.
Soft or hard, it compels me to show you my chest:
Engrave or write whatever you wish.
I swear that I will keep this eternally.

At the end of his song, the Knight of the Wood said "ay"; it seemed to come from the very depths of his heart. Then, in a grief-stricken voice, he cried:

"O most ungrateful and beautiful woman in the world! O most excellent inhabitant of Andalusia! How dare you let your captive knight endure constant wanderings and toil! I have already compelled all the knights of Navarre, Leon, Andalusia, Castile and La Mancha to say that you are the prettiest girl in the world!"

"That's not true!", cried Don Quixote at this point. "I come from La Mancha and I have never said such a thing. Moreover, I cannot say a thing that may dilute my lady friend's beauty. Sancho, this knight is raving, but let us listen to him: perhaps he will tell us more."

"He will", replied Sancho, "for it seems that he will complain for thirty days at a stretch."

However, this did not prove to be the case, for, when the Knight of the Wood heard voices near him, he stopped complaining, rose to his feet and said in a loud but courteous tone of voice:

"Who goes there? What kind of people are you? Are you happy or unhappy people?"

"We are unhappy people", answered Don Quixote.

"Come up to me", said the knight of the Wood; "you will discover what sadness and sorrow are."

This gentle, courteous answer moved Don Quixote and Sancho to go over to him. The sad knight seized the Manchegan's arm and said:

"Sit down here, Sir. I know that you are a knight-errant because you are in this place, where solitude and serenity reign. Such a spot is the appropriate bed and dwelling of knights-errant."

"I am a knight", replied Don Quixote, "a knight-errant, as you said. Although I am overcome by sadness and misfortune, this does not mean that I disregard others' sufferings. From your song I can infer that your misfortunes are *in love,* I mean that you are *in love* with the ungrateful pretty lady whom you named in your song, which is a great misfortune"

As they conversed in this manner, they sat on the hard earth. The peaceful men were quiet: since it was not *daybreak*, none of them was going to *break* the other.

"Sir", inquired the Knight of the Wood, "are you *by any chance* in love?"

"Unfortunately, I fall in love *by chance*", said Don Quixote, "although the ills that come from legitimate feelings should be regarded as favors rather than as misfortunes."

"That's true", the Knight of the Wood agreed, "but disdain impairs our ability to understand things, and when there is too much disdain, it resembles vengeance."

"I have never been disdained by my lady friend", said Don Quixote.

"No, certainly not", said Sancho, who was close to them, "for Lady Toboso is an obedient lamb: she is as soft as butter."

"Is he your squire?", asked the Knight of the Wood.

"Yes, he is", replied Don Quixote.

"I have never seen a squire", said the Knight of the Wood, "who would dare to speak while his master was talking. Mine is over there; he is as tall as his father. He never opens his mouth when I speak."

"As for me", said Sancho, "I speak, and I am used to speaking while someone like… I am going to shut up because I don't want to upset you."

The Knight of the Wood's squire seized Sancho's arm and said:

"Come along; let's go where we can speak of whatever we want. These gentlemen, our masters, will boast about their love affairs. You can rest assured that they will speak of that until daybreak."

"Fine", said Sancho. "I am going to tell you who I am so that you may tell me whether I am as talkative as the most talkative squires in the world."

Hence, they went to one side and began conversing in a funny way while their masters talked in a very formal way.

CHAPTER XIII.

The continuation of the adventure
of the Knight of the Wood,
together with the intelligent, original and
sweet conversation between the two squires.

The knights and the squires had separated; the latter were telling the story of their lives; the former were speaking of their love affairs. In the book, the paragraph that deals with the conversation between the servants precedes the one that deals with the conversation between their masters. It is said that, after they had gone some

little distance from where the others were, the Knight of the Wood's squire said to Sancho:

"Sir, it is a hard life that we lead and live, for we are squires to knights-errant. To tell you the truth, we must work hard to earn our living, which is one of the spells that God cast on our forebears."

"We might also say", added Sancho, "that this is bloody hard work, for we endure bad weather and we don't eat a lot: sorrows are bearable when there is plenty of food. Sometimes we don't eat for a day or two, except gusts of wind!"

"We put up with this", said the other, "because we hope that we will be rewarded, for, if a knight is not too unlucky, his squire, after a little while, will become the owner of some fine island or prosperous earldom."

"I have told my master", replied Sancho, "that I would like to become the governor of an island. He is so noble and generous that he has promised it to me on many different occasions.'

"In return for my services", said the Squire of the Wood, "my master will give me a canonship. He has planned to give me a good one."

"He must be a member of a Catholic military order", said Sancho, "which will enable him to bestow such privileges upon faithful squires, but mine is just a layman. However, if I remember correctly, some intelligent, deceitful people advised him to try to become an archbishop, but he wanted to become an emperor. I kept trembling because I feared that he would want to become a clergyman, which would not enable me to hold any ecclesiastical office. I must tell you that, though I look like a man, clergymen regard me as a beast!"

"You are mistaken", the Squire of the Wood assured him. "In fact, all fiefs that are islands are not desirable. Some of them are ugly; some are deserted; others are gloomy. The unfortunate men who chance to get the best one run into trouble. People who are involved in that bloody profession should go back home and amuse themselves by hunting or fishing. You know, even the poorest squire has got a hack, a couple of greyhounds and a fishing rod, which enables him to have fun where he lives."

"I have those things", replied Sancho. "Of course, I have no hack, but I have an ass that is worth twice as much as my master's horse. I would not trade it for my master's horse, even if he added in four fanegas of barley. I am not joking: my gray ass is priceless. By the way, my ass is gray. As for the *greyhounds [ex-Muslims (Moriscos) here]*, I will be able to get some since there are lots of them in my village. Besides, it is a sort of *hunt [manhunt here]* that people enjoy when it takes place *abroad [Northern Africa]*."

"Actually", said the Squire of the Wood, "I have decided to ignore these knights' silly orders and to retire to my village in order to bring up my children; I have three whom I worship."

"I have two", said Sancho. "They are exceptionally talented, especially my daughter. I want her to become a countess, but her mother is opposed to this."

"How old is this future countess?"

"Fifteen, or a couple of years more or less. But she is as tall as a lance, as fresh as an April morning and as strong as an odd-job man."

“These qualities”, remarked the Squire of the Wood, “befit countesses, but also the nymphs who live in green forests. Bloody whore, daughter of a whore! The bad girl must be really strong!”

Sancho was a bit upset. He said:

“She is not a whore, nor was her mother before her, nor will either of them ever be so long as I live. You should speak more courteously. Since you have been brought up among knights-errant, who are well-bred men, you should not make insulting remarks.”

“These are not insults”, said the Squire of the Wood. “You see, when a knight hits a bull with his lance during a bullfight or when a person does something remarkably well, the crowd usually shouts: ‘Well done, wicked son of a whore!’ What appears to be an insult is, in such a case, a great compliment. Sir, you should disown the boys and girls who do not perform task that would lead people to praise their parents.”

“I am going to do so”, replied Sancho. “So, you can drop a brothel on the head of my wife and children, for what they say and do deserves the highest praise. In order that I may see them again, I beseech God to free me from mortal sin, namely my dangerous job. It is the second time I have done it; I have been seduced and deceived by a purse of a hundred ducats that I found one day in the heart of the Sierra Morena. The devil is holding up a bag full of doubloons so that I may see them: I am surrounded by gold! Each time I take a step, I feel as if I were touching it, hugging it, bringing it home, investing it, drawing an income from it, and living on it like a prince. When I think of that, I forget the hardships I suffer because of my nutty master, who behaves more like a lunatic than like a knight.”

“That’s why”, observed the Squire of the Wood, “they say that greed leads to madness. There is no greater lunatic than my master, for he is the type of man who gets into trouble so that another knight may recover his sanity. He does foolish things which shame him.”

“Is he in love?”

“Yes, with a wealthy woman from Andalusia, the cruelest and kindest lady in the world. But she does not make him sick, for other schemes makes him feel sick, as you will see in a short while.”

“Even the smoothest roads”, said Sancho, “have holes that make you stumble. In some families, there are problems; in mine, there are lots of them. There are more fools than sane people. If toil is more bearable when your friends accompany you, then you will comfort me, for your master is as mad as mine.”

“Mad, but brave”, the Squire of the Wood corrected him, “and more violent than mad or brave.”

“That is not true of my master”, replied Sancho. “He is not violent; he is good-natured: he wouldn’t hurt a fly. He is not wicked: a child could lead him to believe that the moon rises at midday, which is why I like him a lot. Should he do many foolish things, I would not leave him.”

“Sir and brother”, said the Squire of the Wood, “if a blind man leads another blind man, they will fall into a pit. We should get out of all this as quickly as we can and go back home, for those who seek adventures do not always find good ones.”

Sancho kept clearing his throat. His saliva seemed rather viscous and dry; the Squire of the Wood noticed that; he said:

"It seems to me that we have been talking so much that our tongues are sticking to our palates, but I have a bottle of solvent over there, hanging from the bow of my saddle; it is a pretty good one."

He rose to his feet, went over to his horse and came back, a moment later, with a big flask of wine and a meat pie half a yard in diameter. I am not exaggerating: that pasty was made out of a white rabbit that was so big that Sancho mistook it for a goat or, at the very least, for a kid.

"Sir, do you always carry this?", asked Sancho.

"What do you think?", replied the other. "I am a good squire. There is more food in my saddlebags than in those of a general when he is sent on a mission."

The other squire did not need to urge him to eat: as they sat there in the dark, Sancho gulped down mouthfuls that were like the knots on a tether.

"You are a good, loyal and faithful squire", he said. "You lead a life of luxury, as evidenced by this feast, which, I would almost say, appeared as if by magic. I am not like you. I am a poor wretch. In my saddlebags, there is only a piece of cheese that is so hard that you could break a giant's skull with it. I have also three or four dozen carob beans and a few hazelnuts and walnuts, delicacies that reflect my master's meanness. He thinks that knights-errant should only eat dried fruits and wild plants."

"Upon my word!", exclaimed the other squire. "My stomach cannot stand thistles, or wild pears, or wild vegetable. Let our masters stick to their principles, follow the rules of knight-errantry and eat what these laws prescribe. I carry some food and a wineskin that is attached to my saddlebow. I like it so much that I keep kissing and hugging it."

As he said this, he placed the wineskin in Sancho's hands, who put it to his mouth and looked at the stars for a quarter of an hour. Then, when he had finished drinking, he let his head loll sideways. He heaved a sigh and said:

"Wicked son of a whore! That's delicious!"

"Ah!", cried the Squire of the Wood, as he heard the phrase Sancho had said, "you have praised this wine by calling it 'son of a whore'."

"Now I know", replied Sancho, "that it is not an insult to call anyone a son of a whore so long as this means that you want to praise him. But tell me, sir, does this wine come from Ciudad Real?"

"What a wine taster you are! It comes from nowhere else. It's a few years old."

"I do not want", said Sancho, "to boast about my knowledge of wine, but, when I smell a wine, I can tell you the country where it was made, from what kind of grapes, what it tastes like, how good it is, and everything that has to do with it. It's easy to understand this, for two of my ancestors, on my father's side, were talented Manchegan wine tasters, which is proved by what follows. One day, the two of them had to taste a sample of wine from a certain vat in order to give their opinion about its state and quality. One of them tasted it with the tip of his tongue while the other smelled it. The first man said that it tasted of iron; the second said that it tasted of leather. The owner of the winery stated that the vat was clean and that nothing could have made the wine taste like leather or iron. Nevertheless, the two famous wine tasters stuck to their guns. Time went by; they sold the wine, cleaned out the vat and

found a small key attached to a leather strap. This makes you realize that a member of that family has the right to give his opinion in such cases."

"Consequently", said the Squire of the Wood, "I maintain that we should stop seeking adventures. Since we have homes, there is no need for us to look for brioches! Let us return to our huts; God will find us there if He so wills."

"I will stay with my master", Sancho replied, "until he reaches Saragossa. Then we will negotiate a new agreement."

The two worthy squires talked and drank so much that sleep had to tie their tongues and moderate their thirst, for it was impossible to quench the latter. Clinging to the wineskin, which was almost empty by now, and with half-chewed pieces of food in their mouths, they both slept peacefully. Let us leave them there so that we may discover what happened to the Knight of the Wood and the Weepy Knight.

CHAPTER XIV.

The continuation of the adventure
of the Knight of the Wood.

During the long conversation between the two knights, the Knight of the Wood said to Don Quixote:

"Sir, I just want to say that my destiny – I mean my volition –has led me to fall in love with the peerless Gildedgirl of Andalusia. I call her peerless because her body and features are breathtaking. This Gildedgirl, then, was grateful to me for being so affectionate and kind: like Hercules's stepmother, she asked me to confront many different difficult situations. Each time I overcame one of them, she promised me that I would get what I wanted at the end of the next one. However, my labors have continued, forming a chain whose links I am no longer able to count, nor can I say which will be the last one, the one that will enable me to fulfill my hopes. One day, she asked me to challenge La Giralda, a famous giantess of Seville, to a duel. She is courageous and as solid as bronze. Although she never moves, she is the most fickle and mobile woman in the world. I came, I saw her and I conquered her. I calmed her down and observed her for more than a week: she remained quiet. She also asked me to lift those ancient stones, the mighty Bulls of Guisando, a task that should have been assigned to odd-job men rather than knights. On another occasion, she asked me to throw myself down into the Cabra chasm — a singular and terribly dangerous undertaking — and tell her what was concealed in that deep dark pit. I calmed La Giralda down, lifted the Bulls of Guisando and threw myself into the abyss; I revealed what was hidden in its depths, my unattainable dreams, her orders and her disdain. Finally, she asked me to ride through all the provinces of Spain and compel all the knights-errant who wandered in the country to acknowledge that she is the most beautiful woman now living and that I am the most courageous, lovelorn knight in the world. I have already visited a great part of Spain and have vanquished many knights who have dared to contradict me. But the one whom I am proudest to have defeated in a duel is Don Quixote de la Mancha, a famous knight, for I made him acknowledge that my Gildedgirl is more beautiful than his Dulcinea. This victory means that I have

conquered all the knights in the world because Don Quixote had defeated them all. In fact, his fame has been transferred to me, for,

When a revered man is defeated,
The person who defeats him becomes extremely famous.

Thus, the innumerable exploits of the aforementioned Don Quixote are mine now."

What the Knight of the Wood said surprised Don Quixote. He would have liked to tell him that he was a liar —the word was on the tip of his tongue — but he calmed down, for he wanted him to confess that he was one. He said calmly:

"Sir, you have conquered most of the knights-errant in Spain and even in all the world, but I have my doubts about your victory over Don Quixote de la Mancha. I think that you defeated someone who resembled him, although very few people resemble him."

"What do you mean?", replied the Knight of the Wood. "I swear to God that I fought with Don Quixote and that I defeated him. He has a bony face. He is tall, skinny and strong. He is going grey. He has an aquiline nose and a big droopy black mustache. When he fights, he bears the name Weepy Knight. His squire is a peasant named Sancho Panza. He rides a famous steed called Rocinante. Lastly, his girlfriend is a certain Dulcinea del Toboso, formerly known as Aldonza Lorenzo. Following the same pattern, I call my girlfriend Gildedgirl of Andalusia because she is a wealthy woman who lives in Andalusia. If you don't believe me, look at my sword: it could turn disbelief into belief."

"Calm down, Sir", replied Don Quixote, "and listen to what I want to say to you. I can tell you that this Don Quixote of whom you speak is the best friend that I have in the world, so great a friend that I may say that I feel as if I were him! From your detailed, accurate account I can infer that he is the one whom you have defeated. On the other hand, my eyes and the things I can touch make me believe that he is not. However, since many enchanters hate him, especially one who keeps persecuting him, one of them may have turned into the knight and surrendered in order to defraud him of the international fame that his exploits have earned him. Moreover, I can tell you that, a couple of days ago, those sorcerers turned the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into an ugly dirty peasant girl. They must have done the same thing to the knight. If all this does not suffice to convince you of the truth of what I say, here is Don Quixote himself. He will fight for it by force of arms, on foot or on horseback, or in any way you like."

Saying this, he rose to his feet, grasped his sword and waited for the Knight of the Wood's decision. In a voice as calm as the one Don Quixote had used, he said:

"A good payer does not mind pledging a large sum of money: he who was able to conquer you when you were someone else may defeat you when you are yourself. Since knights should not perform their feats at night, like ruffians or highwaymen, let us wait until daybreak so that the sun may behold us. The condition for our duel will be this one: the warrior who will be defeated will have to obey his conqueror and do all the things that will be asked of him, provided that they are decent."

"I agree to your proposal", said Don Quixote.

They went over to the place where their squires were. They found them snoring; they had been snoring since they had fallen asleep. They awakened them and ordered them to saddle the horses, for, at sunrise, the two knights would fight a bloody, unequal duel. Sancho was astonished and terrified: he feared for his master's safety because the other squire had told him about the Knight of the Wood's exploits. Without uttering a word, he and his friend headed for the place where the animals were. By this time the three horses and the ass were together; they liked one another. On the way, the Squire of the Wood said to Sancho:

"You see, when the Andalusian warriors act as referees in any combat, they are not idle. They don't cross their arms while their masters duel. I tell you this in order to inform you that we will have to join in the fight and smash each other to pieces."

"Sir, I think that this custom", replied Sancho, "applies to the ruffians and warriors whom you have mentioned, not to the squires of knights-errant. In fact, I have never heard my master speak of any such custom, and he knows all the laws of chivalry by heart. Should you be right, I would never follow this rule. I'd rather pay the fine imposed on peaceable squires. I am sure that it doesn't exceed a couple of pounds of wax. The fine would be less expensive than the bandages used to cure my head; I can already see it split in two. Moreover, I cannot fight because I have never carried a sword."

"I can remedy this situation" said the Squire of the Wood. "I have here two linen bags of the same size. You take one and I'll take the other. Hence, we will fight on equal terms."

"Fine", said Sancho. "We will exercise a bit without hurting ourselves."

"You miss the point", said the other squire. "To keep the wind from blowing them away, we will put a half-dozen nice smooth pebbles of the same weight in the bags. Then we will beat each other up safely."

"Oh Lord!", cried Sancho. "I will examine the sables and fluffy cotton you will put into those bags so that we won't get our heads cracked or our bones crushed to a pulp. If you filled them with cocoons, I would not fight. Let our masters *fight* and *light* a candle. As for us, we will *drink* and *drip* some water into our glasses, for time will end our lives prematurely, which will upset us."

"Nevertheless", replied the Squire of the Wood, "we could fight for half an hour."

"Certainly not!", Sancho insisted. "I am neither impolite nor ungrateful: I cannot confront a man with whom I have eaten and drunk. A man who is not angry cannot possibly do battle with another man."

"I can handle that", said the Squire of the Wood. "Before we begin, I will come up to you and punch you three or four times, which will make you fall at my feet. Should your wrath be as sleepy as a dormouse, this would awaken it."

"I have a great idea", said Sancho. "I will take a club and, before you inflame my ire, I will make yours sleep with such mighty whacks that it will awaken in the other world. God knows that I don't allow anybody to *caress my face with his fists*. We know what we have to do. However, we should calm down, for we don't know each other: he who is at peace does not want to be beaten to a pulp. God worships peace and loathes fights. When cats are hunted and put in a very small cage, they turn into lions; since I am a man, I could turn into a more dangerous animal. You know, your duel may have disastrous consequences. So, bear this in mind."

"All right", the Squire of the Wood replied, "God will send the dawn and we will be happy."

At that moment, multicolored birds of all sorts began to sing happily in the trees. They seemed to greet the fresh-dawning day, which, at the gates and on the balconies of the east, was revealing its beautiful visage. An infinite number of liquid pearls were dropping from its mane. Bathed in this gentle moisture, the grass seemed to exhale pearly vapors. The weeping willows were weeping tears of exquisite perfume. The fountains were laughing; the brooks were sighing; the woods were smiling; the meadows rejoiced. The sun rose; Sancho Panza could make out shadowy figures; the first thing he beheld was the Squire of the Wood's nose. It was so big that it cast a shadow over the rest of his body. It was massive, hooked in the middle and covered with warts as purple as aubergines; it hung down for a couple of inches below his mouth. The size, color, texture and shape of this organ gave his face so ugly an appearance that Sancho's hand and feet began trembling; he looked like a child in hysterics. He decided that he would not fight with this monster unless he punched him a couple of hundred times, which would awaken his wrath.

Meanwhile, Don Quixote was looking at his opponent, who had already adjusted and closed his helmet. So he could not see his face. However, he noticed that he was short and burly. Over his armor, he wore a coat made of what appeared to be gold fabric, covered with glittering mirrors that resembled little moons. He looked elegant and was impressive. Above his helmet were a large number of waving plumes that were green, white and yellow. His lance, which was leaning against a tree, was very long and stout; it had a steel point of more than a palm in length. Don Quixote observed all this and came to the conclusion that his opponent was extremely strong, but he was not frightened, although Sancho was petrified. In fact, he said boldly and haughtily to the Knight of the Mirrors:

"Sir, if your eagerness to fight does not prevent you from being courteous, I beg you to raise your visor a little so that I may see if your face is as handsome as your trappings"

"Sir, whether you win or not", the Knight of the Mirrors replied, "you will have an opportunity and time to see me. I do not gratify your desire now because it seems to me that I would displease the beautiful Gildedgirl of Andalusia if I wasted time raising my visor instead of compelling you to say a thing that you know."

"Well, then", said Don Quixote, "while we are mounting our steeds, you could at least tell me if I am that knight of La Mancha whom you say you conquered."

"You are the spitting image", said the Knight of the Mirrors, "of the knight I defeated. However, since you say that you are persecuted by enchanters, I will not assert that you are the one in question."

"All this", said Don Quixote, "suggests that you are deluded. However, in order to clear your mind, we are going to ride our steeds. In less time than you would spend in lifting your visor, thanks to God, my lady friend and my arm, I will see your face and you will see that I am not the vanquished knight you take me to be."

They stopped talking and mounted. Turning Rocinante around, Don Quixote began measuring out the proper length of field for a run against his opponent as the Knight of the Mirrors did the same. Don Quixote had not gone twenty paces when he

heard his adversary calling to him. They turned halfway and the Knight of the Mirrors said:

"I must remind you, sir, of the condition under which we fight: the loser, as I have said before, will have to obey the winner."

"I am aware of that", replied Don Quixote, "but the orders he will obey will have to comply with the rules of chivalry."

"You are stating the obvious", said the Knight of the Mirrors.

At that moment Don Quixote caught sight of the other squire's weird nose and was as greatly astonished by it as Sancho had been. He took the fellow for some monster or some new kind of human being. Sancho saw his master riding away down the field. He did not want to be alone with the big-nosed man, for he feared that one big swipe of that protuberance against his own nose would end the argument between him and the other squire: he would fall to the ground because of the blow or faint. Hence, he walked beside his master, clinging to one of Rocinante's stirrup straps. When he thought it was time for Don Quixote to whirl around and bear down on his opponent, he said to him:

"Dear sir, before your turn in order to charge at him, I beseech you to help me up into that cork tree over there, where I will see better the impressive fight between you and that knight than if I remained on the ground."

"Sancho", said Don Quixote, "I rather think you want to climb that tree to watch the bullfight safely."

"In fact", Sancho admitted, "the monstrous nose of that man frightens me. I don't want to stay near him."

"It is frightening indeed", his master assured him. "If I were not the person I am, I would be frightened. Come, I will help you up."

While Don Quixote was busy watching Sancho climbing the cork tree, the Knight of the Mirrors measured as much ground as seemed necessary. Then, assuming that his adversary had done the same, without waiting for the sound of a trumpet or any other signal, he made his horse turn, which was not swifter or more athletic than Rocinante, and bore down on his enemy at a mild trot, which was the best it could do. When he saw that the Manchegan was busy helping his squire, he pulled on the reins and came to a halt in the middle of the field: his horse was extremely grateful, for it was exhausted. It seemed to Don Quixote that his enemy was flying. Digging his spurs into Rocinante's soft flanks, he made it gallop a bit for the first and only time, according to the author of this book, for, on all other occasions, it trotted. The Weepy Knight and his steed rushed over to the place where the Knight of the Mirrors was. The latter was sinking his spurs into his horse's flanks. He could not make it leave the spot where it had come to a halt.

At this fortunate moment, while his enemy was in such a predicament, Don Quixote fell upon this man, who was so busy spurring his horse that he could not grasp his lance. Don Quixote did not notice this. The shock was so violent that, much against his will, the Knight of the Mirrors rolled over his horse's flanks and tumbled to the ground. This man was motionless: it seemed that he was dead.

No sooner did Sancho see him lying on the ground than he slipped down from the cork tree and rushed over to where his master was. Don Quixote dismounted from Rocinante and approached the Knight of the Mirrors. He undid the helmet straps to

see if the man was dead or to enable him to breathe better in case he was alive. He beheld... Who can say what he beheld without astonishing the readers? The book says that our knight saw the face, form, aspect, physiognomy, effigy and image of Sansón Carrasco! He shouted:

"Come, Sancho, and look at what you must see, which is surprising. Hurry up, my son; you will see what magic can do and how great is the power of wizards and enchanters."

Sancho came. When he saw the student's face, he began crossing and blessing himself a countless number of times. The fallen knight seemed dead. Sancho said to Don Quixote:

"I think that you should run your sword down the mouth of this man, who appears to be Mr. Carrasco. By so doing, you may kill one of your enemies: the enchanters."

"That is not a bad idea", replied Don Quixote, "for the fewer enemies the better."

He drew his sword in order to put Sancho's idea into effect as the Knight of the Mirrors' squire came up to them. He did not have the nose that had made him so ugly. He cried:

"Hold it! The man who is lying there at your feet is your friend: Sansón Carrasco. I am his squire."

Sancho noticed that the other squire's deformity had disappeared. He said:

"Where is your nose?"

"Here in my pocket", he answered.

He thrust his hand into his pocket and took out a papier-mâché nose that had been painted and varnished. It has already been described. Sancho observed the man and exclaimed:

"Holy Mary, protect me! Aren't you Bartholomew Smokedsalmon, my neighbor and friend?"

"I am!", replied the mutilated squire. "I am your good friend Bartholomew Smokedsalmon. I will tell you about the machinations, plots and confusion that brought me here. Meanwhile, I beseech your master not to hit, or mistreat, or injure, or kill the Knight of the Mirrors, who is lying at his feet, for without a doubt he is the rash, ill-advised student Sansón Carrasco, our neighbor."

The Knight of the Mirrors regained consciousness. Seeing this, Don Quixote placed the tip of his sword above the face of the knight and said:

"Sir, you are going to die unless you proclaim that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is more beautiful than your Gildedgirl of Andalusia. Moreover, you must promise me that, if you survive this fight and your wounds, you will go to the city of El Toboso, meet her and tell her that I have told you to serve her. If you stay alive, you will have to seek me out. The diffusion of my exploits will enable you to find me. Then you will have to tell me about the relationship between you and her. These conditions are in conformity with the agreement we reached before our combat and comply with the rules of knight-errantry."

"I proclaim", said the fallen knight, "that the tattered, filthy shoe of Lady Toboso is of greater worth than the clean but untidy beard of Gildedgirl. I promise to meet her and come back to inform you of anything you may wish to know."

"You also have to proclaim and acknowledge", added Don Quixote, "that the knight you conquered was not Don Quixote de la Mancha but a man who resembled him. Similarly, I proclaim and acknowledge that, though you appear to be Sansón Carrasco, you are another person who resembles him. Actually, you have been sent here by my enemies in order to soothe me and entice me to be magnanimous."

"I will obey your orders", replied the disabled knight. "Would you be kind enough to permit me to rise? I hope that I will be able to do so, for I am in bad shape because of the blow I received when I fell."

Don Quixote and Bartholomew Smokedsalmon helped him to his feet. As for Sancho, he could not take his eyes off Bartholomew. He asked him questions and the answers showed that this man was really Bartholomew Smokedsalmon. However, he could not acknowledge this because his master had frightened him, saying that some enchanters hat turned the Knight of the Mirrors into Sansón Carrasco. Finally, both the master and his servant remained deluded. The Knight of the Mirrors and his squire, who were disgusted and sad, left Don Quixote and Sancho in order to look for some village where they would apply poultices and fasten splints to the student's ribs. Then Don Quixote and Sancho resumed their journey to Saragossa. Let us leave them there so that we may learn of the characters of the Knight of the Mirrors and his long-nosed squire.

CHAPTER XV.

The characters of the Knight of the Mirrors
and his squire.

Don Quixote was happy and proud to have defeated a man like the Knight of the Mirrors, whom he regarded as very courageous. He hoped that this man's words would lead him to discover whether her lady friend was still enchanted or not. In fact, unless he chose to resign his position, the vanquished knight had to come back in order to tell him what Dulcinea had said to him. However, the two knights wanted to do different things. As has been said, the Knight of the Mirrors, at the moment, wanted to find some village where they would put poultices over his ribs.

The book says that the student advised Don Quixote to embark on a new adventure because he had had a conversation with the priest and the barber, which was aimed at finding a way to persuade the knight to remain quietly at home and stop seeking adventures that led to disaster. They had followed Carrasco's advice and decided to let Don Quixote sally forth, for it seemed impossible to prevent him from doing so. Hence, he had to pretend to be a knight-errant and challenge him to a duel. It would be easy to find a pretext and defeat him. They had agreed that the loser would obey the winner. Hence, Sansón would ask Don Quixote to return to his village and home and stay there for two years or until he was given another order. They believed that, since he had been defeated, Don Quixote would comply because he could not possibly contravene the laws of chivalry. Perhaps, in the course of his stay, he would forget his fantasies or, at least, they would try to find a way to cure his madness.

The student agreed to take part in the plot. Bartholomew Smokedsalmon, Sancho's friend and neighbor, a funny but simple-minded man, offered to act as his

squire. Then Sansón proceeded to arm himself with the weapons that have already been described while Bartholomew covered his nose with the aforementioned false nose in order to prevent his friend from recognizing him when they met. So they followed the same route as Don Quixote and had almost caught up with him by the time he had the adventure with the Cart of Death. Finally, they overtook him in the wood, where he experienced situations with which the attentive reader is already familiar. If Don Quixote had not mistaken the student for another creature, the student would have never been able to graduate, for he would have never met an author who would have wanted to recount his story.

Bartholomew Smokedsalmon saw that they had failed. He said to the student:

"Mr. Carrasco, we got our just deserts. It's easy to perform a task, but, most of the time, it's hard to be victorious. Don Quixote is a madman and we are sane, yet he goes away sound and laughing while you remain here, injured and sad. Is the man who was forced to become a lunatic crazier than the man who chose to be one?"

"The difference between the two", replied Sansón, "lies in this: the man who was forced to become a lunatic will remain one, whereas the man who chose to be one can leave off being one whenever he so desires."

"Well", said Bartholomew Smokedsalmon, "I chose to be one when I became your squire. Similarly, I have decided to stop being insane and to go back home."

"That's your business", said Sansón. "As for me, I won't go back home because I have beaten Don Quixote up. I do not want him to come to his senses. I want to avenge myself, for the terrible pain that I feel in my ribs prevents me from being charitable towards him."

They conversed in this manner until they reached a village where they chanced to find a chiropractor who took care of the poor Sansón. Bartholomew Smokedsalmon left him and went back home while the student designed a plan which was aimed at taking revenge on our knight. I will tell you about this in due course. Meanwhile, let us laugh at Don Quixote.

CHAPTER XVI.

What happened to Don Quixote when he met
an intelligent gentleman of La Mancha.

Filled with joy and pride by his victory, which has already been mentioned, Don Quixote continued on his way. He believed that he was the most courageous knight-errant in the world and that he would achieve any task. He did not fear enchanters or enchantments. He had forgotten the innumerable blows he had received in the course of his wanderings, the pebbles that had broken half his teeth, the ungratefulness of the galley slaves and the audacity of the Yanguesans who had beaten him with poles. He thought that, if he could find a way to break the spell that had been cast on Dulcinea, he would not envy the luckiest knights-errant of old their greatest achievements. He was pondering this when Sancho said:

"Sir, there is something strange about this: I can still see the monstrous huge nose of my friend Bartholomew Smokedsalmon."

“Sancho, do you by any chance believe that the Knight of the Mirrors was Sansón Carrasco and that his squire was your friend Bartholomew?”

“I am a bit confused’’, replied Sancho, “but what he said about my home, wife and children proves that he knows me. Besides, if you remove his false nose, his face is the same as Bartholomew Smokedsalmon’s, which I have seen many times in our village, for his house is next to mine. I have also recognized his voice.”

“Let us consider the matter, Sancho”, said Don Quixote. “Why would Sansón Carrasco become a knight-errant, arm himself with offensive and defensive weapons and attack me? Am I his enemy? Do I deserve to be hated by him? Am I his rival? Is he a warrior? Is he jealous of the fame I have gained on the battlefields?”

“Well, then, sir”, Sancho answered, “why does that knight look like the student and his squire resemble my friend? If this were a spell, as you have said, would there be another pair in the world who would resemble them?”

“The wicked magicians”, replied Don Quixote, “who persecute me keep plotting. They knew that I would win this combat. Hence, they had the face of the conquered knight look like the face of the student, my friend, so that the fondness I have for him might temper my fair wrath. In that way, the man who wanted to fool me in order to kill me stayed alive. Sancho, experience, which neither lies nor deceives, has already taught you that enchanters can easily change one face into another; comeliness becomes ugly while ugliness becomes pretty. Almost two days ago, you beheld the peerless Dulcinea’s beauty and elegance in its entirety and natural form, while I saw only the repulsive features of a rude peasant girl with cataracts in her eyes and whose breath smelled of garlic. It came as no surprise that the perverse enchanter who was bold enough to effect that vile transformation also cast a spell on Sansón Carrasco and your friend, for he wanted to deprive me of my glorious victory. However, I can console myself with the fact that, whatever his shape, I have defeated him.”

“God knows the truth”, responded Sancho.

Since he knew that Dulcinea’s transformation was an element of his scheme, he was not taken in by his master’s delusions. He did not really answer him because what he said might lead him to discover the deception.

As they were conversing, they were overtaken by a man who, following the same road, was riding behind them. He was mounted on a handsome dappled mare. He wore an overcoat made of fine green cloth trimmed with tawny velvet and a cap made of the same material. The trappings of his steed, which were in the rustic style, were green and purple. He had set his stirrups higher. A scimitar dangled from his broad green and gold shoulder strap. His half boots were of the same make as his swordbelt. His spurs were not gilded: they were covered with green lacquer, but they were so shiny that they seemed to be made of solid gold. They harmonized with his outfit. As he approached them, he greeted them courteously. He spurred his mare. As he passed them, Don Quixote said to him:

“Sir, if you are going our way and are not in a hurry, we can travel together.”

“Actually”, replied the stranger, “I overtook you because I feared that the presence of my mare would annoy your horse.”

“In that case, sir”, responded Sancho, “you should pull on your reins, for our horse is the most virtuous, well-mannered horse in the world. On such an occasion, he has always behaved himself. The only time he misbehaved, my master and I were in a

mood for seven days. So I say again that you can slow down, for, even if your mare wore a beautiful caparison, he would not notice her."

The stranger slowed his mare. He was greatly astonished at Don Quixote's face and figure. The knight had removed his helmet; it was carried by Sancho like a suitcase, on the back of his donkey, in front of the packsaddle. The man clad in green stared at Don Quixote, who stared at him with an even greater intensity. Don Quixote believed that he was an important man, around fifty years of age, with a few white hairs and an aquiline nose. He was neither happy nor sad. In short, both his person and his clothes showed that he was a personage.

As for the stranger, he had never seen a man like him. He marveled at Rocinante's shape and at the knight's tall body, bony and sallow face, posture, and weapons. This kind of man had not been seen in this place for a long time. Don Quixote was aware that the stranger was observing him because he did not dare to speak. Since he was polite and wanted to please everybody, he spoke to the stranger before he asked him questions. He said to him:

"I know that my appearance surprises you, for it is very strange and unusual. Your amazement will cool when I tell you, as I am telling you now, that I am a knight. You see,

People say that
I seek adventures.

I left my village, mortgaged my estate, gave up my comfortable life and threw myself into fortune's arms so that she might lead me wherever she wished. I wanted to reestablish knight-errantry. I stumbled here, fell there and flung myself to the ground. All this enabled me to fulfill my dream: succor widows, protect damsels and help married women, orphans and children, all of which is the proper and natural duty of knights-errant. Owing to my many courageous Christian exploits, I have visited, in printed form, nearly all the countries of the world. They have printed thirty thousand copies of the book that deals with my history, and, God willing, they will print thirty million of them. In short, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, also called the Weepy Knight. I know that self-satisfaction is evil, but I must praise myself because nobody here will praise me. Gentleman, this horse, this lance, my squire, these weapons, the colour of my face and my skeletal body should not astonish you, since you know who I am and the career I pursue."

Then Don Quixote fell silent. The man in green was slow to reply. It seemed that he did not want to do so. Finally, after a long while, he said:

"You inferred from my hesitation that I was surprised, but you were unable to make me feel less surprised. You say that, since I know who you are, I should be at peace, but such is not the case, for, now, I am more amazed than ever. I thought that knights-errant had disappeared, and some authors write books on their deeds! It's hard to believe that, at the present time, there are people who help widows, protect damsels, defend the rights of married women and succor orphans. I would not have believed it if I had not beheld you. Thank heavens that book on your true exploits will lead the readers to forget the innumerable stories about fictitious knights-errant,

which are recounted around the world. They are immoral and they discredit the good stories."

"It is difficult to determine whether the stories about knights-errant are fictitious or not", observed Don Quixote.

"Are there people", asked the stranger, "who doubt that such tales are false?"

"I doubt it", answered the knight. "But drop it. Should our journey last long enough, God would make you understand that you are wrong in sharing the opinion of those who believe that they are not true."

The knight's last remark led the traveler to suspect that Don Quixote was a lunatic. He was awaiting other remarks, which would confirm his first impression of him. However, before Don Quixote started to talk nonsense, he asked the stranger to tell him who he was, for he had already revealed his identity and profession. The man wearing the green overcoat replied:

"Sir, I am a nobleman. I live in the village where we will dine tonight. I am more than moderately rich, and my name is Diego de Miranda. I spend my life with my wife, children and friends. I am used to hunting and fishing. I have neither falcons nor greyhounds but a partridge and a bold ferret. I possess about six dozen volumes, some of them in Spanish, others in Latin, including novels and devotional books. As for books of chivalry, they have not crossed the threshold of my house yet. I prefer profane to devotional pieces of writing. We like and marvel at these legitimate amusements because they are well written and original, but there are very few of that sort in Spain. Sometimes I dine with my friends and neighbors. I often invite them to my house. There is a lot of good, fresh food to eat when I entertain guests. I do not gossip, nor do I allow people to gossip in my presence. I do not pry into the affairs of others. I go to Mass every day and give money to the poor, but I don't publicize my good deeds because I don't want hypocrisy or pride to imperceptibly take possession of my shy heart. I try to settle disputes. I obey Our Lady, and I put my faith in God, Our Merciful Savior."

Sancho listened most attentively to the gentleman's account of his mode of life. It seemed to him that this was a good, holy way to live and that the one who behaved in this manner was able to perform miracles. He dismounted from his ass, grasped the stranger's right stirrup and began kissing his feet earnestly. He was on the verge of tears. When he saw this, the gentleman asked:

"What are you doing, brother? Why are you kissing my feet?"

"Let me kiss your feet", Sancho insisted, "for I think that I have never seen a saint riding with stirrups set that high."

"I am not a saint", the gentleman assured him, "but a great sinner. It is you, brother, who are the saint, for you must be a good man, judging by your kindness."

Then Sancho mounted his ass again. His foolish actions had made his sorrowful master laugh; they had also led Don Diego to be surprised again.

Don Quixote asked the man how many children he had. He told him that the ancient philosophers, who did not believe in God, thought that good consisted in having many friends and worthy sons and possessing goods coming from nature and good luck.

"I, Senor Don Quixote", replied the gentleman, "have a son without whom I would, perhaps, be happier than I am. He is not bad, but he is not as good as I want

him to be. He is eighteen years old. He spent six years in Salamanca, learning Greek and Latin. When I asked him to change subjects, he was so obsessed with poetry, which is not a science, that he could not get interested in law, which I wanted him to study, or in theology, the most important science. I wanted him to be the pride of the family, for, nowadays, our kings value these respectable sciences. You see, a science without morality is like a pearl on a dunghill. My son spends the whole day trying to decide whether one verse of Homer's Iliad is well composed or not, or whether Martial lies in a certain epigram or not, or what the meaning of certain lines of Vergil is. In short, he spends all his time with the books written by the poets whom I have mentioned and with those written by Horace, Persius, Juvenal and Tibullus. He does not like modern Spanish poetry, which does not impel him to write a commentary on a quatrain that was sent to him from Salamanca and which is probably for some writing contest."

Don Quixote answered:

"Sir, children are pieces of their parents' entrails. Hence, whether they are good or bad, we must love them just as we love our parents. The latter ought to teach their children, from the time they are infants, how to be virtuous, well-behaved and pious. When they are adults, they may assist their old parents and be their dignified heirs. I don't know whether we must compel them to study a certain subject, but there is no harm in trying to persuade them to do so. When their parents, thanks to Heaven, are so wealthy that their children won't need to earn their living, we should let them study the subjects they prefer. Although poetry is more enjoyable than useful, it does not tarnish the reputation of the people who study it. Dear sir, in my opinion, poetry is a sweet very pretty young girl whom other damsels, namely the other sciences, beautify, polish and decorate. She must use all the sciences, and all the sciences must serve her. This damsel does not want to be manipulated, or dragged through the streets, or recited in squares or palaces. She is made of a substance that is so pure that alchemists could turn it into very expensive bright gold. The man who owns her must not allow her to satirize people or write nasty sonnets. She must not be sold unless it takes the form of heroic poems, elegies or amusing, ingenious comedies. Neither the rogues nor the mob should address her, for they are unable to acknowledge her qualities or love her. My definition of mob includes commoners and poor people, but also the ignoramuses, though some of them may be lords or princes. He who follows the aforementioned advice and writes poems in that manner will become famous; all the civilized people of the world will admire him. Your son is not a specialist in poetry, for you said that he did not like Spanish poetry. You know, the great Homer did not write in Latin because he was Greek, and Vergil did not write in Greek because he was Roman. In fact, all the ancient poets wrote in their mother tongues; they did not use foreign languages to express their brightest ideas. All nations should follow this custom. Hence, we should not belittle the German poets because they write in German, nor should we belittle the Castilians or the Basques because they write in their native tongues. I assume that your son does not dislike Spanish poetry but the poets who don't know another tongue or discipline, which prevents them from developing their skills. Here, too, he may be wrong, for poets come from the wombs, that is to say they are born poets. Thanks to the propensity that has been bestowed upon them by Heaven, without knowledge or artifice, they compose verses that prove that: 'God is in

us' [in Latin]... The born poet aided by art is greater than the one who becomes a poet because he has studied poetry. Actually, art is not better than nature: it only perfects it. Hence, when nature and art combine, they can give birth to a great poet. Consequently, you should let your son follow his star, for, since he is a good student and has already mounted the first step on the stairway of sciences, which is that of languages, he will be able to reach the very peak of literature, which is a science that befits gentlemen. It makes them more handsome, honorable and important; it has the same function as the bishop's miter or the robe of the learned jurist. Scold your son if he composes satires that tarnish the reputation of some people. Punish him and tear them up. Should he copy Horace and compose elegant discourses that condemn all vices, I would praise him, for poets are allowed to write verses in which they criticize envy, jealous people and the other vices, without revealing the identity of anybody. On the other hand, there are poets who speak ill of some people and run the risk of being banished to the shores of the Black Sea. A calm poet composes well-behaved verses. The quill is the tongue of the soul: the concepts that are created in it appear in his writings. When kings and princes read the poems written by prudent, virtuous and thorough poets, they honor, esteem and thank them. On their heads, they place crowns that are made of the leaves of the tree that is never stricken by lightning, which shows that those who wear those beautiful wreaths cannot be assailed by anyone."

The gentleman clad in green was so astonished by Don Quixote's speech that he began to doubt that he was a lunatic. In the middle of this long discourse, Sancho, who did not appreciate it, had left the highway to ask for milk, for some shepherds were milking their ewes nearby. Overjoyed at the knight's intelligence and good speech, the gentleman wanted to resume the conversation. When the knight raised his head, he caught sight of a cart bedecked by royal flags; it was coming toward them. He thought that it was a new adventure. So he called to Sancho and asked him to bring him his helmet. Sancho left the shepherds, spurred his ass forward and reached the place where his master was. Then the knight had a dreadful, bewildering adventure.

CHAPTER XVII.

Don Quixote's breathtaking courage,
together with the adventure of the lions
and its happy ending.

The book says that, when Don Quixote called to Sancho, the squire was purchasing some curds from shepherds. Flustered by his master's impatience, he did not know what to do with them or how to carry them. Since he had already paid for them, he did not want to lose them. So he decided to place them in his master's helmet. Satisfied with his decision, he returned in order to see what the knight wanted him to do.

"Give me that helmet", said the knight, "for I feel certain that, because of what seems to be an adventure, I am going to need my weapons."

As soon as he heard this, the man clad in green looked around and saw nothing but the cart that was approaching them. It was decked out with two or three flags, which indicated that the vehicle was conveying His Majesty's money. He told this to

Don Quixote, who did not believe him, for he was firmly convinced that whatever happened to him meant adventures and more adventures. He said to the gentleman:

"Forewarned is forearmed. I'd rather prepare for the next fight, for I have enemies both visible and invisible and cannot tell when, or where, or in what form they will attack me."

Turning to Sancho, he asked for his helmet again. Since he could not remove the curds, the squire gave it to him as it was. Don Quixote took it and, without noticing what was in it, quickly put it on his head. Since the curds were crushed, the whey began to run down all over his face and beard, which frightened him. He cried:

"What is this, Sancho? It seems that my head is softening, or my brains are melting, or I am sweating like a pig. If I am sweating, I can assure you that it is not because I am afraid, though I know that a terrible adventure awaits me. If you have a handkerchief, give it to me so that I may wipe my face, for the sweat is blinding me."

Sancho said nothing. He handed him a handkerchief and, at the same time, thanked God for having prevented his master from discovering what the trouble was. Don Quixote wiped his face and took off his helmet to see what made his head feel so cool. He beheld that white substance, lifted it to his nose, smelled it and said:

"You treacherous, brazen and ill-mannered squire, you have put curds in my helmet!"

"If they are curds", Sancho replied very calmly and with a straight face, "give them to me so that I may eat them. In fact, the devil will eat them, for he must be the one who did that. Do you think that I would be so bold as to soil your helmet? You must know the identity of the bold man who did that! Sir, I think that some enchanters are persecuting me because I am your servant. They have put these things there to make you lose your temper and beat me up, as you usually do. This time, they are mistaken, for I feel certain that my intelligent master knows that I don't have any curds, or milk, or anything of the kind. If I had curds, I would put them in my stomach, not in that helmet."

"You are right", said Don Quixote.

Don Diego saw all this. He was more astonished than ever, especially when, after the knight had wiped his head, face, beard and helmet, he put it on, set his feet in the stirrups, checked on his sword, grasped his lance and said:

"Whatever happens, I am ready to take on Satan himself!"

The cart with the flags was near them. The driver was riding one of the mules and a man was sitting in the front seat. Don Quixote positioned himself in front of the vehicle and said:

"Where are you going, brothers? What carriage is this? What do you carry in it? What flags are these?"

"The cart is mine", replied the driver. "In it are two cages with two fierce lions. The governor of Oran is sending them to Madrid as a present for His Majesty. The flags are those of the King; they show that this cart contains his property."

"Are these lions big?", inquired Don Quixote.

"They are the largest", responded the man who was in front of the door of the cage, "that ever were sent from Africa to Spain. I am the lion keeper and I have brought back others, but never any like these. There's a male and a female. The male is in this first cage, the female in the one behind. They are hungry because they have not eaten

today. So, would you mind getting out of the way, for we must hurry to the place where we can feed them."

"They resemble baby lions", said Don Quixote, smiling slightly. "I am going to fight against baby lions at such an hour! These gentlemen who sent them here don't know me: lions do not frighten me. Get down, my good man. Since you are the lion keeper, open the cages and make them go out. In the middle of this plain, I will teach them humility, in spite of the enchanters who sent them here to attack me."

"Well", said the gentleman to himself as he heard this, "this demonstrates that the curds have softened the skull and brains of our worthy knight."

At this point Sancho approached him and said:

"For God's sake, sir, do something to keep my master from fighting with those lions. Should he do so, they would kill us all."

"Your master is so insane", responded the gentleman, "that you fear and believe that he is going to fight with those fierce animals!"

"He is not insane", replied Sancho, "but bold."

"All right", said the gentleman, "I will put a stop to this boldness."

He went up to Don Quixote, who was still urging the lion keeper to open the cages, and said:

"Gentleman, knights-errant should embark on adventures that afford them the opportunity to be victorious; they should not embark on those that are hopeless. When courage turns into recklessness, it borders on madness. Moreover, these lions do not want to attack you; they are a present for His Majesty. So we cannot delay them in their journey."

"Sir", answered Don Quixote, "you should look after your partridge and bold ferret and let each man attend to his own business. This one is mine, and I know whether these gentlemen, the lions, have come to attack me or not."

He then turned to the lion keeper and went on:

"Barbarian, if you do not open those cages at once, I'll pin you to the cart with this lance!"

The driver realized that the phantom in armour was determined to do battle with those animals; he said to him:

"Dear sir, would you be kind enough to let me unhitch the mules and take them to a safe place before you turn those lions loose? If they killed them, I would go bankrupt, for these mules and this cart are the only things I own."

"O man of little faith!", said Don Quixote. "Get down and unhitch your mules if you like, but you will soon see that it was quite unnecessary and that you might have spared yourself the trouble."

The driver did so, in haste, as the lion keeper began shouting:

"I want you all to testify that I am forced to open the cages and release the lions and that I warn this gentleman that he will be responsible for all the harm and damage the beasts may do and will have to pay my wages and fees. Gentlemen, take cover before I open the doors; I am sure that they will not attack me."

Once again Don Diego tried to persuade his companion not to commit such an act of madness, for it would move God to combat such nonsense. Don Quixote said that he knew what he was doing. The gentleman clad in green retorted that the knight had to change his mind, for he was mistaken.

“Well, then, sir”, he said, “if you do not want to witness what you believe is going to be a tragedy, you can spur your dappled mare and take cover.”

When Sancho heard this, he began to cry and beseeched him to give up this undertaking, which was not a piece of cake, contrary to the adventure of the windmills, or the dreadful one of the watermills, or all the others.

“Sir”, Sancho went on, “there is no enchantment here, nor anything of the sort. I have seen the claw of a real lion through the bars of that cage. Judging by its size, the lion to which that claw belongs is bigger than a mountain.”

“Fear”, said Don Quixote, “will make him look bigger than half the world. Go away, Sancho, leave me. You know our agreement. So you know that, if I died, you would have to meet Dulcinea and do some other things.”

He added other remarks which confirmed that he would implement his insane plan. The gentleman clad in green wanted to oppose him; he guessed that he could not afford it: he thought that it was unwise to fight against a madman. Needless to say, he considered him to be one. While the knight was repeating his threats and asking the lion keeper to release the lion, Don Diego spurred his mare, Sancho his ass, and the driver his mules. They wanted to put some distance between themselves and the cart before the lions broke loose.

Sancho was already grieving over his master’s death, for he thought that the lions would undoubtedly kill him. He cursed his fate and regretted having decided to serve him again. Despite his tears and lamentations, he thrashed his donkey in order to leave the cart behind them. When the lion keeper saw that those who had fled were a good distance away, he once more warned Don Quixote of the dangers of releasing the lions. The knight responded that he had made up his mind. His warnings were useless; he’d better hurry to open the door. In the space of time that it took the keeper to open the first cage, Don Quixote pondered whether he would fight on foot or on horseback. He finally decided that he would fight on foot, for he feared that Rocinante would panic when he saw the lions. He jumped from his horse, tossed away his lance, grasped his shield, unsheathed his sword, bravely drew near to the cart and asked for the help of God and Lady Dulcinea.

Then the author of this true story said:

“O courageous strong Don Quixote, mirror wherein all the valiant warriors of the world may behold themselves, second and new Don Manuel de Leon, who was the pride of the Spanish knights! How will I recount your terrifying undertaking? What should I do to make the future generations believe it? Are there compliments you do not like, though they are hyperbolic? On foot, alone, intrepid, magnanimous, armed with a big, sharp sword and holding a steel shield that does not shine, you are awaiting the two fiercest lions that the African forests ever bred! Your deeds will praise you, O valorous Manchegan. I leave them here because I don’t have the words with which I could extol them."

Here the author leaves off his exclamations and resumes his story.

The lion keeper looked at Don Quixote. If he did not release the male lion, the indignant, bold knight would be angry at him. He opened the first cage: the male lion was extraordinarily big and ugly. The first thing the animal did was to turn around, put out its claws and stretch out. It opened its mouth and yawned very slowly. Then it put out a tongue that was nearly two palms in length, licked its eyes and washed its face.

Having done this, it stuck its head outside the cage and looked all around with eyes like coals; this sight could frighten boldness itself. But Don Quixote stared at him. He was waiting for the animal to jump from the cart and attack him, for he wished to smash it to pieces. Such was the extent of his unheard-of madness. However, the lion was more courteous than arrogant. It did not care about childish actions or boastful knights. After having looked around it, as has been said, it turned its back and showed its hindquarters to Don Quixote. Then it went back inside the cage very slowly. Don Quixote ordered the keeper to hit it with a stick in order to annoy it and make it go out.

"I won't do that", replied the lion keeper, "for if I hit it, I will be the first person it will smash to pieces. You should feel proud of what you have already accomplished, which proves that you are courageous. Do not try your luck a second time. The door is open: the lion can go out, but it has not done so up to now, which means that it will stay where it is for the rest of the day. Everybody knows that you are courageous. I think that no brave warrior is obliged to do more than challenge his enemy to a fight and wait for him on the battlefield. If he does not come, it is he who is disgraced; the one who awaits him is the victor."

"That's true", said Don Quixote. "Shut the door, my friend. You will have to testify, as best you can, that you have seen me perform this task. You will say that you opened the door of the cage, that I waited for the lion, that it did not come out, that I continued to wait and that it stayed there. I did what I had to do. Stop enchantments! May God uphold reason, the truth and true chivalry! Close the door, as l have told you, while I beckon to the fugitives and absentees: you must recount this exploit to them."

The lion keeper complied with the order. Don Quixote took the handkerchief with which he had dried his face, which was covered with whey, fastened it to the tip of his lance and began to call to the fugitives, who, grouped together before the gentleman, continued fleeing and kept turning around. When Sancho beheld the white handkerchief he said:

"My master must have conquered those fierce beasts, for he is calling to us."

They halted and saw that the person who was calling to them was Don Quixote. Since they were less anxious, they made their way back and reached a place where they could distinguish his voice. Finally, they returned to the cart, and, as they drew near it, Don Quixote said to the driver:

"Yoke your mules and resume your journey. Sancho, give two escudos to this man and to the lion keeper in recompense for the delay they have suffered because of me."

"I will be pleased to do so", said Sancho. "But what has become of the lions? Are they dead or alive?"

The keeper proceeded to tell them slowly, in minute detail, how the combat had ended. He did his best to stress the remarkable courage displayed by Don Quixote. When the cowardly lion had caught sight of the knight, it had refused to leave its cage, though the door had been left open quite a while. The knight had wanted him to hit the animal with a stick in order to make it go out, but, since this would upset God, much to his displeasure and against his will, he had allowed him to close the door.

"What do you think of that, Sancho?", asked Don Quixote. "Are there any spells that can withstand true bravery? The enchanters may take my luck away, but they cannot deprive me of my strength or courage."

Then Sancho gave the escudos, the driver yoked his mules and the lion keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands in order to thank him. He promised that, when he reached Madrid, he would recount this exploit to the king himself.

"If His Majesty", replied Don Quixote, "asked who performed it, you would have to say that it was the Knight of the Lions. I want to change names. This is an old custom: ancient knights-errant used to change their names at will."

The cart continued on its way. Don Quixote, Sancho and the gentleman clad in green resumed their journey. During all this time Don Diego de Miranda had not uttered a word because he was observing Don Quixote and listening to what he was saying. He thought that he was either a crazy sane man or a madman who was not that crazy. He had not read the first part of the story, but, if he had read it, he would have ceased to wonder at his behavior and remarks, for he would have known what kind of madness this was. Since he did not know this, he thought that he was sane and mad at the same time, for what he said was intelligent, elegant and comprehensible, whereas his actions were nonsensical and foolhardy. He said to himself:

"What greater madness could there be than to put on a helmet filled with curds and to believe that enchanters had softened one's cranium? What could be more absurd than to wish to challenge lions to a fight?"

He stopped speaking to himself when Don Quixote said:

"Undoubtedly, Lord Miranda, you take me for a madman. This is not surprising because my deeds show nothing else. Nevertheless, I am not as crazy as I have seemed to be. A king enjoys watching a handsome knight piercing the flank of a fierce bull with his lance. Similarly, people enjoy watching a knight in shining armor charging at his opponent in front of the ladies, in a joyful jousting tournament. The knights who, by means of military exercises or similar activities, entertain and, dare I say it, honor the courtiers are held in high esteem. However, people admire the knights-errant who, crossing deserts, solitudes, crossroads, forests and mountains, seek dangerous adventures in order to conclude them easily and achieve eternal glory. The knight-errant who succors a widow in some isolated place is more remarkable than a courtly knight who tries to seduce a damsel in a city. All knights do not behave in the same manner. Courtiers serve ladies. At court, they wear beautiful uniforms. They provide the poor gentlemen with expensive delicacies. They organize jousting tournaments; they are the main participants and show that they are great, generous, magnificent and, above all, pious. They fulfill their obligations in that manner. As for knights-errant, they travel the world, enter the most intricate labyrinths, always perform the most difficult tasks, and resist, in the isolated places, the burning rays of the sun in August and the inclement weather in winter. They are not afraid of lions, or monsters, or dragons, for their main job is to find, attack and conquer them. Since I am a knight-errant, I must do what seems to be connected with my duties. Hence, I had to attack those lions because I knew that it was a difficult task. You see, courage is a virtue that lies between two vices: cowardice and foolhardiness. Nonetheless, the brave man would rather become foolhardy than become a coward. Actually, since it is easier for a prodigal to become a generous man than it is for a miser, it is easier for a reckless man to become truly brave than it is for a coward to become courageous. As for adventures, I can assure you, Don Diego, that it is better losing by a card too many than a card too

few, for people prefer to hear that a certain knight is foolhardy and bold rather than hear that he is shy and cowardly.'"

"I can assure you", replied Don Diego, "that what you have said and done is reasonable. If the code of knight-errantry disappeared, we would find a copy in you heart, which is a kind of public library. But it is late; let us hurry to my village and my home, where you will have a rest, for, if the body is not tired, the spirit may be, which sometimes results in bodily fatigue."

"Sir, I thank you for your offer", answered the knight.

They spurred their mounts more than they had up to then and reached the village and house of Don Diego around two in the afternoon. Don Quixote began to call him the Knight of the Green Overcoat.

CHAPTER XVIII.

What happened to Don Quixote in the castle or house
of the Knight of the Green Overcoat,
along with other extraordinary things.

Don Quixote noticed that Don Diego de Miranda's house was as big as a typical village house. The gentleman's coat of arms, in rough-hewn stone, was over the street door, the door of the storehouse in the patio and the one of the cellar under the entryway. They were many big jars in the cellar. Since they came from El Toboso, our knight recalled his enchanted, transformed Dulcinea. Ignoring the others, the shameless knight whispered:

"The sweet treasure I chanced to find
Was sweet and happy when God wanted it to be so.

O Tobosan jars, you have brought to mind the sweetest treasure of my greatest grief!"

Don Diego's son, the young man who studied poetry, heard this. He and his mother had come out to welcome the guest. Both mother and son were astonished at the knight's strange appearance. The knight dismounted from Rocinante and courteously asked to kiss the lady's hands. Don Diego said:

"Madam, would you be kind enough to receive Don Quixote de la Mancha, who is in front of you. He is the most courageous, intelligent knight-errant in the world."

The lady, whose name was Lady Cristina, greeted him warmly and courteously. Don Quixote responded with intelligent, kind greetings. There was almost the same exchange of courtesies between Don Quixote and the student, who, when he heard the knight speak, took him for an intelligent, witty man.

Here the author describes Don Diego's house in minute detail. He describes the features of the house of a rich gentleman farmer, but the translator of this book thought that it was a good idea to pass over these and other similar details in silence since they did not fit in with the chief purpose of the book, the value of which resides in its accuracy rather than in boring digressions.

They led Don Quixote into one of the rooms. Sancho removed his master's armor, not his Walloon breeches or chamois-skin doublet, which was stained with

rust. He was wearing a big collar after the student fashion, without starch or lace. His half-boots were brown and his shoes waxed. His beloved sword hung from a shoulder strap made of seal leather, for it is said that he had suffered for many years from a kidney ailment. Then he put on a cloak made of good gray cloth. First, he had washed his head and face with five or six buckets of water: people do not agree on the exact number. However, the water remained whey-colored because Sancho was so greedy that he had purchased those bloody curds, which had made his master's face so white. Attired in the manner described and with a manly, aristocratic mien, Don Quixote entered another room, where the student was waiting for him in order to converse with him while the table was being laid. Lady Cristina wished to show that she could entertain guests, especially a distinguished guest like this one. While Don Quixote was taking off his armor, Don Lorenzo, which was the name of Don Diego's son, said to his father:

"Sir, who is this gentleman whom you have brought home? My mother and I are quite surprised at his name, his appearance, and his calling himself a knight-errant."

"Son, I do not know what to say", replied Don Diego. "I can only say that I have seen him do things which prove that he is the craziest man in the world, yet his arguments are so sensible that they lead people to forget his actions. But speak to him and sound him out. Since you are intelligent, you will discover whether he is sane or insane, although, to tell you the truth, I consider him to be a lunatic."

As I have said, Don Lorenzo conversed with Don Quixote and, in the course of their talk, the knight said to him:

"Your father, Don Diego de Miranda, has told me about your exceptional ability and intelligence. Most of all, he has told me that you are a great poet."

"I may be a poet", replied Don Lorenzo, "but not a great one. In truth, I like poetry and enjoy reading the good poets' books, but I do not deserve to be regarded as a great poet."

"I like your humility", said Don Quixote, "for all poets are arrogant and believe that they are the greatest poets in the world."

"I am an exception that proves the rule", responded Don Lorenzo, "and some good poets think that they are not good."

"Very few", answered Don Quixote. "But tell me, what are the verses that you have just composed and which, according to your father, have worried him? They might be a commentary. I can tell you that I know a bit about commentaries. If there are for some writing contest, try to win the second prize, for the first is always awarded to the favorite, the second goes to the best contestant, and thus the third is in reality second, while the first, by my reckoning, is third. The same thing happens in universities when students receive degrees. However, the first prize is enticing."

"Up to now", Don Lorenzo said to himself, "I cannot take him for a madman; but let's go on."

Speaking aloud, he said:

"It seems to me that you have frequented schools; what subject have you studied?"

"Knight-errantry", responded Don Quixote, "which is as good as poetry and even a bit better."

"I don't know that subject", said the young man. "This is the first time I have heard of this science."

"This science", the knight went on, "includes all or most of the other sciences. Knights-errant must be lawyers because they must know the laws of justice in order to be able to give each that which is his by right. They must be theologians because they must explain the Christian rules they follow, whenever they are asked to. They must be physicians and, above all, herbalists so that, when they are in a desert or some desolate place, they may recognize the plants that cure wounds, for knights-errant cannot always look for specialists. They must be astronomers because they must deduce the night hours, the climates and their locations. They must know about mathematics, for they will always need to use this science. I leave aside the fact that they must be pious and righteous, for I want to examine other details. For instance, they must be able to swim like Nicolao, a man who was as skilled at swimming as a fish. They must know how to shoe horses and repair their saddles and bridles. Let's speak of important matters again. They must trust God and their lady friends. They must be chaste, honest, courageous, long-suffering and charitable towards the needy. Lastly, they must uphold the truth although it may cost them their lives to defend it. All these qualities, great and small, make up good knights-errant. You see, Don Lorenzo, the men who study knight-errantry and follow its rules learn things that are not puerile. This science is as important as the most important sciences that are taught in schools and high schools."

"Should this be true", replied Don Lorenzo, "this science would surpass all the others."

"What do you mean?", inquired Don Quixote.

"I mean", Don Lorenzo continued, "that I think that those virtuous knights-errant have never existed."

"I keep saying", remarked Don Quixote, "that most people think that knights-errant have never existed. If Heaven does not miraculously reveal that they have existed, nothing will make them change their minds, as experience has taught me many times. So I am not going to convince you that, like many other people, you are mistaken. I am going to ask Heaven to disabuse you of this idea and make you realize that, in the past, knights-errant had a significant role. They could have a positive role today if we ordered them to act. Because of people's sins, our society is enslaved by idleness, laziness, gluttony and luxury."

"Our guest is talking nonsense now", said Don Lorenzo to himself. "He is a raving maniac. I would be a stupid idiot if I did not admit it."

At this point they were called to the table and stopped talking. Don Diego asked his son if he had understood what their guest was saying.

"What he says is incomprehensible", replied the young man. "No physician or clever scribe can understand him. He is a semi-fool who often says intelligent things."

Then they began to eat. The food was as described by Don Diego when they were on the highway: fresh, abundant and delicious. What pleased Don Quixote more than anything else was the wonderful silence that reigned in the house, a silence which was like that of a Carthusian monastery. When the tablecloth had finally been removed, grace had been said and they had washed their hands, Don Quixote earnestly asked Don Lorenzo to recite the verses that were intended for the writing contest. The

young man replied that he would consent, for he did not want to be taken for one of those poets who refuse to read their verses when they are asked to read them, but who vomit them when they are not asked.

"I will recite my poem", said he, "but I do not expect to win a prize, for I composed it solely to exercise my intelligence."

"A friend of mine", observed Don Quixote, "who is intelligent, thinks that commentaries on poems are useless because they never equal the original. Most of the time, the writers misinterpret the original lines. Moreover, the rules governing this form of composition are too strict; for instance, the writers cannot use the interrogative mode or write: 'said he, I will say'. You know, it is forbidden to turn verbs into nouns, alter the meaning of the poem and do many other things."

"In truth, sir", said Don Lorenzo, "I'd like to confuse you, but I cannot, for you slip through my fingers like an eel."

"I do not understand", said Don Quixote, "what you mean by that."

"I will explain myself later", replied the young man, "but for the moment, I'd like you to listen attentively to the original verses and the commentary. They say:

If my 'was' turned into an 'is',
I would not wait for 'it will be'
Or for the moment
Which will come after that.

COMMENTARY

Since everything *passes*,
Good luck
Suddenly *passed away*.
Although I paid taxes,
I remained unlucky.
Fortune, I have been lying
At your feet for centuries.
Make me lucky again;
I would be happy
If my 'was' turned into an 'is'.

I don't search for
Pleasure, or glory,
Or a laurel wreath, or success,
Or a triumph, or a victory.
I obsessively want
To be happy again.
Fortune, should you accede to my request,
You would put out my flaming anxiety.
If this happened soon,
I would not wait for 'it will be'.

I am asking for the moon,
For no power on earth
Can turn the past
Into the present.
Time flies;
It flies high in the sky
And will never come back.
He who would ask it to halt
Or ask the past to come back
Would be mistaken.

To lead a life full of confusion,
Hope and fear
Is an ordinary death.
I'd rather die
And stop suffering.
I'd like to ease my suffering,
Which seems eternal.
A longer life
Leads me to fear
The future."

As Don Lorenzo finished reading his poem, Don Quixote rose to his feet and seized the young man's right hand. Raising his voice until he was almost shouting, he said:

"By the highest heavens, O noble youth, you are the best poet on earth. You deserve to wear the laurel wreath not bestowed upon you by Cyprus or Gaeta, as a certain writer — may God forgive him! — said, but by the Academies of Athens, which have disappeared, and by those that now flourish in Paris, Bologna and Salamanca. May the judges who may deprive you of the first prize be punished by Phoebus and the Muses who will never cross the thresholds of their houses! Please, sir, declaim classier verses, for I want to get a complete impression of your admirable talent."

Don Lorenzo enjoyed hearing Don Quixote praise him, though he looked upon him as a madman. O power of flattery, how broad and far-reaching are the bounds of your pleasant jurisdiction! The young man proved this and acceded to the knight's request. He read the following sonnet, which is based on the fable or history of Pyramus and Thisbe:

"SONNET

The beautiful maiden breaks the wall
Around Pyramus's courageous heart.
She ignores the lovelorn Cyprus and goes to see
The spectacular narrow opening.
Silence reigns there because words
Do not dare to go through this crack,

But the souls follow this path,
For love always makes things less difficult.
Desire grows; the pace of the adventurous maid
Leads her to face death.
The story makes them meet.
Then it unexpectedly kills and buries them
And resuscitates a sword, a grave
And a memory."

"Thanks to God", said Don Quixote when he had heard this poem, "among the many *bombastic* poets, I have found a *fantastic* one, for the technique used in this sonnet shows that you are a genius!"

For four days Don Quixote was entertained royally in Don Diego's house. Then he asked permission to take his leave and thanked them warmly for having treated him so well. Since he thought that knights-errant did not have to amuse themselves too much, he wanted to resume his quest and look for adventures because some people had told him that there were lots of them in this region. He wanted to stay there until the beginning of the jousting tournament of Saragossa, which was his destination. Meanwhile, he planned to go to the Cave of Montesinos, about which so many marvelous stories had been told. He also wanted to look into the true source of the rivers that flow into the seven lakes, which are commonly known as the Lakes of Ruidera.

Don Diego and his son assured their guest that this was a highly laudable enterprise. They told him that he could choose all the useful things he wanted in their house and possessions. This was the least they could do considering his worth and honorable profession. At last the day of his departure arrived. Don Quixote was happy to leave, whereas Sancho was sad and bitter, for he appreciated all the delicacies served in Don Diego's house. He did not want to starve again in the middle of some forest or isolated place because he knew that his saddlebag was almost empty. Hence, he proceeded to fill it with whatever seemed most necessary. As they said their goodbyes, Don Quixote remarked:

"Don Lorenzo, I don't know whether I have told you this before, but I wish to tell you again that, if you want to rise to fame easily, you must turn away from poetry, which is a demanding occupation, in order to become a knight-errant, which is even more demanding, for you'll be appointed an emperor in the blink of an eye."

These arguments were almost the last elements of his foolish concept. He added:

"Don Lorenzo, I would like to bring you along in order to show you how to forgive the humble and how to defeat and persecute the proud, which are qualities possessed by knights-errant. Since you are a great young poet, you cannot undertake such a task. I just want to say that you will become a famous poet if you also take other people's opinions into consideration, for parents are not objective: they always think that their children are handsome. Hence, creators overestimate their works."

Once again father and son marveled at the admixture of nonsense and wisdom in Don Quixote's speech. The knight was profoundly determined to look for

unfortunate adventures, which surprised them too. They bade farewell to them again; the chatelaine wished them luck; Don Quixote and Sancho mounted and left.

CHAPTER XIX.

The adventure of the lovelorn shepherd,
with other truly amusing events.

Don Quixote had gone some little way from Don Diego's village when he met two priests or students and two peasants. They were riding four animals that resembled donkeys. One of the students was carrying, wrapped up in a piece of green buckram that served as a bag, what seemed to be a small supply of white chiffon and two pairs of woolen stockings. The other had only a pair of new black fencing foils that had been sheathed. The peasants were carrying things that showed that they had purchased them in a big city and that they were taking them to their village. Both the students and the peasants were as astonished as everybody was when he or she beheld Don Quixote for the first time. They were dying to know who was this man who looked so different from other men.

The knight greeted them and, when he learned that they were going in the same direction as he, he offered to accompany them. However, he asked them to slacken their pace because their young she-asses walked faster than his horse. Then, to please them, he told them in a few words who he was and what he did for a living. He said that he was a knight-errant who looked for adventures anywhere in the world and that his name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, though he was known as the Knight of the Lions. The peasants did not understand what he was saying. As for the students, they realized that he was simple-minded. Nonetheless, they were full of admiration and respect. One of them said to him:

"Sir, if you are not bound for any place in particular, seeing that knights-errant keep wandering, you could come with us. You would see one of the most impressive weddings that up to this day has ever been celebrated in La Mancha or for many miles around."

Don Quixote asked if it was the marriage of some prince, for he was enthusiastic about it.

"No", replied the student; "a farmer is going to marry a farmer's daughter. He is the richest man in all this region, and she is the fairest maid that was ever seen. The ceremony will take place in a meadow near the town where the bride lives. It will be impressive. Since the bride is pretty, she is called Quiteria the Fair. The bridegroom's name is Camacho the Rich. She is eighteen years of age and he is twenty-two. They are well matched, although certain gossips, who know all the ancestors of all the villagers, say that the beautiful Quiteria's family tree is better than Camacho's, but that doesn't matter because wealth can fill many a crack. In fact, Camacho is a big spender. He wants to cover the entire meadow with a roof made of branches; they will forbid the sunbeams to burn the green grass. There will be dances and dancers carrying swords and small bells, for, in his village, there are some people who like to ring bells. I will not speak of the flamenco dancers, but I know that they have been summoned. However, neither the things I have described nor many others I have not mentioned

will make this weeding memorable. Actually, I think that the unfortunate Basilio will attend it and do memorable things. Basilio is a young man who lives in the same village as Quiteria; his house is next to her parents's. This has allowed love to rekindle Pyramus' passion for Thisbe, for Basilio fall in love with Quiteria when he was a little boy. She, too, regarded him with affection and did not hide her feelings, which led the villagers to comment on the relationship between Basilio and Quiteria. As they grew up, Quiteria's father decided to forbid Basilio to meet his daughter in his house, though he had previously enjoyed this. Since he wanted to prevent the gossips from spreading rumors, he ordered his daughter to marry the wealthy Camacho. He did not allow her to marry Basilio because his fortune did not equal his talents. Honestly, he is the most gifted young fellow in the village. He throws the javelins very far. He is a very good wrestler and ball player. He runs like a deer, jumps more than a goat and rolls balls at skittles as if by magic. He sings like a lark, can make a guitar speak and, above all, he defeats the best warriors thanks to his sword."

"By reason of those accomplishments alone", remarked Don Quixote, "the lad deserves to marry the fair Quiteria or even Queen Guinevere herself, but Lancelot and many other people might try to prevent this. Moreover, she is dead!"

"Tell that to my wife", said Sancho Panza, who up to then had been listening in silence, "for she insists that each one should marry his or her equal. She agrees with the following saying: 'Birds of a feather flock together.' I want the good Basilio, whom I already like, to marry Lady Quiteria. May those who prevent lovers form marrying be happy… I mean rest in peace!"

"If all lovers married", said Don Quixote, "their parents would not be able to decide whom or when their children should marry. If girls were allowed to choose their husbands, one would take her father's servant and another some stranger encountered in the street, for she would be impressed by his generosity and aristocratic mien, although he might be, in reality, an immoral swordsman. Love and natural inclination blind people to the real situation, which is problematic when they are to choose a profession or a partner. They may make mistakes. Heaven must guide them. When an intelligent man has planned to make a long journey, before he sets off, he looks for a reliable, agreeable traveling companion. Similarly, when a man embarks on a long journey, he does the same thing, all the more so because he sleeps next to his female companion, eat with her and spends a lot of time with her, which is the ordinary life of a married couple. A woman is not an object that, once bought, can be returned, or exchanged, or sold, for marriage is a lifelong commitment. It is a noose that, once placed upon the neck, turns into a Gordian knot which cannot be undone until death comes to do so. I would continue arguing if I were not so anxious to discover whether or not the degree student has more to tell us about the story of Basilio."

The degree student, as Don Quixote had called him, said:

"There is nothing more to say, except that, from the moment Basilio learned that the beautiful Quiteria would marry Camacho the Rich, he has stopped smiling and saying rational words. He is always sad and pensive. He keeps talking to himself, which proves that he has lost his mind. He eats a bit and sleeps a bit. He eats fruit. When he sleeps, he sleeps like an animal: in the fields, on the hard earth. Sometimes he looks up at the sky; sometimes he gazes at the ground. He is so weird that he looks like a

dressed statue whose draperies are stirred by the wind. In short, he is so fond of her that all the people who know him fear that, when the fair Quiteria says 'yes' tomorrow, he will die.

"God is not that cruel", said Sancho. "He inflicts a wound; then He gives the medicine. Nobody knows what will come next. From now until tomorrow is a long time, and at any hour or minute the house may fall. I have seen rain falling while the sun was shining. Many a one goes to bed healthy at night and the next day cannot move. Tell me one thing: can anyone say that he is always lucky? No, certainly not. Women are indecisive: I wouldn't venture to guess their opinions, for it is impossible. If Quiteria truly loved Basilio, I would give him a bag of good luck, for love, according to some people, looks through spectacles that turn copper into gold, poverty into wealth and dirt into pearls."

"Wicked Sancho, what are you trying to get at?", asked Don Quixote. "When you start stringing proverbs together, Judas himself couldn't stop you. May he send you to Hell. Tell me, stupid creature, what do you know of luck or anything else?"

"Since you don't understand my sayings", replied Sancho, "you think that I am talking nonsense. That does not matter because I understand myself; I know there isn't much foolishness in what I've just said. In fact, you keep *publicizing* me."

"You mean *criticizing*", said Don Quixote, "not *publicizing*, you illiterate. May God confound you!"

"Don't censor me. You know that I was not brought up at court. I have not studied at Salamanca either. So I don't know whether I add or drop letters. It's not fair to expect a man from Sayago to speak like one from Toledo. You see, not all Toledans can speak well."

"That's true", said the student; "the Toledans who grew up in Tenerías and Zocodover cannot speak as well as those who spend practically the entire day in the cloister of the cathedral. A language that is pure, correct, refined and clear is spoken by intelligent courtiers, even if they were born in Majalahonda. I said 'intelligent' because most of them are stupid. Intelligence is the structure of good speech when accompanied by practice. Unfortunately, I have studied canon law at the university of Salamanca and I want to express myself clearly."

"If you had striven to improve the eloquence of your prose instead of using those foils", said the other student, "your exam results would have been better."

"Corchuelo", replied the student, "you believe that fencing is a futile occupation."

"I don't believe it", said Corchuelo, "I am sure that it is true. I can prove it by experiment. You've got swords; we have an opportunity to duel; I am strong. My great courage will compel you to admit that I am not mistaken. Dismount and look to your stance, circles and angles, and warm up, for I hope to make you see stars at midday thanks to my new skills and my anger. I am confident that nobody will make me flee and that my enemies will retreat."

"I don't know whether you will retreat or not", replied the competent swordsman, "for you may go to a place where they will dig your grave. I mean that you may die because you are not a good swordsman."

"You are going to check this information right away", said Corchuelo.

He dismounted with alacrity and drew violently one of the swords which the student was carrying.

At that instant Don Quixote said: “No, that’s not the way it should be. I propose to referee this duel and judge this much debated question.”

He dismounted, grasped his lance and positioned himself in the middle of the road just as the student was nimbly bearing down on Corchuelo, who was also charging at him, looking daggers at him, as the saying goes. The two peasants who accompanied the students, sitting there on their donkeys, witnessed this dreadful tragedy. The slashes, thrusts, down-strokes, back-strokes and the double-handed blows delivered by Corchuelo were plentiful, thicker than liver and smaller than hail. He attacked like an angry lion, but the student hit him violently with the side of the sword, which forced him to stop in the midst of the charge and kiss the blade as if it had been a relic, though he did not kiss it with the respect one must show for relics.

Finally, the student tore out, one by one, all the buttons of the short cassock which Corchuelo wore, ripped the skirt out and cut it up until it looked like a cuttlefish’s tail. He knocked off his adversary’s hat twice. The student was so tired, desperate and angry that he seized his sword by the hilt and threw it into the air with such force that one of the peasants, who was a notary and who went after it, later testified that it had landed nearly three quarters of a league away. This statement proves that brute strength is always defeated by skill.

Corchuelo sat down, for he was exhausted. Sancho approached him and said:

“Sir, take my advice: don’t challenge anybody to a duel. You can wrestle or throw the javelin, for you are young and strong. You see, experts can run the point of a sword though the hole of a needle.”

“Fortunately”, replied Corchuelo, “I have admitted my mistake thanks to experience.”

He rose to his feet and embraced the student; they were as good friends as they had been before. They did not want to wait for the notary, who had gone after the sword, for it seemed to them that it would take too long. So they decided to continue on their way in order to arrive in good time at the village where Quiteria lived, which was also the place where they lived. During the rest of their journey, the student demonstrated scientifically that fencing was a great art. His arguments convinced them that this art was great; they also convinced Corchuelo that he was mistaken.

Night had fallen. Before they reached the town, they looked up and saw myriads of sparkling stars. They could also hear the sweet mingled sounds that came from various musical instruments such as flutes, tabors, psalteries, rustic pipes, tambourines and timbrels. As they approached, they saw that a bower erected at the entrance to the village was filled with lights which were motionless, for the gentle breeze did not even stir the leaves. The musicians entertained the people who attended the wedding party. They had formed groups and were walking through the pleasant grounds. Some of them were dancing; some were singing; others were playing the different instruments that have been mentioned. In fact, happiness was jumping and dancing in the meadow.

Many other people were busy raising platforms which would enable the guests to see the plays and dances that would be performed on the following day in order to make the marriage of the rich Camacho and the funeral of Basilio more solemn. Don

Quixote did not want to enter the village, although the peasant and the student urged him to do so. He gave an explanation of his decision, which he regarded as fair: knights-errant were used to sleeping in the fields and forests rather than in towns, even though they were asked to sleep underneath gilded ceilings. Hence, he went a little way off the road, which displeased Sancho, who remembered the good lodgings he had enjoyed in Don Diego's castle or house.

CHAPTER XX.

The wedding of Camacho the Rich
and what happened to Basilio the Poor.

No sooner had the fair dawn asked the glowing Phoebus to dry the liquid pearls upon her golden hair with the warmth of his rays than Don Quixote stretched, rose to his feet and called to his squire, who was still snoring. As he saw him and before awakening him, he declaimed:

"Blessed is the man who, without envying or being envied by anybody, can sleep so calmly because he is not persecuted by enchanters or frightened by enchantments! You sleep, I repeat it, and I will say it a hundred times, for I don't want your wife to be angry at you, which would lead you to believe that you must pay what you owe and do certain things so that you and your fearful little family may eat tomorrow. Don't worry about ambition or the world's pointless pomp. Take care to feed your donkey; I will take care to feed you, for nature and custom compel masters to do so. When the servant sleeps, his master keeps watch, thinking how he will feed him, improve his lot and help him. When the sky is black and it does not rain, it is the master, not the servant, who is distressed, for he must support, amid sterility and hunger, the man who has served him when there was a cornucopia of food."

Sancho did not answer because he was sleeping. He wouldn't have awoken as quickly as he did if Don Quixote had not prodded him with the butt of his lance. Awoke but tired, he turned his head left and right and said:

"If I am not mistaken, there is smoke coming from that bower. The air smells more like fried bacon than wild flowers or thyme. A wedding that begins with such a smell makes me believe that there will be a lot of food."

"Hurry up, glutton", said Don Quixote; "let's go to this place to see what the rejected suitor, Basilio, will do."

"Whatever he may do", replied Sancho, "he won't marry Quiteria because he is poor. He is not an aristocrat and he wants to marry one! Sir, I think that the poor should accept their fates; they should not ask for the moon. I feel certain that Camacho can bury Basilio under the reales that he has. So, Quiteria would be a fool to give up the jewels and finery that Camacho must have given her, for he can afford this, in order to content herself with looking at Basilio while he duels or throws a javelin. A good throw or sword thrust does not move the bartenders to give you a pint of wine. Should Count Dirlos himself possess those abilities, he could not sell them. If a rich man possessed them, he would profit from them. You can raise a good building when the foundations are solid; the best foundations are money."

"For God's sake, Sancho", Don Quixote broke in, "stop speaking. If we allowed you to finish your speeches, you would never have time to eat or sleep; you would waste it speaking."

"If you had a good memory", said Sancho, "you would remember that one of the clauses in the agreement we signed before we left home stipulates that I am allowed to say whatever I want to, so long as it does not prejudice anybody's situation or your authority. It seems to me that I have complied with that rule."

"I do not remember this clause", said Don Quixote. "Whether it be true or not, I want you to be quiet and come along, for the instruments we heard last night are beginning to entertain the valleys again. The wedding will undoubtedly be celebrated in the morning, for the temperature are much cooler."

Sancho obeyed his master. When he had saddled Rocinante and placed the saddlebag on his donkey, the two of them mounted and, at a slow pace, headed for the bower. The first thing that Sancho beheld was a calf impaled on an elm tree. Lots of logs were already burning. Around the fire were six pots that did not resemble the ordinary ones, for they were medium-sized wine jars. Each of them was big enough to hold a slaughterhouse. These pots swallowed and concealed whole sheep, as if they had been doves. Myriads of hares, already skinned, and plucked hens had been hung up on the trees until the time came for burying them in the pots. Similarly, lots of birds and other animals had been suspended from the boughs so that the air might keep them cool. Sancho counted more than sixty wineskins, each holding more than twenty liters. All of them, as was discovered later, contained good quality wine. There were pyramids of white bread, which resembled piles of wheat on the threshing floor. The cheeses had been laid like bricks in order to form a wall. The oil was contained in two cauldrons larger than those used by dyers. They fried fritters in them. They removed the fritters with two big shovels in order to drop them into another cauldron that was next to the first one and which contained honey syrup. There were more than fifty male and female cooks. They were clean, busy and cheerful. In the big belly of a calf they had placed twelve juicy piglets which flavored and moistened it. They had bought large quantities of spices, which had been placed in a big chest: everybody could see them. There were no delicacies, but there was enough food to feed an army.

Sancho Panza looked everything over; he was bedazzled by what he saw. The desirable pots caught his attention; he would have liked to help himself to a fair-sized dish of their contents. Then he stared at the wineskins and the fritters that were cooking in the frying pans, if those rounded cauldrons could be termed frying pans. Unable to control himself any longer, he went up to one of the busy cooks, told him that he was hungry and asked him politely if he could dip a piece of bread into one of the pots. The cook replied:

"Brother, thanks to the rich Camacho, people won't fast today. Get down, look for a ladle, take a hen or two and enjoy your meal."

"I don't see any", said Sancho.

"Wait a minute", said the cook. "I am a sinner and you are helpless!"

He grasped a ladle, dipped it into one of the jars, took out three hens and a couple of geese and said to Sancho:

"Eat, my friend, eat this appetizer. There will be more food to eat tonight."

"But where do I put it?", asked Sancho.

"Take the spoon and all the rest", replied the cook. "Thanks to Camacho and his happiness we will replace them."

Meanwhile, Don Quixote was watching a group of about a dozen peasants who had entered the enclosure from one end. They were riding very handsome mares decked out with expensive showy rustic trappings and many bells. The horsemen were dressed up. In a line, they rode up and down the meadow, not once but a number of times, shouting happily:

"Long live Camacho and Quiteria! You are as rich as she is pretty. Quiteria, you are the prettiest woman in the world."

"Obviously", Don Quixote said to himself, "they have not seen Dulcinea del Toboso. If they knew her, they would admit that Quiteria is not that pretty."

A short while later, many different groups of dancers entered the bower from different sides. Among them was a group of sword dancers, composed of twenty-four good-looking lads clad in fine white linen and wearing multicolored embroidered kerchiefs made of fine silk. One of the men on the mares asked the high-spirited lad who led the group if any of the dancers had been wounded.

"Not yet, thank God. We are all in good shape."

He and his companions began to execute many complicated movements. Although Don Quixote was used to watching such dances, he was hypnotized by those well-executed whirling movements. He thought that this was the best dance he had ever seen. He was also impressed by another group of dancers who came in, which was composed of very beautiful young girls, aged between fourteen and eighteen. They were wearing dresses made of green fabric from Cuenca. Some of them had braided their hair, whereas the hair of the others was hanging loose. They were so blond that the sunbeams reddened. Their heads were decked out with garlands of jasmine, roses, amaranth and honeysuckle. They were led by a venerable old man and an old lady who, however, were active and nimble. The maidens danced to the music played by a Zamoran piper. Their eyes and faces showed that they were honest, and their light feet proved that they were the best dancers in the world.

The next dance was a complicated one: a "talking dance!" It was performed by eight nymphs. There were two rows of them; one was headed by Cupid and the other by Wealth. The winged god of love carried a bow, some arrows and a quiver. The other performer was wearing an elegant colorful silk costume embroidered with golden threads. On the back of each of Cupid's followers was a white parchment with the bearer's name written upon it in large letters. Poetry was the first one's name; the second was Intelligence; the third one Birth; the fourth one Courage. Wealth's attendants were similarly identified. The first one was Generosity, the second Gift, the third Treasure, and the fourth Peaceful Ownership. They were preceded by a wooden castle drawn by four savages whose bodies were covered with ivy and green hemp. They were so lifelike that Sancho was almost frightened by them. On the front and on each of the other sides of the structure was the inscription: "Castle of Decency." Four skillful musicians were playing the tabor and the flute.

Cupid began to dance. Having executed a couple of movements, he looked up, aimed his bow at a maiden, who was on the battlements of the castle, and said to her:

"I am a god who is powerful

On earth, in the air,
On the wide restless sea
And in the frightening
Depths of Hell.

I am not acquainted with fear.
My wishes are possibilities,
Though they may be hard to fulfill,
And when the task is easy,
I order, take, put and forbid."

Once he had recited the foregoing stanza, he shot an arrow over the castle and left. Wealth executed a couple of movements. When the tabors stopped playing, the performer declaimed:

"I am more powerful than Love,
Though Love is my guide.
My lineage is nobler and
More famous and powerful than
Those of the mortals raised by Heaven.

My name is wealth.
Few people know how to catch me.
It is almost impossible to act without my help.
Such as I am,
I want to serve you everlastingly."

Wealth left and Poetry approached. Like the others, the performer executed two movements, looked at the maid on the battlements and declaimed:

"Sweet poetry, a noble,
Thorough and intelligent lady,
Offers you her soul
Wrapped in a thousand sonnets
Made of sweet dreams.

If my obstinacy does not bother you,
I will deprive you of your luck,
Which makes people envy you,
In order to hang it
On a crescent moon."

Then Poetry moved aside to enable Generosity to go past Wealth, reach the center of the stage, dance a bit and say:

"The generous man

Is not extravagant:
He does not give you money to excess.
As for the miser,
He is weak-kneed.

If I want to enrich you,
I must be more extravagant.
It is a vice, but an honorable one,
For when a man gives money to someone,
He demonstrates that he is in love."

All the performers did the same thing: they went on stage, left, danced a bit and recited their verses, which were either elegant or ridiculous. Although Don Quixote had a good memory, he only memorized the stanzas that have been quoted. The dancers danced together, weaving in and out with grace and ease. As Cupid went past the castle, he shot his arrows. Wealth threw gilded pellets at him.

Finally, after they had danced for a long while, Wealth grasped a large purse, made of the skin of a striped cat and seemingly full of money, and threw it at the castle with such force that the walls fell apart, leaving the maiden unprotected. He and his accomplices advanced. He threw a huge gold chain around the damsel's neck, as if he wanted to show the audience that he had enslaved her. When Cupid and his band saw this, they pretended to free her, dancing to the music played by the tambourine players. The savages calmed them down and, with great dexterity, set the walls of the castle up again. The maiden positioned herself in it again. Then the dance ended. The spectators were ecstatic. Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs who had composed the poems and directed the show. She told him that it was a certain clergyman from the village, who was a talented poet.

"I guess that", said the knight, "this student or clergyman prefers Camacho to Basilio and that he is more influenced by satire than by prayer, for, in this dance, he has well portrayed the lad's accomplishments and the other's wealth."

Sancho Panza, who was listening to them, said:

"Since the most powerful man will be the winner, I will support Camacho."

"Of course you will", said Don Quixote, "for you are one of those commoners who shout: 'Long live the conqueror!'"

"I don't know what kind of commoner I am", replied Sancho. "All I know is that I will never find in Basilio's pots the delicacies I have found in Camacho's."

He showed his master the small pot filled with geese and hens, took one of the hens, began to eat it heartily and said:

"Who cares about Basilio's accomplishments? What counts is the money you have: when you are rich, people respect you. According to my grandmother, there are two kinds of people in the world: the rich and the poor. She respected wealthy people. Sir, nowadays people esteem the rich and ignore the learned: an idiot covered with jewels is more praised than a learned man carrying a book. So I repeat that I will support Camacho, whose pots hold plenty of geese, hens, hares and rabbits. I feel certain that if I dropped my spoon into Basilio's pots, I would find nothing but sauce!"

"Have you finished your speech, Sancho?", asked Don Quixote.

"I guess so, for I see that you are fed up. If I had not come across those pots, I would have remained silent for three days."

"I'd like", said Don Quixote, "to see you dumb before I die."

"At the rate we are going", replied Sancho, "I'll be chewing mud before you die. I will be so dumb that I will remain silent until the end of the world or, at least, until Judgment Day."

"Sancho, should this happen", said Sancho, "your silence would not bring you into the state into which all that you said brought you. Moreover, normally, I will die before you do. So I will never see you dumb, not even when you drink or sleep, which is the most I can expect."

"In truth, sir", said Sancho, "you should not trust the skeletal girl who eats lamb and mutton – I mean death. I have heard the priest say that she frequents both the tall towers of kings and the humble cabins of the poor. This lady is powerful, not sensitive or snobbish. She likes to eat many different things: she fills her saddlebags with people of every sort, age and rank. She is not a lazy harvester who sleeps in the afternoon; she keeps working and mows the dry or green grass. It seems that she does not chew her food but gulps down anything that is set in front of her, for she is as hungry as an ogress. Although she has no belly, she keeps drinking lives as one might drink a jug of cold water."

"Stop talking, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "calm down and don't fall. What you have said about death, in your own rustic way, might have been said by a good preacher. If you were good-natured, you would be wise and intelligent and you could take a portable pulpit in order to travel the world and preach sermons."

"He who lives well preaches well", answered Sancho. "That's all the theology I know."

"And all you need to know", said his master. "However, there is one thing I don't understand: you know that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, yet you are more afraid of a lizard than you are of Him."

"Sir", replied Sancho, "you should judge your own deeds instead of judging other people's courage or cowardice. I fear God as much as anybody else here. Let me eat this food, for all the rest is idle chatter and we will have to answer for it in the life to come."

Saying this, he once more attacked his small pot with so hearty an appetite as to awaken Don Quixote's, who would have certainly taken part in this battle if an event, which will be described later on, had not prevented him from doing so.

CHAPTER XXI.

The continuation of Camacho's wedding,
along with other interesting events.

While Don Quixote was in conversation with Sancho, which was recounted in the preceding chapter, they heard the horsemen shout and make a lot of noise. They were galloping their mares and shouting in order to welcome the bride and the groom. They were accompanied by lots of musicians and dancers, the priest, their relatives

and the wealthy people who lived in the neighboring villages and who were wearing elegant clothes. When Sancho saw the bride he said:

"Gosh, she is not dressed like a peasant girl but like an elegant female courtier. I can see that she is wearing a broach made of coral. The green fabric of her gown is very expensive velvet from Cuenca. Her petticoat is made of white linen; I think that it's satin! Her hands are decked out with jet jewels. It's my bet that the gems are set into rings that are made of solid gold and surrounded by pearls as white as curds, which are worth a fortune! As for her hair – I guess it's not a wig – I have never seen any that was longer or blonder. She is intelligent and pretty. She reminds me of a palm tree loaded with clusters of dates, for the trinkets that hang from her hair and neck resemble those things. She is a grown woman ready to cross the Rubicon."

Don Quixote laughed at the rustic compliment which Sancho paid her. Nonetheless, it seemed to him that, with the exception of Dulcinea, he had never seen so fair a lady. The beautiful Quiteria was a bit pale, perhaps because she had spent the night preparing the wedding, as brides always do. The guests made their way to a platform located on one side of the meadow. It was decked out with carpets and branches. The ceremony would take place there and the guest would also watch the dances and the shows from there. When they reached this spot, they heard someone behind them shouting:

"Wait a moment, you who are as inconsiderate as you are hasty!"

All the guests turned their heads and saw that the man who was shouting was wearing a black habit with crimson fringes. On his head was a wreath of dark green cypress. He carried a long staff in his hands. As he drew nearer, they all recognized him as the handsome Basilio. They were puzzled because they did not know what would ensue. They feared that some catastrophe would result from his presence at the wedding. He was exhausted and breathless when he arrived. He planted his staff, which had a steel point, in the ground, in front of the bride and groom. He stared at the woman and turned pale. In a hoarse, trembling voice he said:

"You know, O ungrateful Quiteria, that the holy law which we obey forbids you to marry so long as I am alive. You also know that I want to treat you with decorum because I hope that I will be in luck thanks to time and myself. However, you ignore my affections and want to marry a man whose wealth enabled him to be lucky and extremely happy. So that he may remain happy, though I think that he does not deserve this, but Heaven has decided to be magnanimous, I will remove the obstacle that prevents you from achieving this goal and go away… Long live the rich Camacho! May he spend many long happy years with the ungrateful Quiteria! As for the poor Basilio, let him die, for poverty has cut the wings of his own happiness and brought him to the grave!"

He grasped the staff which he had planted in the ground, but half of it remained there. It served as a sheath to a fairly long rapier that had been hidden in it. With what might be termed "the hilt still planted in the earth", he calmly and resolutely threw himself on it. The red point and half of the steel blade protruded from his back. He fell to the ground. He was covered in blood. His own weapon had pierced his body.

His friends rushed over to the place where he was lying in order to help him and show solidarity with this poor wretch. Don Quixote dismounted from Rocinante, took him in his arms and saw that he had not yet expired. They wanted to withdraw

the rapier, but the priest advised them not to move until he had confessed his sins, for, if they removed the blade, he would die immediately. At this point Basilio revived. He whispered mournfully:

"O cruel Quiteria, if in this fatal moment you agreed to marry me, I would be forgiven for my boldness since it enabled me to become your husband."

When he heard this, the priest told Basilio that he had to deal with the welfare of his soul instead of dealing with the carnal desires of the flesh. So he had to beseech God to forgive him for his sins and this foolish action. Basilio replied that he would not confess his sins if Quiteria did not agree to marry him. This good news would lead him to confess. Don Quixote declared that the wounded man's request was just and reasonable and that it was easy to accede to it. Mr. Camacho would be as much pleased to marry the courageous Basilio's widow as he would be if her father himself allowed him to marry her.

"You'll just have to say 'yes'", he explained; "she won't damage her reputation because the altar where this wedding will be performed will be a grave."

Camacho was listening to them. He was bewildered. He did not know what to say or do, but Basilio's friends were so insistent that he allowed Quiteria to marry his rival, for he did not want the latter's soul to go to Hell because of his desperate action. He was so moved that he said to Quiteria that he agreed to delay the fulfillment of his desires. Then they gathered around Quiteria. With entreaties, laments and convincing arguments, they tried to persuade her to marry the poor Basilio. She was harder than marble and as immobile as a statue, which showed that she did not want or could not answer them. She would have remained silent if the priest had not told her to hurry up, for Basilio was about to die: she did not have the time to hesitate.

Hence, without uttering a word, the beautiful, worried, sad and regretful Quiteria approached Basilio. His eyes were already upturned. He could hardly breathe, but he murmured her name, which showed that he would die like a heathen, not like a Christian. She was kneeling beside him. She signaled to him that she wanted to take his hand. Basilio opened his eyes, looked at her and said:

"O Quiteria, you have decided to feel pity for me, but your pity is a dagger that will kill me. I am to weak to rejoice at your wedding or reduce the sorrow that is so rapidly covering my eyes with the dreadful shadow of death. O dangerous star of mine! I beseech you not to fool me again or feel compelled to do a thing you don't want to do. I want you to say that you are willing to marry me. In such a situation, you must not deceive me, for I have always been honest with you."

When he spoke, he kept fainting. Each time he fainted, all the bystanders believed that he was dying. The shamefaced but honest Quiteria grasped his hand and said to him:

"Nothing could force me to do a thing that I don't want to do. Hence, I have decided to marry you, provided that you are willing to marry me. I hope that it is not your foolish action that compels you to do so."

"Nothing compels me to do so", replied Basilio. "It is the reason that God bestowed upon me that makes me realize that I want to become your husband."

"As for me", said Quiteria, "I want to become your wife, whether you live many years or they wrest you from me now to take you to the grave."

“This young man”, remarked Sancho Panza at this point, “talks a lot, although he is badly wounded. They should make him stop complimenting her in order to attend to his soul, which is a talkative one.”

As the pair continued to hold hands, the priest, moved to tears, blessed them and asked God to have mercy on the newly-married man. Then Basilio nimbly jumped to his feet and easily removed the rapier from his body, which had served as its sheath. The bystanders were dumbfounded. Some of the more simple-minded and less inquisitive among them began shouting:

“This is a miracle!”

“This is not a miracle”, said Basilio, “but a trick.”

Bewildered, the priest went up to him, touched the wound and discovered that the blade had not passed through Basilio’s flesh and ribs, but through a hollow iron tube filled with blood, which he had placed there. The blood, as was discovered afterward, contained a substance that prevented the blood from congealing.

The priest, Camacho and all the others realized that they had been fooled and mocked. The bride did not look shocked. When some of them said that the marriage was invalid because it had been obtained by deception, she stated that it was valid, which led them to believe that the two of them had planned this. Camacho and his supporters were so angry that they decided to take revenge on Basilio. They drew their swords and fell upon him, but nearly as many blades were drawn in order to defend him. Don Quixote took the lead on horseback. He pointed his lance at them and grasped his shield: he was ready to interpose himself between the two rival groups. Sancho, who did not care about such events, headed for the pots filled with the aforementioned delicacies, for this place was holy and had to be admired. Don Quixote cried:

“Don’t move, gentlemen! It is ridiculous to avenge wrongs done by love. Love and war are one and the same thing. Since in wars we are allowed to use stratagems to defeat the enemy, in love affairs we are allowed to play tricks on people in order to achieve the desired goal, provided that they don’t tarnish the reputation of the lady who is loved. Basilio and Quiteria belong to each other because Heaven had decided so. Camacho is rich: he will find a girlfriend easily. In Basilio’s flock, there is only one ewe: her! Nobody, however powerful he may be, is going to steal her from him. No man can separate the people whom God has put together. Should someone attempt it, he would first have to pass the point of this lance.”

He brandished his weapon with such strength and skill that he frightened those who did not know him. Camacho was so embarrassed that he decided to forget Quiteria at once. Hence, he followed the advice of the priest, who was an intelligent, well-meaning man. Camacho and his supporters calmed down: they put their swords in their scabbards, for they thought that the inconsistent Quiteria was guiltier than the deceitful Basilio. The ex-bridegroom thought that, since she loved his rival before marriage, she would love him after. So he thanked God for having prevented him from marrying her.

Basilio and his supporters calmed down because they saw that Camacho and his followers were quiet and less disappointed. Camacho wanted to show them that he did not care about the deception. So he did not cancel the party, but neither the newlyweds nor their supporters attended it. They headed for Basilio’s village. When

the poor are virtuous and intelligent, some people follow, honor and protect them, whereas the rich are surrounded by people who keep flattering them. They asked Don Quixote to accompany them to that village, for they regarded him as a courageous strong knight. Sancho alone was a bit upset because he could not attend the party or the banquet, which lasted until nightfall. He mounted his donkey and followed dejectedly his master and Basilio's supporters. He abandoned the pots of Egypt, though he kept thinking of them. He had almost eaten all the contents of the small pot he was carrying, which mirrored the abundant delicious food he was abandoning. He was sad and pensive, but he wasn't hungry. He rode behind Rocinante, following its tracks.

CHAPTER XXII.

The great adventure of the Cave of Montesinos,
in the heart of La Mancha,
which the valiant Don Quixote concluded triumphantly.

The newlyweds treated Don Quixote well because his posture had showed that he wanted to protect them. They inferred from his bravery that he was intelligent. They believed that he was a victorious Cid and an eloquent Cicero. The worthy Sancho enjoyed himself for three whole days at their expense. In the course of that time we learned that Basilio's false suicide had been planned by him. The beautiful Quiteria had no knowledge of the affair. He had expected it to turn out precisely as it did. He admitted, however, that he had informed some of his friends of a part of his plan so that they might help him to carry out the deception.

"When the goal is legitimate", observed Don Quixote, "we cannot or must not use the word 'deception.'

The marriage of lovers is an excellent outcome. However, love has no greater enemy than poverty or daily necessities, for love is based on happiness. When the lover owns the object of his affections, poverty and daily necessities become his arch-enemies. All this was said in order to lead Basilio to give up the aforementioned occupations. They brought him fame, not wealth. He had to earn money using lawful and intelligent methods, which the prudent, persevering men always use.

The poor man who is honorable – if such a thing is possible – has a jewel when he has a beautiful wife. When she leaves him, his reputation departs and people kills it. A virtuous beautiful woman whose husband is poor deserves to wear a crown of laurels, which symbolizes victory. Beauty seduces those who behold it. Royal eagles and falcons swoop down on it as if it were an appetizing bait. However, when love is accompanied by poverty and daily necessities, it is attacked by ravens, kites and other birds of prey. She who can withstand such an assault deserves to be called 'her husband's crown.' Let me remind you, intelligent Basilio", Don Quixote continued, "that a certain wise man once said that there was only one good woman in the world. So each man had to believe that this woman was his wife so that they might lead a happy life. I am not married, nor have I ever thought of marrying up to now, yet I can counsel anybody on the proper way of looking for a suitable wife. First of all, he should take under consideration her reputation rather than her dowry, for a good woman does not

acquire a good reputation because she is good, but because she seems good. Women who do not behave themselves in public are less esteemed by people than those who behave themselves and conceal their sins. If you bring a good woman to your house, it is easy to keep her so and even to improve her virtue, but if you bring a bad one, you will have trouble improving her nature, for it is difficult to pass from one extreme to another. It is not impossible, but it is difficult."

Sancho listened to all this; he said to himself:

"When I express my point of view, my master tells me that I should take a portable pulpit and travel the world in order to preach sermons. However, when he starts stringing sayings together and giving advice, he not only could take a pulpit in hand but also two of them by each finger and go through the city and enjoy himself. Everybody knows that he is a knight-errant because he is well versed in that domain. I believed that he knew only that, but he is omniscient."

The knight heard him muttering to himself. He asked:

"What are you saying, Sancho?"

"Nothing important", replied Sancho. "I am saying that I would have liked to hear what you said before I got married. If I had done so, I would have probably exclaimed: 'happy is the ox that is free!'"

"Is your Teresa that bad?"

''She's not that bad, but she's not good either; at least, not as good as I'd like."

"You should not speak ill of your wife", said Don Quixote, "for she is the mother of your children."

"I treat her as she treats me", responded Sancho, "for she also speaks ill of me whenever she feels like it, especially when she is jealous. Satan himself cannot stand her then."

When three days had gone by, during which time they had been entertained and served as if they had been kings, Don Quixote asked the adroit student to fetch a guide who would take him to the Cave of Montesinos, for he wanted to enter it and see if what the inhabitants of the region said about it was true. The student replied that he would introduce him to a first cousin of his, a famous student who liked to read books of chivalry. He would take him to the mouth of that cave and show him the Lakes of Ruidera, which were famous in all of La Mancha and in all of Spain too. He told the knight that the lad would entertain him, for he was learned enough to write books that would be edited and dedicated to princes. The cousin finally arrived, ridding a pregnant she-ass. Its packsaddle had been placed on a colorful, striped carpet. Sancho saddled Rocinante, readied his ass and stuffed his saddlebags full. They commended themselves to God, said their goodbyes and set off for the famous cave of Montesinos.

On the way, Don Quixote asked the cousin what his occupations were. The young man said that he was a humanist who published books that were useful and entertaining. One of them was entitled *The Book of Liveries;* in it were described seven hundred and three different liveries along with their colors, names and mottoes. Hence, when the knights who lived at court had a party, they could choose the ones they liked. They did not need to ask for anybody's help or rack their brains.

"In fact, I provide the men who are jealous, scorned, forgotten and absent with the clothes that fit them. I have written another book which I am going to call *Metamorphoses, or the Spanish Ovid.* It is original and amusing, for, copying Ovid's

style, I describe the Giralda of Seville, the Angel of the Magdalena, the sewers of Cordoba, the Bulls of Guisando, the Sierra Morena and the fountains of Madrid: Legitanos, Lavapiés, El Piojo, Caño Dorado and La Priora. I describe the allegories, metaphors and shapes in such a manner as to amuse, surprise and educate the readers. I have written another book which I call *Supplement to Virgilio Polidoro*. It deals with the invention of things. I had to study a lot and find lots of information, for I had to verify the important elements that Polidoro neglected to mention and write the book in a pleasing style. He forgot to tell us who was the first man in the world to catch a cold or rub in oil in order to cure syphilis. The information I provided was accurate: I quoted more than twenty-five authors. You can see that I worked well and that my book is useful for everybody."

Sancho, who had been listening very attentively to the cousin, said:

"May God help you to publish your books. Since you are omniscient, could you tell me who was the first man who ever scratched his head? I think that it was our ancestor: Adam."

"It was he indeed", replied the cousin, "for he had a head with hair on it. Besides, he was the first man. So he used to scratch it."

"I agree with you", said Sancho. "But who was the first acrobat in the world?"

"In truth, brother", responded the cousin, "I cannot answer you right now, for I must gather information. I will look into it as soon as I go back to where I keep my books. I will answer you the next time we see each other again, for we will meet again."

"There is no need for you to do that", said Sancho, "for I have hit upon the answer to my question. I can tell you that the first acrobat was Lucifer, when they kicked him out of Heaven and he fell into Hell."

"You are right, my friend", said the cousin.

"Sancho", said Don Quixote, "that question and answer are not yours; you've heard them somewhere."

"Hush, sir", replied Sancho. "Honestly, if I asked questions and answered them, I would do so from now until tomorrow morning. I can ask stupid questions and give silly answers on my own."

"You have spoken too much, Sancho", declared Don Quixote, "for some people strive to find and check pieces of information that, after they have been verified, don't make them understand or remember certain issues."

They spent the day speaking in this manner. When night fall, they halted in a small village which, according to the cousin, was not more than a couple of leagues from the Cave of Montesinos. Since Don Quixote had decided to enter it, he had to find ropes so that he might climb down. He said that, even if it was as deep as Hell, he wanted to see the bottom of it. So they bought nearly a hundred fathoms of rope. The following day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, they reached the cave. The mouth was broad and spacious but clogged by box thorn, wild fig trees, shrubs and brambles. The undergrowth was so dense and tangled that it covered the entrance. When they beheld it, they dismounted. Sancho and the cousin bound Don Quixote firmly with the ropes. As they were placing it around his hips, Sancho said:

"You must be careful, sir, for you could bury yourself alive or hang there like a bottle that has been let down into a well to cool. You should not go there, for it must be worse than a dungeon."

"Shut up and keep on tying the rope around my hips", Don Quixote admonished him; "this adventure is reserved for me."

The guide said to the knight:

"Lord Quixote, I beg you to scan that abyss. Perhaps you will find something I can put in my book entitled *Transformations*."

"Let go of the tambourine", said Sancho, "for you don't know how to play it."

By this time they had finished tying Don Quixote. The rope was over his doublet, not over his armour.

"We should have taken a small bell", said the knight. "If we had done so, we would have attached it to the rope at my side. The sound would have enabled you to see if I was still climbing down and I was still alive. But it's too late. May God guide me!"

He knelt and prayed in a low voice, imploring God to help him and grant him success in this adventure, which seemed new and dangerous. Then he declaimed:

"O gracious, exceptional Dulcinea del Toboso, you are my raison d'être! If the prayers and entreaties of your devoted paramour reached you ears, I would beseech you to hear them. I just want you to help and protect me, for I do need it now. I am going to plunge into this abyss because I want people to know that, thanks to your help, I can defeat anybody."

He went up to the chasm and noticed that if he wanted to descend, first he would have to clear the way with his arms and sword. So he grasped it and began cutting the brambles at the mouth of the cave. The noise caused a great many ravens and rooks to fly out. The disordered flock of birds knocked Don Quixote down. If he had been an augur, he would have regarded this as a bad omen. Hence, he would have never entered such a place. Finally, he rose. Since no more ravens or other nocturnal birds emerged, such as the bats that flew out with the ravens, he handed the end of the rope to Sancho and the cousin and let them lower him into the depths of the horrendous abyss. As he entered, the squire blessed him, crossed himself a countless number of times and said:

"May God, the Sierra of France and the Trinity of Gaeta guide you, O epitome of knight-errantry! Go there, globetrotter, heart of steel, arms of bronze! May God guide you and take you home safe, sound and free so that you may enjoy the life which you are leaving in order to plunge into the darkness you are looking for!"

Meanwhile, the cousin said almost the same prayers. Don Quixote was calling to them so that they might lower him into the cave, which they did little by little. By the time they could no longer hear his voice, which came out of the cave as through a pipe, they had unwound all the rope. They wanted to pull him up again. However, they decided to wait for half an hour. Then they pulled on the rope effortlessly, which led them to believe that Don Quixote was still at the bottom of the abyss. Hence, Sancho began weeping bitterly. He pulled on the rope with all his might in order to learn the truth, but when there was a bit more than eighty fathoms of rope left, they felt a weight, which made them very happy. Finally, when there were ten fathoms of rope left, they could see Don Quixote quite distinctly. As he caught sight of him, Sancho cried:

"Welcome, sir, we are glad to see you again. We believed that you had rooted down there."

Don Quixote did not utter a word. When, at last, they grasped his hands, they saw that his eyes were closed and that he was, to all appearances, asleep. They laid him on the ground and untied him, but even this did not wake him. They turned him on one side and, then, on the other; they also shook him; after a while, he awakened and stretched as if he had slept for a century. Bewildered, he looked around and said:

"I was dreaming about wonderful things and you woke me. May God forgive you! Now I know that all the pleasures are shadows, or illusions, or withered wild flowers. O unfortunate Montesinos! O wounded Durandarte! O unlucky Belerma! O tearful Guadiana! O blessed daughters of Ruidera, you display in your waters the tears which your beautiful eyes wept!"

The cousin and Sancho listened attentively to Don Quixote's words. He was so sad that it seemed that they came from his painful entrails. They begged him to tell them the meaning of it all and what he had seen in that hell.

"You call it Hell!", said Don Quixote. "Do not call it Hell, for it does not deserve to be called in this fashion, as you will see."

He asked them to give him something to eat because he was really hungry. So they spread the cousin's hessian on the green grass and laid out the food stored in the saddlebags. Then the three friends sat down and began to eat salty and sugary dishes. When the hessian had been removed, Don Quixote said:

"Don't rise; listen to me attentively."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The amazing things that the incomparable Don Quixote
said he saw in the deep Cave of Montesinos,
which are to be regarded as false
because they are improbable and extreme.

It was around four in the afternoon when the dull light and cool rays of the sun, which was now covered with clouds, afforded Don Quixote the opportunity to tell his two famous listeners, without undue heat or weariness, what he had seen in the Cave of Montesinos. He began in the following manner:

"At a depth corresponding to the height of twelve or fourteen men, to the right of this dungeon, there is a concave recess that can contain a large cart with its mules. Some light filters into it through distant crevices linked to the surface of the earth. I caught sight of this nook when I was tired and upset because I was dangling from a rope in that manner as I descended into those dark regions and did not know where I was going. So I decided to enter the recess and rest a little. I called to you, asking you not to let out more rope until I told you to do so; I guess that you did not hear me. I gathered the rope you sent down, coiled it and sat on it. I considered a plan to reach the bottom on my own. I was perplexed and lost in thought. All of a sudden, I fell asleep, and when I least expected it, I suddenly awoke. I found myself in the middle of the most beautiful meadow that nature could create or the most vivid imagination could conceive. I opened my eyes, rubbed them and discovered that I was not sleeping. Nevertheless, I touched my head and chest to check whether I was myself or a phantom without a body or with a disability. My sense of touch, my other senses and

my reflections made me realize that I was the person I am today. Then I beheld a breathtaking royal palace or fortress. Its walls and battlements appeared to be made of transparent crystal. The gate opened. A venerable old man emerged and came toward me. He was clad in a hooded cloak made of purple baize, which swept the ground. Around his neck and upon his shoulders was a scholar's green satin sash. He wore a black Milanese cap. His beard was white and fell below his waist. He did not carry weapons. He held a rosary in his hand. The beads were larger than medium-sized walnuts; every tenth one was as big as an ordinary ostrich egg. His bearing, his stride, his solemn visage and presence surprised and enraptured me. He approached me; the first thing he did was to embrace me tightly. Then he said: 'O Don Quixote, valiant knight of la Mancha, the enchanted people who live in those solitudes have been waiting for you for a long time! We'd like you to inform the world of what is concealed in the depths of this cave, which you have entered and is called the Cave of Montesinos. This exploit had to be performed by your invincible heart and admirable courage. Come with me, Your Excellency; I wish to show you the marvels hidden in this transparent castle of which I am the governor and perpetual guardian, for I am Montesinos himself, after whom the cave is named.'

No sooner had he informed me that he was Montesinos than I asked him if what the people who lived there said about him was true. They said that, with a small dagger, he had cut out the heart of Durandarte, his good friend, and had brought it to lady Belerma, as his friend had requested before he died. He replied that everything was true except what they had said about the dagger, for it was not a dagger, but a stiletto sharper than an awl."

''It must have been made by Ramon de Hoces of Seville", said Sancho at this point.

"Ramon de Hoces did not make it", replied Don Quixote, "for this blacksmith is still alive, whereas the battle of Roncesvalles took place many years ago. This piece of information is not important because it does not alter the truth or the story."

"That's right", said the cousin. "Please, go on; I enjoy listening to you."

"As for me, I enjoy speaking", Don Quixote assured him. "So the venerable Montesinos led me into the basement of the crystal palace. In a cool room that was covered with alabaster, I beheld a breathtaking tomb made of marble. A knight was lying on it. He was not made of bronze, or marble, or jasper, as you see on other tombs. In fact, he was made of flesh and blood. His right hand seemed hairy and sinewy, which showed that its owner was very strong. It had been placed on his heart. Montesinos noticed that I was amazed. Before I could ask any questions, he said to me: 'This is my friend Durandarte, one of the bravest lovelorn knights of his age. Merlin, the French wizard, has enchanted him. He has also enchanted me and many other gentlemen and ladies. Some people say that he is the Devil's son; I don't believe that he is: he is just a bit more knowledgeable than he. I don't know how or why he has enchanted us. Time will tell us the truth. I guess that it will happen soon. You see, Durandarte died in my arms, which surprised me. After his death, I took out his heart with my own hands. It weighed two pounds. According to some biologists, he who has a big heart is more courageous than he who has a small one. Since this is true and this knight is dead, why does he sigh and complain from time to time as if he were alive?'

As Montesinos said this, the wretched Durandarte shouted:

‘O Montesinos, my cousin!
The last thing I asked of you
Was, when I was dead
And my soul was out of my body,
To cut out my captive heart
With any kind of knife
In order to bring it to the place
Where Belerma would be.'

When he heard this, the venerable Montesinos knelt before the unfortunate knight, began to cry and said: ‘Lord Durandarte, my dear cousin, I acceded to your request at the end of the battle of Roncesvalles. I took out your heart as best I could: I did not leave the smallest part of it in your chest. I cleaned it with a lace handkerchief and set off for France with it. First, I buried you in the bowels of the earth. I shed so many tears that I could remove the blood stains that covered my hands after I had placed them in your entrails. Moreover, beloved cousin, after leaving Roncesvalles, in the first village I reached, I put a bit of salt on your heart so that the smell might remain pleasant and lady Belerma might not faint. That lady, you, me, your squire, Ruidera, her seven daughters and two nieces, and many others among your friends and acquaintances have been under Merlin’s spell for years. Although more than five hundred years have passed, none of us has died. Ruidera, her daughters and her nieces are missing because, when Merlin saw them crying, he took pity on them and turned them into the lakes that are called, in the world of the living and the province of La Mancha, the Lakes of Ruidera. Seven of them belong to the King of Spain; the two nieces belong to the knights of a very holy order called the Order of St. John. Unfortunately, Guadiana, your squire, was turned into a river called the Guadiana. When he surfaced and beheld the sun of the other sky, he was so sorry to leave you that he plunged into the bowels of the earth again. Since he cannot stop flowing down into the valleys, at times he rises and men and the sun can see him. The aforementioned lakes supply him with their waters, and many other rivers join him. When he enters Portugal, he is wide and pompous. However, wherever he goes, he is still sad. He does not pride himself on breeding fishes that are sought after. He believes that, once cooked, they are tasteless and that they are different from those that swim in the golden water of the river Tagus. O cousin, I keep saying this. Since you do not answer me, I assume that you do not believe me or never hear what I say, which upsets me very much. I want to tell you something, which will neither lessen nor increase your grief. In this place, there is a great knight: if you open your eyes, you will see him. The wise Merlin predicted that many things would happen to him. His name is Don Quixote de la Mancha. Once again and to our contemporaries’ benefit, who will enjoy it more than our ancestors, he has established the long-forgotten knight-errantry. Since great men always perform miracles, this great knight-errant may break the spell cast by Merlin.’

‘If it were not so’, replied the wretched Durandarte in a low, faint voice, ‘O cousin, I would tell you to be patient and to shuffle the deck.’ He turned a bit and relapsed into his usual silence. Suddenly, we heard shouts, deep sighs and anguished

sobs. I turned my head and saw, through the crystal walls, a procession composed of extremely pretty damsels in mourning who were passing through another chamber. There were two rows of them. They wore white turbans after the Turkish fashion. At the end of the procession came a woman whose aristocratic mien suggested that she was a personage. Clad in black, she wore a flowing white veil so long that it touched the ground. Her turban was twice as large as the largest of the others. Her eyebrows were so close together that they met. Her nose was somewhat flat and her mouth wide, but her lips were red. When she opened her mouth, she displayed a few uneven teeth that were as white as peeled almonds. She carried a fine piece of cloth in her hands. Wrapped in it, so far as could be made out, was a mummified heart, all dried and wrinkled. Montesinos told me that these people were the servants of Durandarte and Belerma. Like their employers, they had been enchanted. The person who was carrying the heart was lady Belerma herself. She and her maids formed this funeral procession four days a week. They sang laments, or rather, cried over the heart and body of his unfortunate cousin. I found her somewhat ugly or not as beautiful as what people reported, because of the bad nights and worse days that she spent: she looked pale and tired. 'However', continued Montesinos, 'her appearance has nothing to do with menstruation, for she has looked tired for many months and even years. In fact, the heart she holds in her hands saddens her. It brings back sad memories: she remembers the misfortune that befell her unlucky lover. If this were not the case, even the great Dulcinea del Toboso, so famous in this region and throughout the world, would not be as pretty, graceful and witty as she.'

'Wait a moment, Don Montesinos', said I at this point. 'You should tell your story in the proper way, for, as you know, all comparisons are odious. One must not compare anybody to anybody. The peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is who she is and Lady Belerma is who she is and has been, that's all.' 'Don Quixote', he replied, 'forgive me. I shouldn't have said that Lady Dulcinea did not compare with Lady Belerma, for, by some means or other, I have learned that you are her knight. I should have bitten my lip or compared her to Heaven.' What the great Montesinos said pleased me. My heart recovered from the shock it had received when I heard that my lady friend had been compared to Belerma."

"However", said Sancho, "I wonder why you did not jump on the old fellow in order to beat him up and pull his beard until there wasn't a single hair left."

"No, my friend", replied Don Quixote, "I wouldn't have dared to do such a thing because we must respect all the old people, including those who are enchanted and those who are not knights. I have nothing else to say."

At this point the cousin said:

"Don Quixote, I do not understand how you could have seen so many things and talked so much in the short period of time you stayed down there."

"How long has it been since I went down?", asked Don Quixote.

"A little more than an hour", Sancho said to him.

"It's impossible", retorted the knight, "for night fell and day dawned, and it was day and night three times altogether. So I calculate that I spent three days in those remote areas, which we don't know."

"I think you're right", agreed Sancho. "Perhaps what seemed to have lasted an hour might have lasted three days and nights, for all the things that happened to him were connected to sorcery."

"That's right", said Don Quixote.

"And did you eat during that time?", the cousin inquired.

"Not a mouthful," replied Don Quixote, "nor did I feel hungry."

"Do the people who are enchanted eat?", asked the cousin.

"No, they don't", responded Don Quixote, "nor do they defecate. However, their nails, beard and hair continue to grow."

"And do they sleep?", asked Sancho.

"No, certainly not," said Don Quixote, "or, at least, during the three days I was with them, they did not close their eyes, nor did I sleep."

"The proverb 'Birds of a feather flock together' fits in here", observed Sancho. "Seeing that you kept company with enchanted people who fast and stay awake, it is little wonder that you didn't sleep or eat while you were with them. Good Devil, I mean good Lord! Pardon my frankness, but I don't believe you."

"Why?", asked the cousin. "Do you mean to say that Lord Quixote is lying? Even if he wished to, he could not invent so many stories."

"I do not think that my master is lying", said Sancho.

"Well, then, what do you think?", Don Quixote asked.

"I think", replied Sancho, "that Merlin or those enchanters that cast a spell on the people you say you saw and talked with down there have put into your mind or memory the stories you have recounted and those that remain to be told."

"What you are saying is plausible", said Don Quixote, "but not true. Actually, I have told you what I saw and touched. Montesinos showed me many other marvelous things. I will describe them in due course and at leisure in the course of our journey, for this is not the right place to speak of them. He pointed out three peasant girls who, in those lovely meadows, were jumping like goats. No sooner did I see them than I recognized them. One of them was the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; the other two were the girls who accompanied her and with whom we had spoken at the entrance to El Toboso. I asked Montesinos if he knew them. He replied that he did not, but he assumed that they were important ladies who had been enchanted. They had arrived a few days ago, which was not surprising, for there were many other enchanted ladies of the present time and of the past. They had different shapes. I recognized Queen Guinevere and her chaperone, Lady Quintanona, who served Lancelot some wine when he came from Britain."

As he heard his master say this, Sancho Panza thought that he would go crazy or burst into laughter. He knew that Dulcinea had been enchanted by him! It was he who had committed perjury. He admitted that the knight was completely mad. So he said to him:

"Sir, it was an evil hour, a worse season and a sad day when you descended into the other world. You met Mr. Montesinos at a bad time, and he sent a madman back. You were sane when you were up here, as sane as when God created you. You quoted proverbs and kept giving advice instead of telling us the most foolish stories that could be imagined."

"Since I know you, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "I will ignore your remarks."

"Should you beat me", replied the squire, "or kill me because of what I have said or will say if you don't change your mind, I would ignore them. Now we are at peace. So tell me what led you to recognize your lady friend. Did you speak to her? What did you say and what did she answer?"

"I recognized her", said Don Quixote, "because she wore the same clothes that she did when you introduced me to her. I spoke to her, but she did not answer me. She turned and bustled away as quick as lightning. I wanted to follow her. I would have done so if Montesinos had not advised me to spare myself the trouble of doing that, for it would be useless. Moreover, it was time for me to leave the cavern. He added that, later on, he would tell me how he, Belerma, Durandarte and all the others had been disenchanted. I was deeply grieved by a thing that I saw there. As Montesinos was speaking, one of the servants who accompanied the unlucky Dulcinea came up to me. I had not noticed her. Her eyes brimming with tears, she said to me in a low, shaky voice: 'Lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your hand and beseech you to tell her how you are. Since she is penniless, she implores you to lend her half a dozen reales or whatever money you may have. Please, accept as security this new cotton skirt. She promises to give the money back as soon as possible.' This message astonished me. I turned to Mr. Montesinos and asked: 'Can important people who are enchanted be poor?' He replied: 'Lord Quixote, it is clear that this thing that is called poverty is to be found everywhere; it extends to everybody and does not even spare the enchanted. Since Lady Toboso has asked you to lend her six reales and the security is valuable, you must accede to her request, for she must be beleaguered.'

'I won't take the cotton skirt', I said to him, 'nor will I give her what she is asking for. In fact, I have only four reales.' I handed the coins to the damsel. They were the ones that you gave me the other day in order to distribute them among the poor I might meet along the road. 'Dear madam, tell Lady Toboso', I said, 'that I sympathize with her. I wish I were a banker in order to ease her suffering. I'd like to inform her that I won't be healthy because I will neither see her nor converse intelligently with her. Tell her that I beseech her to allow her captive servant and globe-trotting knight to see and meet her. When she least expects it, some people will tell her that I have made a vow similar to that of the marquis of Mantua, who swore to avenge Baldwin's death. His nephew had died in the heart of the mountains. The Marques had sworn not to have sit-down meals or do secondary things until he had taken vengeance on the murderers. Hence, I won't rest but roam the seven parts of the world, more thoroughly than did Prince Pedro of Portugal, until I have broken the spell cast on her.'

'You owe her all this and more', answered the damsel. She took the four reales instead of giving a curtsy. Then she jumped more than two yards into the air."

"Good Lord!", cried Sancho as Don Quixote said this. "Some enchanters and enchantments are so powerful that they have turned my master's sanity into utter madness. O master, master! For God's sake, behave yourself and observe reality. Don't give credence to these nonsensical stories, which have impaired your ability to think."

"You speak in this manner because you like me", said Don Quixote. "Since you don't know the world, all the things that are a bit difficult seem unreal. However, as I said before, later on I will tell you about what I saw down there. Those facts will lead you to realize that what I have already said is true and cannot be questioned."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The great many ill-timed details that will
lead us to understand this great story.

The person who translated this book written by Cid Hamete Benengeli said that, when he read the chapter dealing with the adventure in the Cave of Montesinos, he found an observation that had been written in the margin by the author himself. It read:

"I don't think that everything set down in the preceding chapter actually happened to the valiant Don Quixote. In fact, all the adventures that have been recounted up to know are credible, but this one which takes place in that cave is unbelievable, for it is absurd. On the other hand, I don't think that Don Quixote lied because he is a genuine gentleman and the noblest knight of our time. Moreover, there are so many details that he did not have the time to fabricate such a farrago of nonsense. This episode may seem apocryphal, but it's not my fault. Although I don't know whether it is false or true, I write it down. Wise reader, you will judge for yourself, for I cannot help you anymore. However, it is said that, at the time of his death, he retracted his statement. He admitted that he had invented that story because it fitted in with the stories he had read in his books of chivalry."

Then the translator wrote:

The cousin was astonished by Sancho's boldness and his master's patience. He assumed that the knight was calm because he had seen Dulcinea del Toboso, who was still enchanted. If he were mistaken, Sancho would deserve to be beaten, for he had been unkind to his master. The cousin said to the knight:

"Don Quixote, this was an eventful journey, for I obtained four things. In the first place, I met you, which fills me with joy. In the second place, I discovered what was hidden in the Cave of Montesinos; the origin of the Guadiana and the Lakes of Ruidera will be described in the *Spanish Ovid,* which I am writing. Thirdly, I discovered something about the history of card games. Now I know that they date back, at least, to the time of Charlemagne. In fact, you said that Montesinos spoke to Durante, who awoke and said: 'Patience and shuffle.' He could not have learned to speak in this manner after he had been enchanted but only before the spell had been cast on him, namely, in France and in Charlemagne's time. This piece of information will be included in another book, which I am writing, called *Supplement to Virgilio Polidoro, on the Inventions of Antiquity*. I think that, in his book, he forgot to mention the date of the invention of the cards. So I must correct this mistake, all the more so because I will mention Mr. Durandarte, who is a distinguished, reliable author. Fourthly, I discovered the source of the Guadiana, which, up to now, has not been known."

"You are right", said Don Quixote. "I'd like to know one thing: if, thanks to God, the government allowed you to print those books, which I doubt, to whom would you dedicate them?"

"In Spain, there are lords and grandees", replied the cousin, "to whom they can be dedicated."

"Not many", said Don Quixote. "Actually, many of them deserve such a tribute, but most of them do not accept it because they do not want to acknowledge the work

done by the authors or their politeness. However, I know a prince who could make up for the others. He is so exceptional that more than four noble hearts may envy him. But we will talk about this later on, for we must find a place where we will spend the night."

"There is a chapel", said the cousin, "not far from here. A hermit lives there. It is said that he is an ex-soldier and a good, intelligent and charitable Christian. He has built a small house next to the chapel. Although it is small, it is large enough to accommodate guests."

"Does that hermit keep chickens?", asked Sancho.

"Most hermits keep chickens", said Don Quixote, "for those of today are not like the ones who dwelt in the deserts of Egypt: they wore clothes made of palm leaves and ate root vegetables. Although I praise the latter, I don't disparage the former. I mean to say that the penances they do now are not as hard as those they did back then. However, all of them are good men, for I look upon them as such. When the situation is difficult, the hypocrite who pretends to be good is less despicable than the blatant sinner."

While they were talking, they saw a man approaching them. He was walking swiftly and beating a mule that was laden with lances and halberds. As he approached them, he greeted them. He was about to pass them when Don Quixote said to him:

"Hold it, my good man! It seems that this brisk walk is tiring your mule out."

"I cannot stop, sir", the man replied, "for these weapons will be used tomorrow and I cannot afford to slow down. Goodbye. If you want to know why I carry them, tonight I will stay at the inn that is just beyond the chapel. If you follow the same road, you will be able to join me there: I will tell you marvelous stories. Goodbye again."

He walked away so quickly that Don Quixote did not have the time to inquire about those marvelous stories. Since he was a bit inquisitive and could not remain quiet when there was something new to be learned, the knight decided to set out at once and spend the night at the inn. Hence, they would not stop at the chapel where the cousin wanted them to spend the night. The three of them mounted and headed for the hostelry, where they arrived a little before nightfall. Nonetheless, the cousin suggested to Don Quixote that they go to the chapel and have a drink. No sooner did Sancho Panza hear this than he turned his donkey's head in that direction; Don Quixote and the student did the same thing. Sancho's bad luck probably ordained that the hermit should not be at home, which is what a servant told them. When they asked her to serve them wine, she replied that her master did not have any, but if they wanted to drink cheap water, she would gladly give it to them.

"If I had felt like drinking water", replied Sancho, "I would have drawn some from the wells located along the road. Ah, I miss Camacho's wedding and Don Diego's house!"

Then they left the chapel and headed for the inn. They had gone but a short distance when they overtook a young man who was walking leisurely in front of them. He had a sword over his shoulder and also a bundle of clothes consisted of pants, breeches, a cloak and a shirt. He was wearing a velvet doublet that was as shiny as satin. His shirt was hanging out. His stockings were made of silk. His shoes were of the square-toed variety in use at court. He was around eighteen or nineteen years of age.

He was lively and cheerful. He was singing seguidillas in order to amuse himself. He had just finished a song which the cousin proceeded to memorize and which said:

I am going off to war because I am poor.
If I had money, I wouldn't go.

Don Quixote was the first to address the lad. He said to him:

"Young fellow, you are lightly dressed. Would you mind telling us where you are going?"

"I am lightly dressed", the young man answered, "because of the heat and poverty. As to my destination, I am going off to war."

"The weather is very hot indeed", said Don Quixote. "Are you that poor?"

"Sir", the lad replied, "I carry in this bundle a few pairs of velvet breeches to go with this doublet. If I wear them out along the way, I'll have no decent clothes when I reach the city, and I have no money with which to buy others. For this reason and to keep myself cool, I will travel in this manner until I overtake some infantry companies that are about twelve leagues from here. I want to enlist. They have lots of packmules. So it will be easy to reach the harbor where we will embark, which, according to them, is Cartagena. I'd rather serve the king in war than some idiot at court"

"Do you have any allowance?", inquired the cousin.

"If I had served a grandee or a prominent member of the aristocracy", said the lad, "I would have had one. One who serves a wealthy man can become a second lieutenant or a captain and get a good pension. Unfortunately, I have always served adventurers and office seekers who used half of their wages to pay for a starched collar. Under the circumstances, a page could not be promoted."

"Tell me, my friend", said Don Quixote, "during all those years, why didn't you get a livery?"

"They gave me two liveries", replied the page. "However, just as they take the robe away from a novice who leaves a Catholic military order before taking vows and give him back his own clothes, my masters gave me my outfit back. When their business at court was finished, they went home, taking with them the liveries which they had given to their servants in order to show off."

"They were so mean!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "Allow me to congratulate you, for you have left the court with so good an intention; nothing on earth is more honorable or useful than, first of all, to serve God and, after that, one's natural lord: the king. This applies particularly to warriors, who become more famous, if not wealthier, than lawyers, as I have said many times. The most famous families are layers' families, not warriors'. Nevertheless, warriors are superior to layers because they are impressive. I want you to remember what I am about to say to you, for it will be very useful and comforting. Don't think of the adversities that may befall you; the worst of them is death. Should it be a good death, the best adversity would be death. When they asked Julius Caesar, the valiant Roman emperor, what the best death was, he replied that it was the one that was unexpected. Although he was a pagan who did not know the true God, what he said was true because it prevents suffering. It does not matter whether you are killed in the first skirmish or in an explosion or by a cannon: you die, that's all. According to Terence, the soldier who dies in battle is more respectable than

the one who flees in order to survive. The good soldier achieves glory through obedience to his captain and other officers. The soldier prefers the smell of gunpowder to the smell of musk. The destitute old soldier who is covered with wounds and lames in one leg remains an honorable man. Moreover, nowadays some organizations support disabled old soldiers, for it is unfair to treat them like the black slaves who are freed when they are to old to work. Their masters kick them out, and the ex-slaves become poor people who starve and ask death to free them from their sufferings. For now I do not want to say anything more to you, except that you should sit on the crupper of my steed and accompany me to the inn where you will have dinner with me. Tomorrow you will continue on your way; God will be your guide, for you deserve it."

The page did not mount behind Don Quixote, but he agreed to have dinner with him. At this point Sancho said to himself:

"My master is weird. He has just said many wise things, but he also said that he had seen nonsensical things in the Cave of Montesinos. Well, well, we will see."

They reached the inn when night was falling. Sancho was happy to see that his master took it for a real inn and not for a castle, as he usually did. As soon as they entered, Don Quixote asked the innkeeper if the man with the lances and halberds was there. He told him that the fellow was looking after his mule in the stable. The cousin and Sancho proceeded to follow his example. They gave Rocinante the best stall and manger in the place.

CHAPTER XXV.

The adventure of the men who brayed
and the funny one of the puppeteer,
along with the memorable riddles of
the ape that was a fortune-teller.

Don Quixote could not wait to hear the marvelous story which the man conveying the weapons had promised to tell. He went to the place where the innkeeper had said he was. The knight approached him and urged him to answer the question which he had asked on the highway.

"There's no hurry", said the man. "Besides, I must sit down to recount this marvelous story. Wait until I have finished watering and feeding my beast. Then I will say things that will astonish you."

"Don't let that detain you", said Don Quixote. "I will lend you a hand."

That's what he did. He cleaned the manger and gave barley to the mule. The knight's humility impelled the man to tell him with good grace what he wished to know. He sat on a bench, next to Don Quixote. The audience was composed of the cousin, the page, Sancho Panza and the innkeeper. The man began his story in the following manner:

"You know that, in a village located four leagues and a half from this inn, there is an alderman who lost an ass because of one of his maids, who deceived him. He searched for it, but he did not find it. It is said that a couple of weeks or so had gone by when another alderman met him in the village square and said to him: 'You can

congratulate me, for I have found your ass.' 'I will congratulate you', replied the other, 'but, first, tell me where it is.' 'On the hill', he answered. 'I saw it this morning. It did not have a packsaddle or harness of any kind. It was so skinny that I almost cried. I wanted to catch it and bring it home, but it is already so wild and fearful that each time I approached it, it would run away and hide in the most isolated part of the forest. We could fetch it if you like. Let me put this she-ass in the stable and I'll be with you in a minute.' 'That's very kind of you', said the owner of the ass that was lost. 'I will try to repay you.' 'Those who know this story', the man who was conveying the weapons went on, 'tell it in the same way that I am telling it to you.' In short, the two aldermen headed for the hill on foot. When they reached the place where they thought the ass would be, they did not find it. They searched the surroundings, but they did not find it either. The alderman who had seen it said to the other one: 'Look, my friend, I've just thought of a plan that will undoubtedly enable us to discover this animal, even though it has hidden itself in the most isolated place of the hill or in the bowels of the earth. You see, I know how to bray! If you know how to bray, we will catch it easily.' 'Do I know how to bray?', said the other. 'By Jove, I bray better than a man or a donkey!' 'Let us implement that plan right now', said the second alderman. 'Go in this direction; I will go in the opposite direction. We will make a complete circuit of the hill. Every so often we will bray. If the ass is on the ill, it will hear and answer us.' 'I can assure you, my friend', replied the owner of the beast, 'that your plan is excellent and is worthy of your great intelligence.' Then they separated as they had agreed to do. They both brayed at practically the same moment. Since they were fooled by the other's shout, they ran over to each other because they thought that the donkey had reappeared. 'My friend', said the man who had lost the animal, 'was it my ass?' 'No', said the other, 'it was me.' 'Well, in that case', said the owner of the donkey, 'there is not the slightest difference between you and an ass: I have never heard a cry that sounded more like it.' 'This compliment', replied the man who had devised the plan, 'applies to you more than to me, my friend, for I can assure you that you are more skilled in braying than the best expert in the world. In fact, the tone of your voice is high and sustained, the length and rhythm are good, and the vibrato is excellent. In short, I have lost this contest: you are the undisputed champion.' 'In that case', said the owner of the ass, 'since I know that I have a talent, my self-esteem is going to improve. I thought that I brayed well, but I did not know that I was that talented.' 'I will further assert', said the second alderman, 'that talents rarely pass unnoticed and that people must make good use of them.' 'Ours', replied his friend, 'is rarely useful in cases like the present one. I hope that it will be of benefit to us.' Then they parted once more and began to bray. However, they continued to mistake each other for the ass and to meet. Finally, they hit upon a solution. So that they might differentiate themselves from the donkey, they agreed to bray twice in a row. Hence, braying twice, they searched the hill, but the donkey did not answer, nor did they see footprints. Why didn't the poor beast answer them? Actually, in the thickest part of a forest, they found its bones: it had been devoured by wolves. When its owner saw its mortal remains, he said: 'I wondered why it did not answer. If it had not been dead, it would surely have brayed when it heard us or else it would not have been an ass. However, I enjoyed hearing you bray. So I consider that it was worthwhile to look for it, though I found it dead.' 'After you, my friend', the other replied. 'When the abbot sings well, his acolyte is not far behind.'

Hoarse and heartbroken, they returned to their village, where they told their friends, neighbors and acquaintances what had happened to them as they were searching for the ass, each one extolling the other's skill. The inhabitants of the neighboring villages learned of their adventure. The devil, who never sleeps, scattered rancor, discord, gossips and illusion. He had the inhabitants of the other villages bray when they met someone from ours, as if they were mocking our aldermen. Children kept braying: it was hell on earth. Thus, this habit spread from one village to another. Now the natives of our village are famous for this idiosyncrasy and they stand out from the other Spaniards. They have carried their teasing so far that the victims have, on many occasions, formed squadrons and attacked the ones who mocked them. Neither the king, nor fatigue, no fear, nor shame can remedy the situation. Tomorrow or the day after tomorrow, the people who bray, namely the inhabitants of my village, will attack a village located two leagues from ours, which is filled with people who keep persecuting us. Since they must be well armed, we have purchased those lances and halberds. This is the marvelous story I wanted to tell you. If you do not think that it is marvelous, I don't know any others."

With these words, the good man finished his story. At that moment a man came through the gate of the inn. He was wearing a suede doublet, suede breeches and stockings. He asked:

"Mr. innkeeper, do you have any rooms available for tonight? I see a simian fortune-teller and a puppet theatre with an inscription that says: 'The liberation of Melisendra.'"

"Gosh!", exclaimed the innkeeper. "It's Master Pedro. We will have fun tonight."

I forgot to say that Master Pedro had a piece of green taffeta over one eye, which leads me to believe that this side of his face is diseased. The innkeeper went on:

"Welcome, Master Pedro. Where are the ape and the puppet theatre? I don't see them."

"They are nearby", replied the man who wore suede clothes. "I went ahead in order to ask you if you could accommodate us."

"I'd turn the Duke of Alba himself out to accommodate you", the innkeeper assured him. "Bring the puppet theatre and the ape in, for there are people in the inn tonight who will pay to watch the show and the ape's tricks."

"Very well," said the man with the patch. "I will lower my price and will consider myself well paid if I cover my costs. I'll go back now and bring the cart in."

Then he left the inn.

Don Quixote asked the innkeeper who Master Pedro was and inquired about the show and the ape.

"This man", replied the landlord, "is a famous puppeteer who has been roaming the region of Albacete for a while. He performs a show about the liberation of Melisendra by the famous Don Gaiferos. It is one of the most interesting and best-staged plays that have been seen in this part of the kingdom for many a year. Besides, he is accompanied by one of the cleverest apes that we have ever seen. When you ask it a question, it listens carefully to what you say; then it jumps on its master's shoulder and whispers the answer in his ear; then Master Pedro announces it. It can tell you a good deal more about past events than he can about those that are to come. Although it does not always hit on the truth, in most cases it is not mistaken, which leads us to

believe that it is possessed by the Devil. His master gets two reales for every question if the ape answers it—I mean, if his master does after the ape has whispered it to him. Hence, it is believed that Master Pedro is a very rich man. He is a 'good, jovial man', as they say in Italy. He leads a happy life. He talks more than six men, and drinks more than a dozen, all paid for by his tongue, his ape and his puppet show."

At this point Master Pedro returned. He pulled a cart which contained his puppet theater and a big tailless ape with a rump like felt. You know, its face is not ugly. As soon as Don Quixote beheld it, he said:

"Mr. fortune-teller, how are you? Would you mind predicting our future? Here are my two reales."

He ordered Sancho to give the coins to Master Pedro, who replied in the ape's behalf.

"Sir", he said, "this animal does not answer any questions concerning things that are to come, but it may give you some information about the past and the present."

"Good Lord!", exclaimed Sancho. "I don't want anybody to tell me about my past, for I do know what happened to me. It would be foolish to pay you for that. Since it knows the present, here are my two reales. Your Simian Lordship, tell me what my wife, Teresa Panza, is doing right now and how she is amusing herself."

Master Pedro, however, declined to take the money. He said:

"I don't want to be paid until the service has been rendered."

He slapped his left shoulder twice; the ape jumped on it; it put its mouth close to its master's ear and began chattering its teeth very rapidly. Having done this for the length of time it takes to say a Credo, it jumped to the ground once more. Then Pedro ran over to Don Quixote, fell on his knees, embraced the knight's legs and said:

"I embrace these legs as I would embrace the Pillars of Hercules, O illustrious reviver of the forgotten knight-errantry. O Don Quixote de la Mancha, you can never be praised enough, for you revive those who have fainted, give support to those who are about to fall, help those who have fallen and assist and console the unfortunate."

Don Quixote was flabbergasted, Sancho was surprised, the cousin was amazed, the page was astonished, the man from the village where people brayed was dumbfounded and the landlord was bewildered. Actually, those who had heard the puppeteer were frightened.

"And you, O worthy Sancho Panza", the puppeteer went on, "the best squire of the best knight in the world, you can rejoice, for your wife is fine. At the moment, she is heckling a pound of flax. On her left, there is a jug with a large spout, which holds a certain quantity of wine and which is aimed at cheering her up when she works."

"I believe you", said Sancho, "because she is a skilled worker. I wouldn't exchange her for the giantess Andandona, who, according to my master, was an honest, good woman. My wife doesn't let people bully her, although her heirs may suffer the consequences."

"He who reads much and travels the world", observed Don Quixote, "sees and learns many things. In fact, if I had not seen this ape with my own eyes, nothing would have made me believe that some apes are fortune-tellers. I am the man to whom this animal has referred, though it has praised me too much. Whoever I may be, I thank

Heaven for having made me a compassionate man who always helps people and never harms them."

"If I had money", said the page, "I would ask Mr. Ape what will happen to me in the course of my wanderings."

By this time Master Pedro had risen to his feet. He said to the page:

"I have told you that this little beast does not answer questions about the future. If it did, it would not matter whether you had money or not. In order to please Don Quixote, I am willing to sacrifice all profits. Since I want to please him and have promised to entertain him, I'd like to set up my puppet theatre and entertain those people for free."

Delighted with this, the landlord pointed out a place where Master Pedro could set up the puppet theater, which he did immediately. Don Quixote was not really satisfied with the ape's riddles. He thought that an ape should not divine past or present events. So, while the puppeteer was erecting his puppet theatre, the knight and Sancho retired to a corner of the stable where no one could hear them.

"Look, Sancho", he said, "I have considered this ape's ability and I have concluded that Master Pedro, its owner, must have made a *pact* with the Devil, either tacit or *formal*."

"Since this *pack is normal* and belongs to the Devil", said Sancho, "then it must undoubtedly be a big one, but why does Master Pedro need the Devil's pack?"

"You don't understand me, Sancho. I mean that he must have made a deal with the Devil. The latter bestowed that ability upon the ape so that its master might earn money. When he is rich, he will give the devil his soul, which is what this enemy of mankind wants. I believe this because the animal answers only questions about the past or the present, which falls within the scope of the Devil's knowledge. He does not know the future; he can only make guesses. God alone knows the future: for Him there is no past or future but only the present. In fact, this ape is the Devil's puppet. I wonder why they did not denounce it to the Holy Office so that they might interrogate it and force it to tell them who had taught it how to predict the future. This ape is not an astrologer. Neither it nor its master casts or knows how to cast horoscopes, which are so popular in Spain. All the young ladies, pages and cobblers pretend that they know how to cast horoscopes. They say that it is as easy as playing cards. However, because of their lies and ignorance, they spoil science. I know a lady who asked one of these fortune-tellers if her little lapdog was going to have pups, how many it would have and what color they would be. The astrologer, after he had made a calculation, replied that the bitch would have three puppies: one green, one flesh-colored and one striped. However, a male had to mate with it between ten and eleven o'clock, in the morning or at night, on Mondays or on Saturdays. Unfortunately, the bitch died of indigestion two days later. The fortune-teller, like the most skilled ones, continued to be regarded as the best soothsayer."

"Nevertheless", said Sancho, "could you tell Master Pedro to ask his ape if what happened to you in the Cave of Montesinos is true or not? In my opinion, it was a trick, or a lie, or an illusion, if you'll pardon the expression."

"Maybe", admitted Don Quixote. "In any event, I will follow your advice, though I am a bit reluctant."

Master Pedro went and fetched Don Quixote. He told him that the puppet theatre had been set up and that he should go to see it, for it was worth watching. The knight told the puppeteer what was on his mind. He asked him to ask the ape whether certain things that had taken place in the Cave of Montesinos were real or not. It seemed to him that they were partly real and partly imaginary. Master Pedro did not answer. He seized his ape, put it down in front of Don Quixote and Sancho and said:

"Mr. Ape, this gentleman would like to know if certain things that happened in a cave known as the Cave of Montesinos are real or not."

Then he gave the accustomed signal; the animal jumped onto his left shoulder and, to all appearances, began speaking in his ear.

"The ape has told me that the things you saw or took place down there are false and plausible; that's all he can tell you. It says that if you wish to get more information, it will answer any questions next Friday, for it is exhausted now and will not be able to tell your fortune until Friday."

"Didn't I tell you", said Sancho, "that I couldn't believe that the things you said about what happened in the cave were true, not even half of them?"

"Only time will tell", replied Don Quixote, "for time unveils everything and never fails to reveal everything, even the secrets hidden in the bowels of the earth. Let us change the subject, for we must go and see Master Pedro's puppet theatre: I assume that it is a novelty."

"A novelty!", said the puppeteer. "Of course it is. I can assure you, Lord Quixote, that my puppet theatre is one of the most marvelous things in the world. Since I believe in deeds, not words, let's go and see it, for it is growing late and we have much to do, say and show."

Don Quixote and Sancho obeyed him. They went to the place where the puppet theater had been set up. It was uncovered and surrounded by small lighted candles, which made it look very bright and beautiful. Since he had to manipulate the puppets, Master Pedro positioned himself in the rear. One of his servants positioned himself in front of the stage in order to declaim the verses and recount the story. In his hand he held a rod with which he pointed to the puppets as they came out. The guests drew near to the stage. Some of them did not sit down. Don Quixote, Sancho, the page and the cousin sat in the best seats. The narrator began to say what you will read in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The continuation of the funny
adventure of the puppeteer,
along with other things that are really interesting.

All the Tyrians and the Trojans fell silent.

I mean that all the spectators were looking at the lips of the man who was about to tell a marvelous story. They heard the sounds of kettledrums, trumpets and gunshots. This lasted a short while. Raising his voice, the lad said:

“The play you are about to watch is the exact copy of the French chronicles and Spanish ballads declaimed by the children and adults who stroll along those streets. It deals with the manner in which Don Gaiferos freed his wife, Melisendra, who was kept in a prison by the Moors in Spain, in the city of Sansueña, which was the name of Saragossa. Here Don Gaiferos is playing Parchisi, as they say in the song:

Don Gaiferos is playing Parchisi;
Melisendra has already forgotten him.

The character with a crown on his head and a scepter in his hand is Emperor Charlemagne, Melisendra’s putative father. He is angered by his son-in-law’s idleness and carelessness. So he is going to have an argument with him. He is vehement and agitated. It seems that he is going to hit him six times in the head with his scepter. Some authors say that he did so with zeal. He is setting out a lot of arguments which are aimed at convincing him to free his wife so that he may protect his reputation. Then he says to him:

I am fed up; see to it.

The emperor turns his back to the discouraged Don Gaiferos. The impatient, angry man flings the board far from him. He hastily asks for his armor and begs his cousin, Don Orlando, to lend him his sword Durindana. Orlando refuses to do that, but he tells him that he will accompany him on his perilous journey. The valiant, angry Gaiferos declines his offer, for it’s up to him to save his wife. He would have to do so if she hid in the bowels of the earth. He dons his armor and sets off. Look at this tower. I assume that it is one of the towers of the fortress of Saragossa, known as the Aljafería. That lady on the balcony, dressed in the Moorish fashion, is the peerless Melisendra, who, from that vantage point, often looks in the direction of France. She thinks of Paris and of her husband, which enables her to bear her difficult situation. Something new is going to happen. I think that it has never been seen before. Look at this Moor who, silently and slowly, a finger on his mouth, creeps up on her. He kisses her on the lips. She spits immediately and wipes her mouth with the white sleeve of her blouse. She moans and pulls he beautiful hair as if it were to blame for having done her wrong. The solemn Moor you see in that corridor is King Marsilio of Sansueña. He has witnessed the other Moor’s incongruous action. Although this man is a member of his family and a great favorite of his, he has him arrested at once and orders one of his guards to whip him two hundred times, leading him through the busiest streets of the city,

‘With town-criers in front
And judges behind.'

They carry out the sentence quickly, though the offense has barely been committed. The Moors are not like us! In their judicial proceedings, there are no indictments, or warrants, or remand.”

"Child, child", Don Quixote shouted at this point, "don't lose the thread of the story; don't digress; one needs much evidence to establish the facts."

Master Pedro was behind the stage. He said to the narrator:

"Boy, don't embroider the story. Do as this gentleman says; play it safe. Deliver your speech clearly and concisely; don't be verbose: subtleties are beside the point."

"I will do so", replied the lad. Then he went on: "This character on horseback, wearing a cloak with a big hood, is Don Gaiferos himself. This is his wife. She has taken revenge on the bold Moor in love. She has quietly positioned herself on the balcony of the tower. She speaks to her husband, believing that he is some traveler. She speaks a lot and says:

'Gentleman, if you go to France,
Ask for Gaiferos.

I am not going to repeat the ballad, for people get bored when there are too many details. Don Gaiferos takes off his hood. Melisendra smiles, which shows that she has recognized him. She lowers herself from the balcony to take her place on the crupper of her worthy husband's horse… Ah! The edge of the lady's petticoat has caught on one of the iron railings. She hangs in the air; she cannot reach the ground! But Heaven helps people in distress. Don Gaiferos approaches her. He does not care whether or not he damages the elegant petticoat. He brings her down and sits her on his horse in a trice. Like a man, she stands astride the mount. He asks her to put her arms around him so that she will not fall, for Lady Melisendra is not used to riding in that manner. The steed neighs, which shows that it is happy to bear a courageous man and a pretty woman. They leave and joyfully take the road to Paris. Go in peace, O true, peerless lovers! May fortune enable you to reach safety in your beloved fatherland. May your friends and relatives enjoy your company as you spend the many remaining days of your life in peace."

Here, once again, Master Pedro shouted:

"Be clear; don't be verbose; affectation is bad."

The narrator did not answer. He continued as follows:

"Many people saw Melisendra descend from the balcony and mount her husband's horse. They informed King Marsilio that they were fleeing. So the king asked some of his servants to ring the bells. The inhabitants of the city rush out. The entire city resounds with the sound of bells, which peal at the top of the mosques."

At this point Don Quixote interrupted him. "No", he said, "Master Pedro is mistaken, for the Moors don't use bells but kettledrums and a kind of flute which resembles our flageolet. Hence, this business of bells ringing in Sansueña is nonsense."

When he heard this remark, Master Pedro stopped ringing the bells.

"Don't be so persnickety, Lord Quixote", he said; "perfection does not exist. Lots of plays that are performed almost every day are full of mistakes and nonsense. However, they are popular and people admire them. Go on, boy, and let him talk. So long as I fill my wallet, it does not matter if there are more mistakes in my show than there are atoms in the sun."

"That's true", Don Quixote replied.

The lad went on:

"Lots of horsemen leave the city. They go in search of the Catholic lovers; we hear trumpets, flutes, drums and tabors. They might reach them and bring them back tied to the tail of their own horse, which would be a dreadful sight."

The sight of this noisy Moorish crowd moved Don Quixote to think that it would be a good idea to help the fugitives. He rose to his feet and cried:

"Never as long as I live and in my presence will I let anybody mistreat this famous knight, this bold lover: Don Gaiferos. Halt, lowborn rabble! Stop pursuing and persecuting them, or else I will attack you!"

He drew his sword and rushed over to the puppet theatre. The restless, angry knight began to slash at the Moorish puppets, knocking some of them over, beheading others, cutting the legs of this one and destroying that one. He slashed at them many a time. He made a downward movement: if Master Pedro had not ducked, the knight would have cut off his head more easily than if it had been made of marzipan.

"Hold it!", cried Master Pedro. "The things you are knocking down, destroying and killing are not real Moors but papier-mâché puppets. Woe is me, you are ruining me!"

However, he could not prevent the knight from raining slashes, down- strokes, back-strokes and double-handed blows on the puppets. Finally, in less time than it takes to say two Credos, he knocked down the entire puppet theater and cut the ropes and puppets up: King Marsilio was badly wounded while Emperor Charlemagne had both his head and his crown split in two. The audience were agitated; the ape fled over the roof of the inn; the cousin, the page and Sancho Panza were frightened. Sancho, as he said after the tempest, had never seen his master in such a towering rage. When the destruction of the puppet theater had been completed, Don Quixote calmed down a bit and said:

"I'd like to confront those who refuse to acknowledge that knights-errant are useful. If I had not been present, what would have become of the worthy Don Gaiferos and the beautiful Melisendra? I feel certain that those dogs would have captured them and played a trick on them. Long live knight-errantry! It is superior to anything on earth."

"Long live knight-errantry", said Master Pedro in a faint voice. "As for me, I am going to die. I am so unfortunate that, like King Rodrigo, I can say:

Yesterday l was king of Spain;
Today I don't own
A single fortress.

Not half an hour ago, not half a minute ago, kings and emperors obeyed me. My stables were filled with countless horses and my trunks and bags with an enormous number of uniforms. Now I am devastated and downhearted because I am a poor beggar. Above all, I have lost my ape. Because of this knight's pointless wrath, I will get it back when pigs fly. It is said that he protects orphans, rights wrongs and does other good deeds, but he has been unkind to me. Blessed be God forever! The *Weepy Knight* made my puppets *weep tonight*."

Sancho Panza was deeply moved by the puppeteer's words. He said to him:

“Don’t cry, Master Pedro; don’t bemoan your misfortune; you are breaking my heart. I can tell you that my master is a good Catholic; if someone made him realize that he did you wrong, he would pay you an indemnity for the damage he caused.”

“I’d like him”, replied the puppeteer, “to pay for a part of the repairs. Should he do so, I would be happy and he would have a clear conscience. He who has stolen someone’s property and does not give it back cannot stay alive.”

“That is true”, said Don Quixote, “but I haven’t stolen anything from you, Master Pedro.”

“How so?”, replied Master Pedro. “I guess that your mighty arm scattered and annihilated the puppets that are lying there on the hard, barren ground. They belonged to me. How did I earn my living?”

Don Quixote said: “What I believed is right: the enchanters who persecute me make me see figures which they turn into other things. Frankly, sir, what took place here seemed real. Melisendra, Don Gaiferos, Marsilio and Charlemagne were lifelike, which is why I became so angry. In order to obey the rules of knight-errantry, I tried to help the fugitives, and I did what you saw. It was a disaster because of what did the villains who persecute me, not because of what I did. Although my mistake is not based on malevolence, I want to pay you an indemnity for the destroyed puppets. Tell me what I owe you, Master Pedro, and I will give you good, new Castilian coins.”

Master Pedro bowed to him and said:

“I expected no less of a good Christian who is also a courageous man. Don Quixote, you are the true protector of poor vagabonds. The innkeeper and the great Sancho will act as appraisers and arbiters. They will value the damaged puppets.”

Both the landlord and Sancho acceded to his request. Then Master Pedro picked up the beheaded King Marsilio of Saragossa.

“As you can see”, he said, “it is impossible to restore this king to his former state. So I think that fair compensation for his death should amount to four and a half reales.”

“Proceed”, said Don Quixote.

“As for this one who is split open from top to bottom”, Master Pedro went on, taking in his hands the disemboweled Emperor Charlemagne, “it would not be too much if I asked five reales and a quarter.”

“That’s not a small sum of money”, said Sancho.

“Nor is it a big one”, replied the innkeeper. “Give him five reales.”

“No, give him five reales and a quarter”, said Don Quixote. “The intermediate total of this memorable disaster does not hang on a quarter more or less. Please, hurry up, Master Pedro, for it is dinnertime and I feel like eating.”

“This puppet”, continued Master Pedro, “without a nose and with one eye missing, is that of the beautiful Melisendra; for it I ask, and I think I am right, two reales and twelve maravedis.”

“She and her husband”, said Don Quixote, “must have reached the French border, at the very least, for the horse they ride seems to fly rather than gallop. Don’t try to fool me: this thing without a nose is not Melisendra, since she is in France, sleeping with her husband! Master Pedro, everyone has to answer for his or her sins. So, let’s be honest. You may continue.”

Since Don Quixote was talking nonsense again and getting back to the first subject, he tried to make him focus on the first one. Hence, he said to him:

"This is not Melisendra but one of her maids. If you give me sixty maravedis, I will be happy and I will consider that it is a good indemnity."

In this manner, he valued all the puppets that had been destroyed. These estimates were adjusted by the two arbiters to the satisfaction of both parties. The total came to forty reales and three quarters. Sancho promptly handed the money to Master Pedro, who asked for two reales more because it would be difficult to catch the ape.

"Give them to him, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "not because he must catch the ape, but because he needs to quench his thirst! I would also give two hundred reals right now to anyone who could assure me that Melisendra and Don Gaiferos were in France with their family."

"No one can tell you that better than my ape", said Master Pedro, "but nobody can catch it now. I guess that its fondness for me and hunger will compel it to search for me. So let's wait until tomorrow."

The puppet theater affair ended. They made peace and had dinner at Don Quixote's expense, who was extremely generous. Before daybreak the one who was conveying the lances and halberds departed. Shortly after sunup the cousin and the page bade farewell to Don Quixote; the former headed for his village, while the latter resumed his journey with twelve reales in his purse, which had been offered by Don Quixote. Master Pedro did not want to gossip with the knight, whom he knew very well now. So he got up before sunrise, caught his ape, gathered up the remains of his puppet theatre and left. As for the innkeeper, who did not know Don Quixote's madness, he was surprised at it and at his generosity. Finally, the knight ordered Sancho to give him a substantial sum of money. They bade farewell to him and, around eight in the morning, they left the inn and took to the road once more. Let us leave them here, for I must clear up certain other matters that are connected to this famous story.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The identities of Master Pedro and his ape
and the sad outcome of the adventure
of the villagers who brayed,
which Don Quixote did not conclude as he had planned.

Cid Hamete, the author of this great book, begins this chapter with these words: "I swear as a Catholic Christian..." This leads the translator to remark that, since he was a Muslim, the use of this idiomatic expression showed that he wanted the readers to believe what he said about Master Pedro and the ape that predicted the future, which enraptured all the inhabitants of the region.

Then he says that whoever has read the first part of this story will remember Ginés de Pasamonte, who was one of the galley slaves whom Don Quixote freed in the Sierra Morena, a good deed which did not lead those rascals to thank him. Ginés de Pasamonte, whom Don Quixote called Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the man who stole

Sancho's ass. Because of the printers, there is no information about the theft in the first part, which has led many readers to assert that the author forgot to write a chapter. In fact, Ginés stole the donkey when Sancho was asleep. He used the stratagem that Brunelo used in Albraca, when he took the horse out from between Sacripante's legs. Then Sancho recovered his beast as has been recounted. Ginés feared that he would be sued for the innumerable offences and crimes he had committed. They were so many and so great that he had written a big book on them. He decided to go to the kingdom of Aragon, cover his left eye with a patch and become a puppeteer, for he knew how to *manipulate puppets and people*.

Hence, he had purchased the ape of a Christian who came from Northern Africa and had been released. He taught it to jump on his shoulder and whisper or pretend to whisper in his ear when he made a certain sign. Before he entered a village with his puppet theatre, he used to search for a gossip who lived in the outskirts of this village. He or she would tell him what special events had taken place there and which individuals were involved. Then he would commit the information to memory. When he entered a village, he set up his puppet theatre. He did not perform the same play on each occasion, but all of them were amusing and famous. When the performance was over, he introduced his ape and said that it was able to predict the past or the present, not the future. He charged two reales for each question answered, but sometimes he cut prices when the listeners were in a bad mood. At times, when he was in a village in which had taken place events that he knew, although the villagers did not ask him anything because they did not want to pay, he made a sign to the ape to jump on his shoulder. Then he said to them that the ape had told him such and such things that corresponded to what had happened in the village. By this means, he became very famous and everybody wanted to watch his show. He was intelligent: sometimes the answers were so imprecise that they seemed to fit in with the questions! Since no one asked him to explain how his ape did it, he surprised them all and earned a lot of money.

When he entered the inn, he recognized Don Quixote and Sancho. So it was easy to astonish them both and all the onlookers. However, it would have cost him dearly if the knight had dropped his hand a little more when he cut off King Marsilio's head and destroyed his cavalry, as told in the preceding chapter.

So much for Master Pedro and his ape. As for Don Quixote de la Mancha, after he had left the inn, he resolved to reconnoiter the banks of the Ebro and the surrounding area before entering the city of Saragossa, for there was still plenty of time to spare between then and the day of the tournament. With this in mind he continued his journey for a couple of days. Nothing important happened to him. On the third day, as he was ascending a hill, he heard the loud sounds of drums, trumpets and gunshots. At first, he thought that a regiment was passing by. In order to see it, he spurred Rocinante and rushed over to the top of the hill. Then he looked at the foot of this hill and saw more than two hundred men armed with different kinds of weapons, such as lances, crossbows, halberds, pikes, a few muskets and many bucklers. He rode downhill; he was close enough to see their banners and make out their colors and mottoes. He noticed a triangular one made of white satin, upon which was painted a small lifelike Sardinian donkey, with its head raised, its mouth open and its tongue out; it seemed that it was braying. Around it, in large letters, were written these verses:

Both judges
Did not bray in vain.

Don Quixote surmised that these soldiers came from the village where people used to bray. That's what he said to Sancho. He also told him what was written on the banner. He added that the man who had informed them of this affair was mistaken: according to the motto, two judges had brayed, not two aldermen.

"Sir", responded Sancho, "perhaps the aldermen who brayed became judges. So we can call them by either title. Besides, the identities of the people who brayed do not alter the story, for a judge can bray just as well as an alderman."

Finally, they learned that the inhabitants of a certain village attacked those who mocked them more than was right or neighborly. Don Quixote went up to them, which upset Sancho, for he did not like to embark on such expeditions. The soldiers opened ranks to receive him, for they believed that he belonged to the squadron. With determination and self-control, he raised his visor and rode up to where the banner was. All the officers gathered around him in order to observe him. They were as astonished as the persons who beheld him for the first time. Seeing them gazing at him so attentively, before anyone had spoken or asked him a single question, he decided to break the silence. Raising his voice, he said:

"Gentlemen, I beg you not to interrupt me unless I annoy you. Should this happen, you would have to make a sign, which would lead me to close my mouth and bite my tongue."

They told him that he might say whatever he liked, for they would be glad to listen to him. So he went on:

"Gentlemen, I am a knight-errant, a warrior who aims to help the needy and all the people who need my help. Some days ago I learned of your misfortune and the reason that led you to take up arms against your enemies. I have considered the matter and I think that, according to the code of honor, you have utterly misread the situation. In fact, you have not been insulted, for an individual cannot insult an entire community unless, not knowing who is guilty of some act of treason, he defies it as a body responsible for the offense committed by one of its members. For instance, Don Diego Ordoñez de Lara challenged all the inhabitants of Zamora because he did not know that Vellido Dolfos alone had killed his king. Hence, he insulted them all and all of them had to take revenge on him. However, Don Diego went too far, for he insulted the dead, water, the loaves of bread, the unborn and other small things that are recorded elsewhere. What will happen? When there is a lot of anger, nobody can tame the nasty tongues! This being true, an individual cannot insult a kingdom, or a province, or a city, or a state, or an entire town. Obviously, it is foolish to avenge such an insult since it really is not one. Many people are insulted because they live in a certain place. Children and ordinary people have nicknamed some villagers she-clocks, the fussy ones, the idiots, the whale calves, the soaps, etc. It would be great if these distinguished villagers took revenge on the people who mocked them and drew their swords each time they criticized them a little. No, no, God forbids such things. There are four conditions under which intelligent men and orderly states may take up arms, draw their swords and risk their lives and fortunes. Firstly, in order to defend the

Catholic faith; secondly, in order to defend their lives, which is in accordance with natural and divine law; Thirdly, in order to protect their reputation, family and possessions; fourthly, in order to serve their king in a just war. We could add a fifth condition, which could be regarded as the second one and which would be to defend their country. To these five main justifications for war, other just, reasonable causes may be added. Those who take up arms because of unimportant, or secondary, or stupid reasons are fools. Moreover, unjust vengeance — this kind of vengeance is always unjust — is not in accordance with the holy rules that we follow, which compel us to treat our enemies well and love those who hate us. It is a bit difficult to obey this command, especially for the bad Christians who value the flesh more than they value the mind. Jesus Christ, the true God and true man who never lies because He is our legislator, said that His yoke was enjoyable and His burden was light. Hence, he wouldn't ask us to obey laws that are impossible to follow. Consequently, the divine laws compel you to desist."

"My master", said Sancho to himself, "is a theologian; at least, he seems to be one."

Don Quixote paused for breath. Since they were silent, he wanted to continue with his speech, but Sancho took advantage of the pause and showed them that he was witty. He said:

"My master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, formerly known as the Weepy Knight and who is called the Knight of the Lions now, is a learned gentleman who knows both Latin and Spanish like a graduate. He is a good soldier who gives people good advice. He knows all the laws of dueling by heart. So there is nothing to do but obey him; I can assure you that you won't regret your decision. He has told you that it is foolish to lose your temper just because you hear someone braying. When I was a lad, I brayed when I felt like it. Nobody tried to stop me. I did it so well that all the asses in the village answered me. However, I did not cease to be the son of my parents, who were honorable persons. Though some prominent members of our community envied me this talent, I did not become a show-off. I am telling the truth. You know, this science is like swimming: once you have learned it, you never forget it. Let me show you something."

He put his fingers on his nose and began braying so lustily that all the neighboring valleys echoed with this sound. A man who was standing near him, thinking that he was mocking them, raised the staff that he held in his hand and hit Sancho so violently that the latter fell heavily to the ground. Seeing his squire thus mistreated, Don Quixote raised his lance and attacked the man who had hit him. However, many soldiers interposed themselves between him and Sancho's attacker, which led him to stop dead. Since they were stoning him and innumerable crossbows and muskets were aimed at him, he turned Rocinante's head and fled at the best gallop the horse could run. Needless to say, he beseeched God to rescue him. So he kept drawing in his breath to make sure he had not a hole in his lungs.

The members of the squadron let him flee. They did not shoot at him. As for Sancho, as soon as he had regained his composure, they placed him on his mount and let him follow his master. He was physically unable to ride the beast, but the donkey followed Rocinante's footprints, for it could not bear to be separated from its companion for a single moment. When he was a good distance away, Don Quixote

turned his head and saw that Sancho was coming. The knight halted because nobody was pursuing them.

The soldiers remained there until nightfall. Since their enemies refused to do battle with them, they rejoiced at the news and returned to their village. Had they been familiar with the custom of the ancient Greeks, they would have erected a monument on that spot.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Here the reader will learn what
Benengeli said if he reads attentively.

When the deception is discovered, the brave man flees: intelligent men always hide and wait for better times. This truth was brought out in the case of Don Quixote, who, having annoyed the villagers and led the soldiers to attack, fled. He did not care about Sancho's safety. He put much distance between himself and those men in order to protect himself against them. Sancho followed, lying across his donkey in the manner that has been described. He finally regained his senses, reached Don Quixote and, bruised and impatient, slid from the donkey's back to Rocinante's feet. The knight dismounted to examine his squire's wounds. Since the latter was in good shape, he said angrily:

"You shouldn't have brayed! One must never say the word 'rope' in the house of the hanged man. You brayed and they beat you. You should thank God, Sancho, for they made the sign of the cross on your face with a club, not with a scimitar."

"I won't answer you", replied Sancho, "for I don't want to bad-mouth anybody. Let's mount and leave. I won't bray anymore, but I am willing to admit that knights-errant often flee and let their faithful squires fall into the hands of their assailants, who beat them up."

"He who retires to some place", said Don Quixote, "does not flee. You know, Sancho, the courageous man who is not prudent is reckless: his victories are to be attributed to good luck rather than to courage. I must confess I went away, but I did not flee. I copied the behavior of many brave knights who preferred to wait for better times. Lots of books deal with this. I won't refer to them because you won't derive any benefit from that. Besides, I don't feel like doing so."

Don Quixote helped Sancho to mount his ass. Then he mounted Rocinante. Riding their mounts slowly, they headed for a grove that was a quarter of a league away. Sancho kept sighing and moaning. His master asked him why he was moaning. He replied that his back ached, which was driving him crazy.

"You ache", remarked Don Quixote, "because they used a long straight club that hit your back, which hurts now. If the club had hit your back more, your back would hurt more!"

"Good Lord!", exclaimed Sancho. "Your compelling arguments have removed my doubts about the cause of my pain. It was so mysterious that you had to tell me that I ached because a club had hit my back. If my ankles hurt, the cause of the pain would be mysterious, but it is easy to determine the cause of the pain in my back, for they have beaten me up. In truth, sir, we don't care about the misfortunes of others. Now I

am aware that you are not very helpful. This time you have let them beat me. Another time, or a hundred times more, they will toss me in a blanket again and mistreat me once more. Those minor hassles could cost me dear now. I would do a lot better if I wasn't an idiot who will never do anything well as long as he lives. I should go home to support my wife and raise my children with the money God will give me. I should not follow you along roads that lead nowhere and highways and byways that don't deserve the name, with little to drink and less to eat. As for sleeping, I take seven feet of ground; if I want more, I take another seven; it's up to me to decide. Then I stretch out. I'd like to see the man who invented knight-errantry burn and crumble into dust, or at least the first man who wanted to become the squire of those fools, for all the knights-errant of times past were fools. I won't say anything about the knights of today because you are one of them. So I must respect them. Moreover, I know that you are much more intelligent than the Devil himself."

"Since you are speaking in this manner", said Don Quixote, "I guess that you feel better. So let's amuse ourselves. Say anything you wish, for it will relieve your pain, which will lead me to like what I usually dislike: your impertinence. Honestly, I won't prevent you from going home, for you are anxious to see your wife and children. I am going to give you some money. Tell me how long it has been since we left our village this third time and what your wages should be each month. Then take the money."

"When I worked for Bartholomew Carrasco", replied Sancho, "the father of the student Sansón Carrasco, your acquaintance, I earned two ducats a month and get the board. However, I don't know what you should give me, for the squires of knights-errant work more than farmhands. The work in the fields is hard, but when night falls, we eat a hot meal and sleep in a bed; I haven't slept in one since I started serving you, except for the short time we spent at Don Diego de Miranda's house. I also ate delicacies, which were in Camacho's pots, and ate a lot, drank a lot and slept well in Basilio's house. The rest of the time I slept out in the open, on the hard ground, underneath the inclement sky, as they say. I ate scraps of cheese and crusts of bread. I drank water from the brooks and springs we found in the godforsaken places we crossed."

"I confess", said Don Quixote, "everything you say, Sancho, is true. I should give you more money than Bartholomew Carrasco did, but how much?"

"As for my wages", said Sancho, "I'd like you to give me a couple of reales more each month. Since you have promised to make me the governor of an island, you should add another six reales, which would make thirty reales altogether."

"Fine", Don Quixote agreed. "It has been twenty-five days since we left our village. So calculate the total on the basis of the wage you think you ought to get. Then tell me how much money I owe you and, as I have said, take it."

"Gosh!", cried Sancho. "Your reckoning is inaccurate, for, as far as the governorship of the island is concerned, we have to count the days from the moment when you promised it to me until now."

"Well", said Don Quixote, "when did I make that promise?"

"If I'm not mistaken", replied Sancho, "it was more than twenty years and three days more or less ago!"

Don Quixote slapped his forehead, burst into laughter and said:

"Sancho, I began my journey in the Sierra Morena barely two months ago and you are telling me that I promised you that island twenty years ago! Actually, you want to get all the money I have. Since this is your decision, I hereby give it to you; it is yours from now on. Enjoy it. I'd rather be a penniless tramp than employ so nasty a squire. But tell me, you pervert who does not want to follow the rules of knight-errantry that apply to squires, do you really believe that a squire has ever ordered his master to give him a certain amount of money every month in return for serving him? O rogue, rioter, monster, plunge into that ocean of books! Should you find a squire who ever did or thought of doing the thing you have just said, I would say that you are dishonest and would stick my tongue out at you four times. Turn the reins or the halter of your ass and go back home: I don't want you to accompany me. O ungrateful man! O promises I shouldn't have made! O brutish man! You are leaving me now, although I was about to make you a lord in spite of your wife's opinion. You are leaving me just when I had resolved to make you governor of the best island in the world! In short, as you have said before, I am casting pearls before swine. An ass you are, and an ass you shall remain! You will die before you ever realize that you are a beast."

Sancho stared at Don Quixote as the knight scolded him. He was so remorseful that he began to cry. He said in a weak, grief-stricken voice:

"Dear sir, I must confess I am a jackass without a tail. If you give me one, I will serve as a beast of burden until I die. Forgive me, sir; I am an idiot; you know that I am an ignoramus. I speak a lot because I am sick, not because I am wicked. Those who make mistakes and correct them please God."

"No wonder", said his master, "you set some proverbs in your speech. Very well, I forgive you, but you must behave yourself and be less selfish. Wait for the fulfillment of my promise. It may happen late, but it will happen."

Sancho assured him that he would do so, contriving somehow to draw strength from weakness.

By this time they had reached the grove. Don Quixote sat down at the foot of an elm and Sancho at the foot of a beech: trees of this sort and others like them always have feet but no hands. Sancho did not sleep well: his aches returned because of the night dew. Don Quixote was, as usual, deep in thought. However, the two men slept a bit. At sunrise they resumed their journey to the banks of the famous Ebro, where they had an adventure that will be recounted in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The famous adventure of the enchanted rowing-boat.

Naturally and eventually, two days after leaving the grove, Don Quixote and Sancho reached the River Ebro. The knight was happy to behold it. He admired its sweet banks, transparent, sparkling waters and gentle current, which brought back a thousand good memories. He recalled the things he had seen in the Cave of Montesinos. Although Master Pedro's ape had said that a part of those things were true and the rest were lies, he regarded them all as true, whereas Sancho considered them as false.

As they were going along the bank in this manner, they came upon a small boat without oars or rigging of any kind. It was lying at the water's edge, being moored to the trunk of a tree. Don Quixote looked around and did not see anybody. He dismounted from Rocinante and ordered Sancho to get down off the ass and tie both animals very securely to a poplar or a willow that stood nearby. When Sancho wanted to know the reason for all this, his master answered him as follows:

"I feel certain, Sancho, that the rowing-boat you see there is undoubtedly enticing me to enter it and steer it in order to rescue some knight or other personage who must be in a hopeless situation, for that is the way it is in the books of chivalry, in the stories where enchanters act and speak. When a knight is in a difficult situation and can be helped only by another knight who is two or three thousand leagues away, or even more, the enchanters either sit him on a cloud or provide him with a small boat. In the blink of an eye, they carry him through the air or over the sea, wherever they wish to take him and where people need his help. O Sancho! This boat is placed here for the same purpose. I am firmly convinced of that. Before this day is over, tie Rocinante and the donkey together. God will help you. I would not refrain from embarking if barefooted friars asked me to do so."

"That is the way it is", replied Sancho, "and you want to take part in what I call a foolish enterprise. There is nothing I can do but obey you and kowtow to you, for, as the saying goes, 'If you obey your master, he will invite you to dinner.' I feel morally compelled to tell you that this boat doesn't belong to an enchanter but to some fisherman, for you catch the best twait shad in the world in this river."

Sancho said this as he was tying the beasts. It grieved him to entrust them to enchanters, but Don Quixote told him that he did not need to worry about this lack of care, for the enchanter who would lead them along those *endless roads* and through far-off regions would feed them.

"I don't know anything about *tasteless roots*", said Sancho, "nor have I ever heard this expression."

"Endless road", Don Quixote explained, "means that the road is very long. But you don't know this expression because you are not obliged to learn Latin, like some people who think they know it but don't master it."

"They are tied", said Sancho. "What do we do now?"

"What do we do?", replied Don Quixote. "Cross ourselves and weigh anchor – I mean board the ship and cut its moorings."

He leaped into the boat; so did Sancho. Then he cut the rope. The rowing-boat began drifting slowly away from the bank. When it was some two yards out in the river, Sancho started trembling with fear. He thought that he was lost. He heard the ass bray and saw Rocinante pull hard on the rope to break loose, which saddened Sancho incredibly. He said to his master:

"The ass is heartbroken because we are leaving him, and Rocinante wants to escape so that he may follow us. Peace be with you, O beloved creatures! May the madness that compels us to leave you be transformed into disillusionment so that we may see you again!"

As he said this, he began weeping so bitterly that Don Quixote got angry and said:

"What are you afraid of, chicken? Why are you crying, sissy? Who is pursuing or attacking you, fearful mouse? You have everything you need. Are you wandering barefoot through the Carpathian Mountains? No, you are not. You are seated like an archduke on a bench as you drift with the gentle current of this pleasant river, which is about to make us reach the seashore. We must have gone seven or eight hundred leagues by now. If I could measure the latitude of the North Pole with an astrolabe, I would tell you exactly how far we have traveled. I guess that we have passed, or soon will pass, the equinoctial *line* which lies between the two opposite poles at an equal distance from each."

"When we reach that *lane*", said Sancho, "how far will we have traveled?"

"Very far," said Don Quixote, "for, when we reach the line I have mentioned, we will have crossed half of the three hundred and sixty *degrees* of water and earth that the globe contains, a distance found by *Ptolemy*, the greatest geographer of all time."

"By Jove!", exclaimed Sancho. "You are insulting a nice chap. You have called him a *polemic* and a *derby*!"

Don Quixote laughed at this misunderstanding. He said to his squire:

"The Spaniards and foreigners who embark at Cadiz in order to go to the East Indies know that they have passed the equator when all the lice that are in the ship die. I said all the lice. So, Sancho, run your hand over your thigh: if you find anything that's alive, it will remove our doubts about that. If you find nothing, this piece of information will prove that we have passed the equator."

"I don't believe a word you say", declared Sancho. "Nevertheless, I will obey your command, although I don't know why we have to conduct all these experiments. You know, we are not five yards away from the bank, nor has the boat drift two yards away from the spot where the animals stand. Rocinante and the ass are still where we left them. Locate a stable visual point as I am doing now; you will see that we are not moving any faster than an ant."

"Comply with my instructions", said Don Quixote; "don't let your mind wander, for you know nothing of colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoxes, planets, signs, and points, which are elements that compose the earth and the celestial bodies. Should you be acquainted with all these things, or even a part of them, you would know what parallels we have crossed, what zodiacal signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left and are now leaving behind us. But I tell you again: feel your body and find the truth. I feel certain that you are cleaner than a smooth white sheet of paper."

Sancho did so and, having run his hand gently all the way down to the inside of his left knee, he raised his head, looked at his master and said:

"Either the test is a false one or we are not close to the place where you say we are."

"What have you found?", asked Don Quixote.

"Something and a bit more!", said Sancho.

He shook his fingers and dipped his entire hand in the river, which was carrying the boat gently downstream. No invisible enchanter or supernatural power was moving it. It was the current that enabled it to drift very smoothly.

At that moment they beheld some big watermills that stood in the middle of the river. No sooner had Don Quixote seen them than he shouted:

“Do you see that, my friend? This is a city, or a castle, or a fortress. They detain a knight, or a queen, or a wounded princess. I have been brought here to rescue him or her.”

“What city, or fortress, or castle are you talking about?”, said Sancho. “Those constructions in the middle of the river are watermills. They grind wheat there.”

“Hush, Sancho”, Don Quixote admonished him; “they look like watermills, but they are not. I have already told you how enchanters transform things into other things. I do not mean that they transform one true thing into another true one. In fact, they just change the appearance of things and people, which is what the transformation of Dulcinea, only person who gives me hope, showed.

By this time the boat was in midstream and was not moving as gently as it had been up to then. The millers saw this boat coming down the river. They thought that the whirlpools produced by the mill wheels would sink it. So they rushed out to stop it. Many of them carried poles. Since their faces and clothes were covered with flour, they resembled scary ghosts.

“Wicked men!”, they shouted. “Where are you going? Are you desperate? Do you want to drown yourselves or be crushed by those wheels?”

“Didn’t I tell you, Sancho”, said Don Quixote, “that we had come to a place where I would have to display the might of my arm? Look at those rogues and rioters who have come to meet me! Look at those monsters who want to attack me! Those ugly creatures are grimacing at us! You are going to see it, barbarians!”

Standing up in the boat and shouting, he began to insult the millers. He said to them:

“Wicked, ill-advised rabble, free the persons whom you oppress and have locked in that fortress or prison, whatever their ranks or professions. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise known as the Knight of the Lions. God has ordered me to bring this adventure to a successful conclusion!”

Saying this, he drew his sword and pointed it at the millers, who, hearing but not understanding these nonsensical remarks, used their poles to prevent the boat from entering the millrace.

Sancho had kneeled down in order to beseech God to protect him from this imminent danger, which was done thanks to the immediate reaction of the millers: they succeeded in stopping the boat with their poles. However, the rowing-boat kept whirling around, which made Don Quixote and Sancho fall into the river. The former swam like a gander, but the weight of his armor made him sink twice. If the millers had not dived into the river to haul these uncooperative men out, they would have died.

As soon as they had been brought to land, completely drenched and not thirsty, Sancho kneeled down again, clasped his hands, looked up and implored God to protect him from his master’s drives and undertakings. The fishermen who owned the boat, which had been smashed by the mill wheels, came up to them. When they beheld the wreckage, they fell upon Sancho and undressed him. They asked Don Quixote to pay them an indemnity for the damage. The phlegmatic knight told the millers and the fishermen that he would be glad to pay for the boat if they freed the person or persons whom they held in that castle.

"What persons and what castle are you talking about, stupid idiot?", one of the millers asked. "Do you want to take away those who come to grind wheat in these mills?"

"That's enough!", said Don Quixote to himself. "It is useless to convince this rabble to do a good deed. In the course of this adventure, I have come across two powerful enchanters. One undid what the other attempted to do: one gave me the boat, whereas the other destroyed it. May God help us all; in this world, there are lots of deceptions and plots; the ones are aimed at scuttling the others. I am fed up!"

Gazing at the millers and raising his voice, he went on:

"My friends, you who are locked in this prison, forgive me. Unfortunately, I cannot rescue you: this adventure must be reserved for some other knight."

Having said this, he and the fishermen reached an agreement. He paid fifty reales for the boat; Sancho handed them the money reluctantly and said:

"A couple of more boat rides like this one and we will be *drowning… in debts!*"

Both fishermen and millers were bemused by these men who were so different from the common run of men. They were unable to understand what Don Quixote was saying to them. They regarded the knight and his squire as crazy. So they left them. The millers returned to their mills and the fishermen to their shanties. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to the place where their animals were and *became bipeds again*. Thus ended the adventure of the enchanted rowing-boat.

CHAPTER XXX.

Of what happened to Don Quixote
when he met a beautiful huntress.

The knight and his squire were in a bad mood and sad when they returned to the spot where their beasts were. Sancho was terribly upset by the lack of money. He felt dizzy each time his master paid. Without uttering a word, they mounted and rode away from the banks of the famous river. While Don Quixote was thinking of his beloved Dulcinea, Sancho was thinking of the riches he would get. They seemed unattainable, for, although he was an idiot, he knew that most of his master's actions were insane. He believed that, on some occasion, he would slip away and return home without getting into an argument with him. Fortune, however, decided otherwise.

The next day, as they emerged from a wood at sunset, Don Quixote scanned a green meadow. At the end of it, he beheld a group of people. As he Drew closer, he saw that they were falconers. He drew near still and he saw among them a stylish lady ridding a white palfrey or hackney with green trappings. She was seated on a sidesaddle decked with silver trinkets. The lady was also clad in green. Her dress was so pretty that she looked pretty. A goshawk was perched on her left hand, which led Don Quixote to believe that she was the leader of the hunters, which proved to be true.

"Run, Sancho", he said, "and tell the lady of the palfrey and the goshawk that I, the Knight of the Lions, am bedazzled by her beauty. If Her Highness grants me permission, I will come and kiss her hands and serve her as my strength may enable me and Her Highness may order. Be polite; don't bother her with your proverbs."

"I never bother people with proverbs", replied Sancho. "Besides, this is not the first time in my life that I've given important ladies messages."

"You have given Lady Dulcinea a message", said Don Quixote, "but, to the best of my knowledge, you have not delivered any other message on my behalf."

"That's true", admitted Sancho, "but he who promises to do something keeps his word, and where there is money one never starves. I mean to say you don't need to tell me to behave in a certain way, for I am intelligent enough to handle any situation."

"I believe you, Sancho", his master assured him. "So, you may go. God will help you."

He spurred his donkey, which, for once, hastened its pace. Sancho reached the place where the beautiful huntress was. He dismounted, kneeled before her and said to her:

"Beautiful lady, that knight, known as the Knight of the Lions, is my master. I am his squire. My name is Sancho Panza. The Knight of the Lions, formerly known as the Weepy Knight, has sent me here to ask Your Highness to allow him to satisfy a desire. I think and he says that he wishes to serve *Your Haughty Comely Feathered Highness.* Should you accede to his request, it would redound to your benefit and would please him enormously."

"I will, of course", replied the lady. "You have behaved with proper decorum. Please, rise, for the squire of the great Weepy Knight, whom we know, must not remain on his knees. Rise, my friend, and tell your master that I and my husband, the duke, invite him over; our country house is not far from here."

As Sancho rose, he was as much impressed by the lady's beauty as by her courtesy. It surprised him that she should knew his master, the Weepy Knight. She had not called him the Knight of the Lions because this was is new name. The duchess, whose name he did not know, went on:

"Tell me, Mr. squire, is your master the knight whose adventures are related in a book entitled *The Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha* and whose girlfriend is Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"It is he, Madam", replied Sancho, "and I am his squire. I am Sancho Panza. I appear in the novel unless I was *switched at birth* with another baby – I mean the printer *switched his attention* to something else and did not print the chapters that describe my life."

"I am very happy to hear all this", said the duchess. "Go, brother Sancho, and tell your master that I will be pleased to invite him over."

Sancho was delighted with this invitation. He trotted towards his master, to whom he repeated what Her Grace had told him. In his own rustic way, he extolled her beauty, elegance and courtesy. Don Quixote straightened, settled himself firmly in the stirrups, adjusted his visor, spurred Rocinante and decided to head for the duchess' house in order to kiss her hands. In the meantime, as Don Quixote was approaching, the duchess saw her husband so that she might tell him what the knight had said. Since they had read the first part of this story and knew that he was a lunatic, they were extremely eager to make his acquaintance. They decided not to contradict him. As long as he stayed with them, they would treat him as a knight-errant. They would perform the customary ceremonies described in the books of chivalry, which they had read, for they liked them very much.

With his visor raised, Don Quixote arrived at their house. He began to dismount. Sancho wanted to hold his master's stirrup in order to help him to dismount, but he was so unlucky that, as he descended from his ass, he caught his foot in one of the ropes of his packsaddle. He could not untangle it; he was left hanging there with his face and chest on the ground. Don Quixote was not used to dismounting without his stirrup being held. Thinking that Sancho was already there to hold it, he stepped on it, slipped and made Rocinante's saddle move: it was not securely fastened. Then both he and the saddle fell to the ground. Ashamed, he kept saying to himself that Sancho was an idiot. The unfortunate squire's foot was still attached to the rope.

The duke ordered the hunters to help the knight and squire: they lifted Don Quixote, who was badly bruised. Nonetheless, he limped along as best he could and kneeled before the duke and the duchess. The duke did not want him to do so. He dismounted from his horse, embraced his guest and said:

"Mr. Weepy Knight, I feel sorry for you: your first appearance at my house is not a great success, but the carelessness of squires always leads to disaster."

"What really happened to me, valiant prince", replied Don Quixote, "was not a failure, although I fell to the bottom of an abyss. In fact, I succeeded in meeting you, which is a great honor. My squire is an idiot who prefers to *unbridle his tongue* rather than *bridle a horse*. However, in whatever state I may be (fallen, or erect, or on foot, or on horseback) I will always serve you and the duchess, your worthy consort, who is a beauty queen and the epitome of courtesy."

"You know, Lord Quixote", said the duke, "Dulcinea del Toboso is prettier than any other woman."

Sancho Panza, whose foot was not attached to the noose anymore, was nearby. Before his master could answer, he said:

"Lady Toboso is very pretty indeed, but things often happen when you least expect them to. I have heard folks say that nature is a potter who makes ceramic goblets: he who makes a beautiful goblet can make two, or three, or a hundred. I say that because Her Grace is almost as pretty as Lady Toboso."

Don Quixote turned to the duchess and said:

"Your Highness, as you can see, my squire is extremely talkative and funny. He will make Your Excellency realize that I speak the truth if you allow me to serve you for a few days."

"I regard Sancho's humor as a good thing", replied the duchess, "for it shows that he is intelligent. You know, humor and wit do not go with a dull mind. Since Sancho is both funny and witty, I regard him as an intelligent fellow."

"And a talkative one", added Don Quixote.

"So much the better", said the duke, "for one must use many words to tell a joke. But follow me, Lord Weepy Knight; we must not waste time talking."

"You should call him Knight of the Lions", said Sancho. "Both the *Weepy Knight* and the *weepy poser* have disappeared into thin air."

"Well Mr. Knight of the Lions", the duke went on, "you should come to a castle of mine that is nearby. You will be treated like royalty, which is how we treat all the knights-errant who visit us."

Sancho had saddled Rocinante and securely fastened the girths. Don Quixote mounted Rocinante; the duke mounted a handsome steed; the duchess was between

them. They headed for the castle. The duchess asked Sancho to come closer to her, for she enjoyed listening to his witticisms. Sancho did not have to be told twice: riding in the center of the group, he joined in the conversation, which pleased the duke and the duchess, who were only too happy to invite such a knight-*errant* and his *brilliant* squire over.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Of many great things.

Sancho was extremely happy to be liked by the duchess, for he believed that, in her castle, he would find what he had found in the houses of Don Diego and Basilio. Since he was a glutton, he never refused to feast whenever he could.

The author says that, before they reached the country house or castle, the duke went ahead to tell all his servants how they had to treat Don Quixote. When the knight and the duchess arrived at the entrance to the castle, two lackeys or stable boys came out. They were wearing robes made of fine crimson satin. They hurried to help the knight to dismount and said to him:

"Your Highness should go and help the duchess to dismount."

He went up to to the duchess and tried to persuade her to let him take her in his arms, but the duchess wanted the duke to help her to dismount. She said that a distinguished knight had not to carry out such a task. Finally, the duke helped her down. Then they entered a large patio. Two beautiful maidens set a scarlet cloak over Don Quixote's shoulders. The male and female servants positioned themselves in the galleries that overlooked the courtyard. All of a sudden, they shouted:

"Welcome, O epitome of knight-errantry."

All or most of them spilled scented water on the knight, the duke and the duchess, which stupefied Don Quixote. He fully realized that he was a true knight-errant, not an imaginary one, for, according to the books he had read, he was being treated in the very same manner in which knights-errant of old were treated.

Sancho moved away from his donkey and came closer to the duchess. Then they entered the castle. The squire had a guilty conscience because he had left the ass alone. He approached a dignified duenna who, with other women, had exited the palace to welcome the duchess. He said to her:

"Mrs Gonzalez, or whatever your name may be..."

"My name is Lady Rodriguez de Grijalba", the duenna replied. "May I help you, brother?"

"Yes, you may", said Sancho. "Could you go to the castle gate, where you will find my gray ass, and tell someone to put him in the stable or put him there yourself, for the poor beast is a bit fearful and cannot stand being alone."

"If the master is as intelligent as the servant", replied the duenna, "we are in trouble. Now is not the right time to do such a thing. Put your donkey in the stable yourself, for the ladies who live here are not used to performing such a task."

"In truth", said Sancho, "I have heard my omniscient master say that,

When Lancelot came from Britain,

Ladies took care of him
And duennas looked after his hack.

As for my donkey, I wouldn't trade him for Lancelot's hack."

"Brother", said the duenna, "since you are a jester, you should joke with people who consider this as funny and will pay you for this, for I won't give you anything but a fig."

"It will be a ripe one", Sancho answered, "for you are not a babe!"

"Son of a whore!", cried the duenna, who was very angry. "My age is my business and god's, not yours, you garlic-stuffed rascal!"

Her voice was so loud that the duchess heard her. She turned her head and saw that the duenna was excited and that her eyes were full of rage. So she asked who was the person with whom she was quarreling.

"This man here", replied the duenna. "He urged me to stable his donkey, which is in front of the castle gate. He told me that somewhere some ladies took care of a certain Lancelot and some duennas looked after his horse. Besides, he called me an old hag."

"That's a very offensive remark", said the duchess; "I would be very shocked if someone told me this."

Turning to the squire, she went on:

"I can assure you, my friend, that Lady Rodriguez is very young. She wears a bonnet because she is dignified and used to doing so, not because she is old."

"I did not mean to hurt that lady", said Sancho. "I said this because I love my donkey and thought that I could not entrust him to a kinder person than Lady Rodriguez."

Don Quixote, who had been listening all the while, said to him:

"This is not the right place to bring this up."

"Sir", replied Sancho, "everyone must say what he has to say wherever he may be. I happened to think of my ass here and I spoke of him here. If I had thought of him in the stable, I would have spoken of him there."

"Sancho", said the duke, "is right about that. So you don't have to blame him for anything. I will have it put in the stable. Don't worry, Sancho; it will be treated as well as its owner."

What the duke said pleased everybody but Don Quixote. They went upstairs and led the knight into a room decorated with gold cloth and brocade. Six damsels, acting as his pages, removed his armour. The duke and duchess had told them what they had to say and do and how they had to behave toward Don Quixote so that he might believe that he was treated like a knight-errant. Their guest stood there in his tight-fitting breeches and chamois-skin doublet. He was skinny, tall and erect. His cheeks seemed to be kissing each other on the inside of his mouth. If the maids had not refrained from laughing, which was one of the orders their employers had given them, they would have roared with laughter.

They asked permission to undress him so that he might put on a shirt, but he refused, saying that knights-errant were as modest as they were courageous. He told them to give the shirt to Sancho. The two men shut themselves in a room where there

was a sumptuous bed. The knight undressed and put on the garment. Being alone with Sancho, he said to him:

"Tell me, you old clown turned into a thug, do you think that you were right to insult that respectable woman? Was it the right time to think of your ass? Do you think that people who treat their guests so well are used to letting their animals be mistreated? For God's sake, Sancho, behave yourself; try to make a good impression on them; don't enable them to find that you are an oafish commoner. Bear in mind, sinner, that the more respectable and well bred are the servants, the more respected are their master. One of the great advantages that princes have over other men is that their servants are as good as they. Don't you know, distressed man, that, if they see that you are a crude peasant or a silly clown, they will believe that I am a charlatan or a cheat? No, no, my friend, avoid those problems, for he who stumbles when he talks and tells a joke will be looked upon as a boring jester if he falls when someone trips him. Shut up and think twice before you speak. We have reached a stage where, thanks to God and my strong arms, we will be famous and wealthier."

Sancho earnestly promised to bite his tongue before saying intelligent, appropriate things, as his master had ordered. The knight did not have to worry about that because he would not let them discover who they were. Don Quixote put on his clothes, strapped on his baldric and his sword, set a scarlet cloak over his shoulders and donned a cap made of green cloth, which the damsels had given to him. Dressed in this manner, he descended to the great hall, where the maids had lined up in two equal rows in order to present him with what was needed for washing his hands. Then they poured water over his hands with decorum.

Twelve pages and the seneschal entered the hall to lead him into the dining room, where the duke and the duchess were awaiting him. They gathered around him and escorted him, with pomp and dignity, into another room where a beautiful table was laid with four places only. The duke and duchess came to the door to welcome him; they were followed by a grave clergyman, one of those who live in the houses of princes and who, since they are not princes, are unable to teach princes how to behave like princes. He was a narrow-minded man who misjudged great men. He taught the faithful to be thrifty and turned them into misers. This grave clergyman, who was that kind of man, the duke and the duchess welcomed Don Quixote. Actually, they exchanged lots of greetings. Walking between the duke and the duchess, the knight drew near to the table. Then they took their seats.

The duke invited Don Quixote to sit at the head of the table. Although he declined, the duke was so insistent on this point that he gave in. The clergyman took the seat opposite him, while the duke and duchess sat at the sides. Sancho, meanwhile, was watching all this. He was thunderstruck, for those personages treated the knight with decorum and respect. As he saw the duke beseech Don Quixote to sit at the head of the table, he could not refrain from saying:

"With your permission, I'd like to tell you a thing that happened in my village and which deals with seats."

No sooner did he hear these words than Don Quixote began trembling, for he thought that his squire was going to talk nonsense. Sancho saw that he was afraid. He said:

"Don't panic; I'm not going to disobey you or talk rubbish. I haven't forgotten what you told me a while ago about the way I talked."

"I don't remember anything", replied Don Quixote. "Say what you like so long as you say it quickly."

"What I am about to tell you", Sancho went on, "is true; my master, who is here, will not let me lie."

"So far as I am concerned, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "you can lie, for I won't correct you. But watch your mouth!"

"I will watch it, but I won't close it. The one who boos is in a safe place, as you will see."

"Your Highnesses should force this fool to leave the room", remarked Don Quixote, "for he will talk nonsense."

"Good Lord!", exclaimed the duchess. "I don't want Sancho to leave; I like him very much, for he is very intelligent."

"Not as intelligent as Your Holiness", said Sancho. "I thank you for liking me, though I don't deserve it. The story I want to tell you is this: in my village, there was a gentleman, a very rich and important one because he is a member of a family called Los Álamos de Medina del Campo. He married Lady Mencía de Quiñones, who was the daughter of Don Alonso de Marañón, a knight of the Order of Santiago who was drowned at La Herradura. He was the cause of that quarrel, in our town, some years ago, in which my master, Don Quixote, was mixed up. Tomasillo The Naughty, son of Balbastro The Blacksmith, was wounded... Isn't all this true, sir? Tell them what's what, for I don't want people to take me for a talkative liar."

"Up to now", said the clergyman, "I have taken you for a prattler rather than a liar, but I cannot say what I will take you for later on."

"You cite so many witnesses, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "and give so many details that I think that you are telling the truth. But go on with your story and be brief, for, at the rate you are going, you will not be finished in a couple of days."

"He must not shorten it in order to please me", said the duchess. "Let him tell it in his own way. Even if it took six days, they would be the best days of my life."

"Well, then, as I was saying", continued Sancho, "this gentleman whom I know very well, for, from my house to his, it's only the distance of a crossbow shot, invited a farmer who was poor but respected..."

"Go on, brother", said the clergyman at this point, "otherwise you won't be finished with your story until you die."

"I will stop when I am less than halfway there", replied Sancho. "As I was saying, this farmer came to the house of this gentleman who had invited him over… May he rest in peace, for he is dead now. It is said that he died in the arms of an angel, but I wasn't there; I had gone to Tembleque, for the harvest..."

"For God's sake", said the clergyman, "return from Tembleque right now; don't bury the gentleman unless you want to bury more people; finish your story."

"That's what I want to do", Sancho went on. "As the two of them sat around a table... I remember that moment very well..."

The duke and duchess were *happy* to see that the clergyman was *unhappy* because Sancho recounted the story very slowly. As for Don Quixote, he was consumed with rage.

“As I was saying”, Sancho repeated, “the two of them sat around the table. The farmer insisted that the gentleman should sit at the head of the table and the gentleman insisted that the farmer should do so because, in his house, his orders had to be obeyed. However, the farmer, who was courteous and well-behaved, did not want to comply with his order until the sulky gentleman laid both hands on the farmer’s shoulders and forced him to seat down, saying: ‘Sit down, you uneducated miller, for wherever I sit will be the head of the table for you.’ That’s the story. Truth to tell, I don’t think my speech is inappropriate here.”

Don Quixote blushed. The two aristocrats, who had understood Sancho’s joke, hid their faces because they did not wish to embarrass the knight. In order to change the subject and prevent his squire from telling jokes, the duchess asked the knight if he had heard from Lady Dulcinea and if she had ordered him to attack a few giants and evildoers lately, for she thought that he had defeated a good number of them.

“Dear madam”, he replied, “although my misfortunes had a beginning, they will never have an end. I have defeated giants and I have ordered rioters and evildoers to go to her place, but they won’t find her, for she is enchanted and has been turned into the ugliest peasant girl that could be imagined.”

“She is not ugly”, said Sancho Panza. “I regard her as the most beautiful creature in the world. She is as light and nimble as an acrobat. Your Grace, she leaps from the ground onto the back of a she-ass like a cat.”

‘Have you seen her, Sancho, since she has been enchanted?”, the duke asked.

“Yes, I have”, responded Sancho. “I am the first person who made those enchantments out. She is as enchanted as my father.”

When the clergyman heard them say giants, rioters and enchanters, he realized that the knight was Don Quixote de la Mancha. The duke used to read a certain book that dealt with his history. He had often rebuked him for reading such a silly novel. Since he was firmly convinced that his suspicions were correct, he turned to the duke and addressed him angrily.

“Your Excellency”, he said, “you must tell God what this good man does. I guess that this Don Quixote, or Don Simpleton, or whatever his name is, is not that crazy, though you afford him the opportunity to act foolishly.”

Then he addressed Don Quixote and said to him:

“As for you, crackpot, who has led you to believe that you are a knight-errant who defeats giants and captures evildoers? Go away; return to your house; bring up your children if you have any; look after your property; stop wasting time wandering the world, which makes people laugh, whether they know you or not. Where did you ever come upon any knights-errant alive or dead? Where are there giants in Spain, or bandits in La Mancha, or enchanted Dulcineas, or any of the other silly things they say about you?”

Don Quixote listened very attentively to what the venerable man said. When the angry knight saw that he had finished, lacking respect for the duke and the duchess, he jumped to his feet and said...

But his answer deserves its own chapter.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The answer which Don Quixote gave to the man who rebuked him, along with other events, some serious and some amusing.

Don Quixote rose from his seat. He was shaking like a leaf. His voice began to quaver. He said:

"The place where I am, the person whom I face and the respect I have always showed for Your Reverence's profession prevent me from flying into a just rage. For theses reasons and because I know that women and learned men use the same weapons — namely their tongues — I will use mine to challenge you to a duel, though I expected you to give me good advice, but you scolded me! Well-intentioned religious reprimands require other circumstances and justifications. You shouldn't have rebuked me so rudely in public. The first reprimand should be mild rather than bitter. He who does not know of the sin should not call the so-called sinner a fool. That being said, Your Reverence, which foolish action of mine has led you to condemn me, criticize me and ask me to return home, look after the management of my affairs and take care of my wife and children, though you don't know whether or not I have a wife or children? Why do you enter by hook or by crook other people's houses to have control over their owners, although you were brought up in some poverty-stricken seminary and have never left your region? Do you think that you can criticize knights-errant and the rules of knight-errantry? Is it useless to wander the world in order to ignore its beauties and seek its harshness, which enables the virtuous to become immortal? If the knights, the grandees, the righteous and the aristocrats took me for a fool, I would be terribly offended, but I don't care about the opinion of the learned men, for they don't know what chivalry is. I am a knight and will remain one until I die, God willing! Some men cross the broad field of arrogant ambition; others take the road of despicable flattery; some choose the way of deceptive hypocrisy and others that of true religion. As for me, I am influenced by my star: I follow the narrow path of knight-errantry. Hence, I despise wealth but not honor. I have righted wrongs, avenged grievances, chastised the insolent, defeated giants and knocked monsters out. I am in love because knights-errant are always in love. However, I am not a womanizer but a chaste lover. My intentions are always worthy ones: I help everybody and never harm anyone. Your Highnesses, tell me if a man with such a purpose and who accomplishes it deserves to be called a simpleton."

"Please, sir", Sancho implored him, "don't give them any more information about you, for there's nothing more to be said, imagined, or repeated. Moreover, since this gentleman said that knights-errant did not exist, it is little wonder that he doesn't know what he is talking about."

"Brother", said the clergyman, "are you by any chance Sancho Panza, a squire to whom, according to some people, his master has promised an island?"

"It is I", replied Sancho. "I deserve it as much as anybody else. I know that when someone befriends a good man, he becomes a good man. I am not a gentleman, but people enjoy my company. I am one of those men who serve personages in order to receive privileges. I have made friends with a good master. I have been traveling with him for many months. God willing, I will become a knight-errant. Long life to him and

long life to me! He will find lots of empires to rule and I will find lots of islands to govern."

"Of course, you will, my friend", said the duke at this point, "for, in the name of Don Quixote, I hereby bestow a small island of mine upon you. It is an island of quality."

"Kneel down, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "and kiss His Excellency's feet, for he has offered you an expensive gift."

Sancho kneeled down. The clergyman was angry. When he saw this, he rose from the table and said:

"As a holy man, I feel compelled to tell you that you are as crazy as these sinners. They are crazy because sane people endorse their madness. Stay with them if you like, but as long as they are in this house, I won't change my mind and will continue condemning what I cannot remedy."

Without uttering another word or eating anything more, he left the room, despite the entreaties of the duke and duchess. In fact, the duke did not speak a lot because the unexpected reaction of the churchman made him laugh.

"Mr. Knight of the Lions", he said to Don Quixote when he had finally stopped laughing, "your answer is so complete that there I nothing more to say. This may appear to be an insult, but it is not, for, as you know, churchmen, like women, cannot insult people."

"That's true", agreed Don Quixote, "because he who cannot be offended cannot offend anybody. Since women, children and churchmen cannot protect themselves against the people who offend them, they cannot be insulted, for, as you know, between an offense and an insult there is this difference: he who can insult someone and keeps doing so is used to insulting people, whereas he who is not used to insulting others can offend them. Let us take an example. An unsuspecting man is in a street. Ten armed men come up and start beating him. He draws his sword and does what he has to do, but there are too many opponents: they prevent him from avenging himself. This man is offended but not insulted. Let us take another example. A man is standing with his back turned when another man comes up, beats him up and then flees. He pursues his assailant, but he is unable to overtake him. So we may say that the one who was hit was offended but not insulted, for the insult is not recurrent. If the man who struck him, even though he did it by stealth, drew his sword and aimed it at his enemy, the latter would then be both offended and insulted. He would be offended because he was struck by stealth. He would be insulted because the one who delivered the blow did not turn tail but told him that he was in the right. So, according to the illegal rules of dueling, I may have been offended but not insulted, for neither women nor children can be upset, nor can they flee or stay where they are. The same goes for clerics because these three groups of people lack both offensive and defensive arms. Hence, although they ought to defend themselves, they must not do so in order not to offend anybody. A moment ago I said that I might have been offended, but now I say no, not at all, for he who cannot be insulted must not insult anyone. Consequently, I do not regard what this good man said to me as insults. He should have waited a while in order to afford me the opportunity to make him realize that he was wrong in thinking that knights-errant did not exist. If Amadís had heard him, or one of the many members of his family, His Reverence would have been mistreated."

"That's true", said Sancho. "He would have slashed him open from top to bottom like a pomegranate or a ripe melon. Those men were not patient. I feel certain that if Rinaldo of Montalbán had heard what the little man said, he would have slapped him so hard that he would have remained silent for three whole years. In fact, if he provoked them, they would injure him."

What Sancho said made the duchess burst into laughter. In her opinion, he was even funnier and crazier than his master. There were many people at that time who agreed with her. Finally, Don Quixote quieted down and they finished eating. As they cleared the table, four damsels appeared. One was carrying a silver basin and another a silver ewer. The third one was carrying two fine white towels on her shoulder. The fourth, whose arms were bare to the elbow, was holding a piece of Neapolitan soap in her white hands (they were undoubtedly white). The girl with the basin came up and, moving with grace and ease, she placed it under Don Quixote's beard. The knight did not say a word. He was quite astonished at this ceremony. He believed that washing the beard in place of the hands was a local custom. Hence, he stretched out his neck as far as he could. At that very moment the damsel with the ewer began to pour water over his moustache. The girl with the soap started to scrub it most energetically, raising snowflakes out of the lather that covered not only the beard of the obedient knight but also his entire face, which compelled him to keep his eyes closed.

The duke and duchess, who were totally unprepared for all this, waited to see what the outcome of these extraordinary ablutions would be. The female barber, when her victim was covered with a palm's breadth of lather, pretended that the water had run out. She asked the maid with the ewer to fetch some more while Don Quixote waited. The knight's figure was extremely weird and funny. All those present, and there were many of them, stared at him, at his neck half a yard long and quite brown, his closed eyes, and his beard full of soap. They had difficulty refraining from laughing. The damsels who had thought up the joke looked down. They did not dare to look at the two aristocrats, who were happy and angry at the same time. They did not know what to do: punish the girls for being bold or congratulate them for the pleasure of seeing Don Quixote in such a situation.

Finally, the girl with the ewer came back and they finished bathing the knight. Then the girl who carried the towels rinsed and dried him calmly. Having done this, the four damsels curtsied deeply to the knight. They wanted to leave the room, but, so that he might not discover the plot, the duke called to the girl who carried the ewer and said:

"Come here, wash me and make sure there is plenty of water."

The quick-witted girl promptly placed the basin in front of the duke, as she had done with Don Quixote. The maids hurried to wash, lather, rinse and dry him. Then they curtsied to their master and went away. We learned later that the duke had sworn that if they had not bathed him as they had bathed the knight, he would have punished them for their carelessness. Since they had begun to lather him, which was a good idea, the duke had already changed his mind.

"So help me God!", muttered Sancho as he watched this ceremonial bathing. "Are the inhabitants of this region used to washing squires' beards as well as knights'? By Jove, I need to wash mine, and I want them to shave me."

"What are you saying, Sancho?", the duchess inquired.

"I was just saying that in the castles of other princes, according to some people, when they clear the table, they bring water, not soap. You know, it's good to live a long time because you can see a lot of things. However, They also say that he who has a long life has to go through much trouble, though having a bath like that gives us pleasure; it is not a problem."

"Don't worry, my friend", said the duchess, "for I will have my damsels *wash you*, and they will even *brainwash you* if necessary."

"I'll be satisfied with the beard", replied Sancho, "for the moment at least. As for the future, God knows what will happen."

"Seneschal", called the duchess, "ask the good Sancho what he wants and give it to him."

The seneschal replied that he would be happy to serve Mr. Sancho. Then he went to eat, taking the squire with him, while the duke, the duchess and Don Quixote remained at the table. They discussed many different matters, all of them having to do with warfare and knight-errantry. The duchess asked her guest, since he had a good memory, to describe the features of Dulcinea del Toboso, who was renowned for her beauty. She was certainly the fairest creature in the world and even in all of La Mancha. As he heard this, Don Quixote heaved a sigh and said:

"If I could take out my heart and set it on a platter, here, on this table, in front of you, my tongue would not have to tell you what can hardly be imagined, for you would see her portrait. I am not going to describe in minute detail the beautiful Dulcinea, for I do not feel competent to do so. The brushes of Parrhasius, Timanthes and Apelles and the chisels of Lysippus should immortalize her in paintings, marble statues and bronze tablets. The Ciceronian or Demosthenic rhetoric should praise her."

"What does Demosthenic mean, Lord Quixote?", asked the duchess. "I have never heard this word."

"Demosthenic rhetoric", Don Quixote explained, "is the way Demosthene spoke. Ciceronian is a quality that is characteristic of the work and thought of Cicero. They were great orators."

"That's true", said the duke. "You are a bit absent-minded, dear", he said to the duchess. "Anyway, we'd like Don Quixote to describe her. I feel certain that a simple outline will lead the fairest ladies to envy her."

"I should do so", said Don Quixote, "but a misfortune that befell her a short while ago – which is so pitiful that I don't feel like describing her – made me forget her features. I must tell you that, some days ago, when I went to kiss her hands and ask her to allow me to embark on this third adventure, she was enchanted. The princess had turned into a peasant girl, the beautiful creature into an ugly one, the angel into a devil, the scented rose into rotten meat, the well-spoken, calm lady into a restless boor, the radiant girl into a specter. In short, Dulcinea del Toboso had turned into an inhabitant of Sayago."

"Good Lord!", cried the duke at this point. "Who has destroyed the world in that manner? Who has destroyed the beauty that made it look beautiful, the grace that charmed it and the honesty that redounded to its benefit?"

"Who?", Don Quixote repeated. "One of the many wicked enchanters who keep persecuting me! Those cursed men were born to annihilate the achievements of the virtuous and exalt those of the wicked. These enchanters persecuted me, are

persecuting me, and will persecute me until I and my deeds are forgotten. They want to hit me where it hurts, for when someone takes away the lady friend of a knight-errant, he deprives him of the sun that enables him to see and the food that allows him to live. I keep saying that a knight-errant without a lady friend is like a tree without leaves, a building without foundations, or a shadow without the body that casts it."

"We have exhausted this subject", observed the duchess. "However, according to the book on your life, which was recently published in this region and which people adore, you have never met her, if I am not mistaken. In fact, she does not exist; she is a ghost; you created her in your mind, and you believe that she is a perfect human being."

"It's a long story", replied Don Quixote. "God knows whether Dulcinea exists or not. It is not easy to determine that kind of thing. I have not created her, for I contemplate her as one must contemplate a lady who possesses the qualities that may render her famous worldwide: flawless beauty, dignity without haughtiness, chastity, courtesy that comes from good breeding, and, finally, highborn ancestors, for noblewomen are always more beautiful than pretty female commoners."

"That's true", said the duke. "I have read the story of your exploits; let me remind you that if a very pretty Dulcinea living in or out of El Toboso exists, her family is not as prominent as the families of Oriana, or Alastrajarea, or Madasima, or other ladies who appear in the novels that you know so well."

"I can tell you", Don Quixote answered, "that Dulcinea is the daughter of her work, that virtues ennoble the blood and that a virtuous commoner is more estimable than a wicked aristocrat. Moreover, Dulcinea has qualities that may lead her to become a queen, for a woman who is beautiful and virtuous can perform miracles. Hence, she may achieve greater goals."

"When you speak", remarked the duchess, "you are very methodical. So, from now on, I will believe and make people who like her, including the duke, believe that a beautiful noblewoman called Dulcinea lives in El Toboso and that she deserves to be served by Don Quixote, which is the best compliment I can pay her. However, I am still confused and a bit angry at Sancho Panza, for the book I have mentioned says that when Sancho gave Lady Dulcinea a message from you, she was winnowing a sack of buckwheat, which leads me to question her exalted lineage."

"Madam", replied Don Quixote, "all or most of the things that happen to me are different from what happens to other knights-errant, for the unpredictable will of the wizards or the malice of some envious enchanter pulls a few strings. We know for a fact that most of the famous knights-errant cannot be enchanted or that their flesh is so dense that they cannot be wounded. For instance, Orlando, one of the Twelve Peers of France, could be wounded only in the sole of his left foot, with no other weapon whatever than a large pin. Before Bernardo del Carpio killed him at Roncesvalles, he saw that he could not reach him with his sword. So he put his arms around him, lifted him up and strangled him, which is the manner in which Hercules killed Antaeus, the ferocious giant who pretended to be the son of the earth… From this I can infer that I may have a talent of this sort. However, I can be wounded, for experience has taught me that my flesh is tender and penetrable, and I can be enchanted, for they caged me up by means of witchcraft. Since I was able to break that spell, I think that nobody can hurt me. Hence, since those enchanters cannot play a trick on me, they take revenge on

the person whom I worship. They want to kill me by mistreating the lady for whom I live. I think that when my squire took my letter to her house, those enchanters turned her into a peasant girl who was tasked with winnowing grain, which is an inglorious job. However, I have already said that the grain was neither buckwheat nor wheat but oriental pearls. In order to demonstrate this, I must tell Your Highnesses that, when I came to El Toboso, not long ago, I could not find Dulcinea's palace and that, the very next day, Sancho, my squire, saw her in her proper form, which is the most beautiful of any on earth, whereas I saw a vulgar, ugly and stupid peasant girl, although the true Dulcinea is the most intelligent person in the world. Since I was not enchanted or could not be, it is she who was enchanted, injured and transformed. My enemies took revenge on me via her. I will be sad until she is restored to her former condition. I have said this because I want people to forget that Sancho said that Dulcinea was winnowing or sifting grain, for, since they altered her appearance to deceive me, it is little wonder that they played the same trick on him. Dulcinea is a well-born personage. Her aristocratic family comes from El Toboso. There are lots of respectful ancient aristocratic families in that village. Thanks to the peerless Dulcinea, this place will be, for better reasons, more famous than Troy was when Helen was alive or Spain when Cava dwelt there. On the other hand, I can tell you that Sancho Panza is one of the funniest squires who ever served a knight-errant. Sometimes his stupid remarks are so insightful that it is fun to try to determine whether he is stupid or insightful. He is as wicked as a barbarian and as careless as a dunce. He doubts everything and believes everything. When I think that he is going to say something stupid, he makes a witty remark, which leads me to admire him. I would not exchange him for another squire, even if they threw in a city. Hence, I think that you should not send him to the island which you bestowed upon him, though he has a flair for governance. If he sanded down his mind, he would become a great governor and would succeed in making people pay their taxes. Moreover, experience has taught us that neither much competence nor much knowledge is necessary in order to be a governor: lots of people who are almost illiterate are very good governors. They must have good intentions and make good decisions; there will always be a lot of counselors who will tell them what to do, which is what happen to illiterate governors who are assisted by assessors. I will introduce Sancho to them later on. They will help him to govern his island."

The duke, the duchess and Don Quixote were talking in this manner when they heard the sound of many voices and a great hubbub in the palace. All of a sudden, Sancho burst into the room. He was frightened. Someone had tied a napkin around his neck. He was followed by a large number of lads, or rather scullions and other helpers. One of them carried a bucket filled with dirty water, which proved that it was dishwater. He insisted that he should place the bucket under Sancho's beard. One of his colleagues wanted to wash the squire.

"What's the matter, brothers?", the duchess asked. "What's the matter? What do you want this good man to do? Don't you know that he has just been appointed a governor?"

"This gentleman does not want to let us wash his beard", replied the barber-scullion, "as is the custom and as we washed his master and the duke."

"I want to be washed", said Sancho wrathfully, "but with cleaner water and towels and hands that are not so dirty. There is not so much difference between my

master and me: it is unfair to wash me with dirty water, whereas he was washed with scented water! The customs of countries and the palaces of princes are good so long as they do not cause any pain. This custom of bathing is worse than flagellation. My beard is clean and does not need to be freshened up in that way. Pardon my frankness, but if anyone tries to wash me or touches a hair of my head – I mean my beard – I will hit him so hard that my fist will be embedded in his skull. These *symphonies [ceremonies]* and *dilutions [ablutions]* are jokes. You don't treat guests in that manner!"

Sancho's wrath and words made the duchess laugh heartily, but Don Quixote was unhappy with his squire's situation: the dirty napkin and the scullions who were teasing him made him look ridiculous. Bowing deeply to the duke and duchess, as if he asked permission to speak, the knight turned to the rabble and said calmly:

"Listen to me, gentlemen. Leave this young man alone and go to the place from which you came or anywhere else. My squire is as clean as any other man. He likes those buckets no more than he does slim, narrow-mouthed wine jars. So, you'd better leave him alone, for we don't understand those jokes."

At this point Sancho could not refrain from saying:

"Hold it! Let them play a joke on this bumpkin. I will put up with that since it's nighttime now. Let them bring a comb or whatever they like and brush my beard. If they find something dirty, I will allow them to shave me."

"Sancho Panza", said the duchess, who was still laughing, "is absolutely right: he is clean. As he has told us, he does not need to wash. So, if he dislikes our custom, let him do as he likes, all the more so because the ministers of cleanliness have been too careless, uncooperative and, perhaps, audacious, for they have brought this bearded personage a wooden bucket and tea towels in place of a gold basin, a gold ewer and towels made of Holland linen. You are wicked, low-born hooligans who cannot refrain from bullying the squires of knights-errant."

The mischievous servants and the seneschal, who had come with them, believed that the duchess was speaking in earnest. They removed the napkin from around Sancho's neck. Confused and embarrassed, they went away and left him there. Since he was free from what he regarded as a supreme peril, the squire kneeled in front of the duchess and said:

"Great ladies are to help people greatly. In order to repay your kindness, I need to be dubbed a knight-errant so that I may spend my life serving so important a personage. I am a peasant. My name is Sancho Panza. I am married and I have children. I am a squire. If these qualities interest you, I will obey all your orders as soon as you give them."

"Sancho, it seems", replied the duchess, "that courtesy has taught you courtesy. I mean to say that you have been breast-fed by Don Quixote, who is the crème de la crème of courteous knights and a great specialist in ceremonies or symphonies, as you say. Both of you are exceptional human beings; one of you is the North Pole of knight-errantry, while the other is the star of faithful squires! Arise, my friend, I am going to repay you for your courtesy and have the duke give you, as soon as possible, what he has promised you: a governorship."

Their conversation ended. Don Quixote retired to a room to have a rest. The duchess told Sancho that, if he was not too tired, he could spend the afternoon with her and her damsels in a very cool room. He replied that, although it was true that he

was used to taking, in the summertime, a nap that lasted for four or five hours, in order to please her, he would resist the temptation to sleep and come to her apartment. Meanwhile, the duke gave new orders: Don Quixote had to be treated as a knight-errant in every way. Everybody had to behave exactly in the way that was described in the books that dealt with knights-errant of old.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The delightful conversation that the duchess
and the damsels had with Sancho Panza,
which is worthy of being read and remembered.

The book says that Sancho kept his word: he did not take a nap. He ate on the run and went to see the duchess. Since she enjoyed listening to him, she insisted that he sit on a stool, beside her. He declined politely. The duchess told him that he should sit as a governor and talk as a squire, for both positions made him deserve the seat of El Cid Campeador himself. Shrugging his shoulders, Sancho obeyed and sat down. Then the damsels and the duennas gathered around the duchess. They were silent and awaited the beginning of his story, but the duchess was the one who spoke first. She said:

"Now that we are alone, with no one to hear us, I'd like Mr. Governor to clarify a few points that obscure the story of the great Don Quixote, which has already been published. For instance, the worthy Sancho never saw Dulcinea —I mean Lady Toboso. He never brought her Don Quixote's letter, for it was in the notebook that the knight carried to the Sierra Morena. Why did he make up the answer and said that she was winnowing wheat when he met her? Those lies and jokes tarnish the reputation of the peerless Dulcinea. This is unworthy of a good, faithful squire."

Sancho listened to all this. He did not answer. He rose from his stool and, with his back bent and a finger on his lips, he went all around the room, lifting the curtains. Having done this, he came back, sat down again and said:

"Madam, I have seen that there are no spies but only the spectators to hear what is said. I am so relieved that I will answer your questions. In the first place, I must tell you that I look upon my master as a raving lunatic, even though, at times, he says things that seem so intelligent and logical that Satan himself could not do any better. However, I am firmly convinced that he is a nut. Hence, it is easy to make him believe things that are absurd, like the answer to his letter, and what I told him six or eight days ago. It has not been published, but it deserves to be known. In fact, I told him that Lady Dulcinea was enchanted, which is completely wrong."

The duchess then asked him to tell her about that joke or enchantment. He recounted the incident just as it had happened. The audience enjoyed the story. Then the duchess resumed the conversation. She said:

"My dear Sancho, what you have said raises questions. You know that Don Quixote is crazy, but you continue to serve him and to be convinced that he will fulfill his promises. You must undoubtedly be crazier and stupider than he. So I think that I will run into trouble if I give you an island, for he who cannot govern himself cannot govern others."

"Madam", said Sancho, "your fear is justified, but tell Don Quixote to get to the point so that I may distinguish truth from falsity. If I had been clever, I would have left my master long ago. However, I feel compelled to follow him. You see, we come from the same village; I have eaten his bread; I like him very much; he is grateful; he gave me his colts. Above all, I'm loyal. So nothing can separate us except death. You refuse to give me the island you promised me, but where there's life, there's hope. Besides, this may enable me to cleanse my conscience of guilt. I may be a fool, but I know that when ants grow wings, they get into trouble. Perhaps I will go to Heaven before I become a governor. There the bread is as good as it is in France, and cats are gray in the dark; he who hasn't had breakfast by two in the afternoon is unlucky; there's no stomach that's bigger than another by the breadth of your palm that cannot be filled with straw or hay, as the saying goes; it it God who feeds the little country birds; four yards of woolen cloth from Cuenca keep you warmer than four yards of gauze from Segovia; once we have left this world and gone down under the earth, princes and day laborers follow the same narrow path; in the grave, the pope's body doesn't need more room than the sacristan's, though one has a high position; when we go to the grave, we all make ourselves as small as we can or they do it for us whether we like it or not, and then it's good night everybody! So, I will say once again that if Your Grace doesn't want to give me that island because I'm a fool, I won't be disappointed. It is said that the Devil hides behind the cross, that all that glitters is not gold, that Wamba, who was kind of Spain, was an ex-farmer, and that Rodrigo, according to old ballads, which may be full of mistakes, had to leave his luxurious house and give up his hobbies in order to be devoured by snakes."

"They are not full of mistakes!", exclaimed Lady Rodriguez, the duenna, who was one of the spectators. "There is a ballad that says that they put King Rodrigo, while he was still alive, into a tomb full of toads, snakes and lizards. Two days later he was still in the tomb. He said in a grief-stricken low voice:

They are eating me now; they are eating the part
That has sinned the most.'

Hence, this gentleman is correct in saying that he wants to become a peasant again, for, as a king, he is doomed to be eaten by vermin."

The duenna's simplistic view made the duchess laugh. Moreover, she was surprised at Sancho's arguments and proverbs. She said to him:

"The worthy Sancho knows that, once a knight makes a promise, he strives to fulfill it, though it may cost him his life. The duke, my lord and husband, is not a knight-errant, but, as an ordinary knight, he will keep his word with regard to the island he promised, despite the envy and malice of certain persons. The high-spirited Sancho, when he least expects it, will be seated on a throne, on his island, on his estate. Then he will take up the reins of government. Then he will get a better dominion. He should deal with the manner in which he governs his vassals, who will have to be loyal and well-born."

"There is no need", said Sancho, "to tell me to govern them well, for I am charitable and kind to the poor. Don't steal loaves of bread from bakers. You won't fool me: I know what is good for me. I will concentrate when the time comes. I am never

distracted. I say all this in order to inform you that I will support the righteous and oppose the wicked. As for governing islands, I think that you must jump in with both feet. I may be stressed after I've been a governor for a couple of weeks, but I will be more knowledgeable about politics than about agriculture, in which I work."

"You are right, Sancho", the duchess assured him, "for no one is born educated, and bishops are made out of men, not out of stones. But let us return to what we were saying earlier: things about Lady Dulcinea's enchantment. I am absolutely certain that Don Quixote could not recognize her because she had been enchanted by one of the enchanters who persecute him, which moved you to lead your master to believe that the peasant girl was Dulcinea. In fact, a reliable informer told me that the peasant girl who leaped on the she-ass was Dulcinea del Toboso and that you believed that you had deceived him, though it was you who had been deceived. We cannot doubt this, nor can we doubt what we have never seen. Mr. Panza, I must confess we, too, have enchanters here. They are amiable. They tell us what is going on in the world, and they don't lie. I can assure you, Sancho, that the girl who jumped was and is Dulcinea del Toboso and that she is not enchanted. Hence, we will soon see her as she really is, and you will be lucid again."

"Maybe", said Sancho Panza. "So, what my master told me about what happened in the Cave of Montesinos was true. He says that when he saw Dulcinea del Toboso there, she was wearing the same clothes that I told him I had seen her wear when I enchanted her for fun. But it must be just the other way around, as you say, for nobody can believe that an idiot like me can concoct a clever trick in an instant, nor do I think that my master is so mad that my unpersuasive arguments can lead him to believe in a thing that is so unusual. However, this must not lead you to look upon me as a villain, for a simpleton like me does not have to see through the ruses of those wicked enchanters. I made all that up because I did not want to be scolded by my master. I did not mean to hurt his feelings. It has come out in the opposite way, but God will judge our hearts."

"That's true", said the duchess, "but, Sancho, what happened in the Cave of Montesinos? I'd like to hear more about it."

Sancho recounted the whole story as it has been set down here. Then the duchess said:

"From this episode we can infer that, since the great Don Quixote says that he saw down there the same peasant girl that Sancho had met at the entrance to El Toboso, she is Dulcinea and that some very clever, inquisitive enchanters are at work around here."

"I agree with you", replied Sancho Panza. "If Dulcinea del Toboso is enchanted, it's her business. I'm not going to have a quarrel with my master's enemies, who must be numerous and wicked. In truth, the person I saw was a peasant girl, and I took her to be one. It was Dulcinea. I don't have to suffer the consequences, for I am not responsible. I don't want people to treat me like an ordinary guy or say: Sancho said this, Sancho did that, Sancho went there and he went back. I am the man whose adventures are recounted in a book that is read all around the world, according to Sansón Carrasco, who is a graduate of the university of Salamanca. People like him don't lie unless they feel like doing so or the idea crosses their minds. So nobody should criticize me. I have a good reputation, and I have heard my master say that a

good reputation is more important than great riches. So, give me this governorship and you will see me perform miracles. He who has been a good squire will be a good governor."

"All that the worthy Sancho has just said", remarked the duchess, "is inspired by Cato's maxims or, at the least, comes from the very entrails of Miguel Verino himself, who died when he was very young. In short, speaking after his manner, I am willing to admit that drunkards [things] are not always what they seem."

"What you see is what you get", replied Sancho; "I am neither a drunkard nor a hypocrite. I drink when I feel like it; I even drink when I don't feel like it, for they keep pouring me drinks and I don't want to seem strait-laced or impolite. When a friend proposes a toast, I raise my glass because I am kind-hearted. I like wine, but I am not a drunkard. Moreover, the squires of knights-errant commonly drink water because they keep wandering forests, woods and meadows and climbing mountains and cliffs, but they never find a drop of wine, though, at times, they look for some."

"I believe you", the duchess answered, "but, for now, go and have a rest. Later on we will speak of all these things at length. I will deal with that governorship so that you may take office as soon as possible."

Sancho kissed the duchess's hands again and asked her to allow him to see if his mount was well cared for, for it was the apple of his eye.

"What kind of animal is it?", inquired the duchess.

"A donkey", replied Sancho. "I don't always call him by his name. I am used to calling him 'apple of my eye.' When I first came into the castle, I asked this lady to look after him. She was very angry about it, as if I had called her a crone, but duennas should feed the beasts rather than unlock doors and show people in. There was a certain gentleman in my village who hated them."

"He must have been a redneck", said Lady Rodriguez. "If he had been a nobleman, he would have venerated them."

"Enough of this!", said the duchess. "Be quiet, Lady Rodriguez. Let Mr. Panza have a rest. I will look after his donkey. Since this ass is his precious jewel, I will place it around my neck."

"You should put him in the stable", said Sancho, "for neither I nor he deserves to rest on your breasts for a moment. I would never dare to do such a thing. Although my master says that, with regard to politeness, it is better to lose by a card too many than a card too few, when it comes to courtesy towards donkeys and breasts, we must be cautious."

"Sancho, take it to your dominion", said the duchess. "There you'll be able to feed it as much as you like and even pension it off, or make it a minister."

"You are right", replied Sancho. "I have seen more than two jackasses become ministers. So mine should become one."

Sancho's words made the duchess laugh so hard that she doubled up with laughter. She asked him to go and have a rest. Then she went to tell the duke what had happened. The two of them arranged to play a famous trick on Don Quixote in the style of knight-errantry. The jokes they played are so numerous, remarkable and intelligent that they are the best adventures recorded in this great book.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

How they found the way of disenchanting
the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, which is one of the most
famous adventures in this book.

The duke and the duchess enjoyed conversing with Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Since they wanted to play a few jokes on them, which had to resemble adventures, they decided to take what the knight had told them about the Cave of Montesinos as the starting point. One of those jokes became very famous. What astonished the duchess most was Sancho's bottomless stupidity, for he was firmly convinced that Dulcinea had been enchanted, though he had made up the story. So, six days later, having told the servants what they had to do, they invited Don Quixote to accompany them to a big-game hunt that would look like a royal hunt, for there would be lots of huntsmen and beaters. They gave him a hunting suit. They gave Sancho another one, made of fine green cloth. The knight refused to put it on. He said that he would soon embark on a new, difficult adventure and did not want to carry cumbersome clothes or provisions. As for Sancho, he accepted the gift; he would sell it at the first opportunity.

When that day arrived, Don Quixote donned his armor. Sancho dressed himself and mounted his donkey, for he did not want to leave it, although they had provided him with a steed. The squire took his place among the beaters. The duchess rode forth; she was wearing an elegant dress. The knight grasped her palfrey's reins out of sheer courtesy, although the duke asked him not to do so. Finally, they reached a wood located between two very high mountains and hid themselves in different places. Then the hunt began. Because of the shouts, the dogs that were barking and the noise of the horns, they could not hear one another speak.

The duchess was holding a sharp-pointed javelin. She dismounted and positioned herself where the boars were used to passing. The duke and Don Quixote did the same, stationing themselves near her, but Sancho remained behind, seated on his donkey, which he did not wish to leave unprotected lest some misfortune should befall it. No sooner had they moved into position and lined up many servants than they saw coming toward them, pursued by the hounds and followed by the hunters, a huge boar, gnashing its teeth, grinding its tusks and drooling. When Don Quixote caught sight of the beast, he grasped his shield, drew his sword and went to meet it. The duke, armed with a spear, followed the knight's example. The duchess would have attacked the beast if her husband had not restrained her. When Sancho saw the fierce animal, he dismounted and began to run as fast as he could. He tried to climb a tall oak. The unfortunate squire sat on a branch midway. As he was struggling to reach the top, the bough broke, and he fell. His garment caught on a stump: he could not reach the ground. He was in a hopeless situation, all the more so because his green hunting coat was ripping and he feared that the boar would come and attack him. So he began to scream and call for help. All those who heard him without being able to see him believed that some wild animal was biting him.

Finally, the big-tusked boar was stabbed to death by the many hunters who were blocking its way. Don Quixote, who had recognized Sancho's voice, turned his head and saw his squire hanging head downward from the oak, with the ass standing

beside him, for it had not wanted to leave its unfortunate master. Here Cid Hamete says that Sancho Panza and the donkey kept looking at each other because they were close friends.

The knight came up and freed the captive, who, as soon as he was on the ground, looked at the ripped hunting coat. It saddened him, for he regarded that garment as an entailed estate. In the meantime, they had slung the mighty boar across the back of a mule and covered it with branches of rosemary and myrtle. They brought this trophy to some large tents that had been set up in the middle of the wood. The tables had been laid. The platters were filled with lots of appetizing delicacies, which showed that the host was a generous prince.

"If we had hunted hares or small birds", said Sancho to the duchess as he showed her the holes in his hunting suit, "my coat would never have been in this state. What pleasure can we derive from waiting for an animal that can kill us with one of his tusks? I once heard an old song that said:

Like the famous Favila,
The bears will eat you."

"He was a Visigothic king", said Don Quixote. "He participated in a big-game hunt and was eaten by a bear."

"That's what I was saying", replied Sancho. "Kings and princes should not risk their lives in order to kill an innocent animal and enjoy something that is not enjoyable."

"You are wrong, Sancho", said the duke, "for big-game hunting is a useful sport which kings and princes must practice. It resembles war, for there are stratagems, tricks and plots which are aimed at defeating the enemy without being harmed. Hunters endure great cold and unbearable heat. They rest and sleep less, but they also become stronger and suppler. In short, it is a sport that harms nobody and pleases many people. It is not small-game hunting: everybody cannot practice it. Like falconry, only kings and great lords can practice it. So, Sancho, you should change your mind and take up hunting when you become a governor. You will see how useful it is."

"I won't do that", said Sancho. "A good governor stays at home because he does not want to break his leg. When businessmen struggle to have an appointment with him, he must not be out in the woods, having a good time. A governor cannot behave in this way. Sir, hunting and such amusements are for idlers rather than for governors. I think that, sometimes, I will play cards and that, on Sundays and feast days, I will play skittles. Neither my work nor my conscience leads me to enjoy these *hunts and stews*."

"Never say never", said the duke.

"That's your point of view", replied Sancho. "A good payer does not mind pledging a large sum of money; God's help is more useful than toil; when the stomach is full, the feet can walk. I mean to say that if I am well-intentioned and God helps me to do what I have to do, I will be a very good governor. But let them put a finger in my mouth and see whether I bite it or not!"

"May God and all his saints curse you, accursed Sancho!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "As I have said many times before, when will you stop repeating proverbs and express your thoughts in a clear way? Your Highnesses should leave this fool alone, for

he will grind your souls between not two but a thousand old sayings, which he utters when God gives him health or I want to hear them."

"Though Sancho", observed the duchess, "quotes more short proverbs than Hernán Nuñez de Toledo y Guzmán, there are not less important that his. I can tell you that I like them more than others, though the latter are more timely and relevant."

As Sancho said this, they left the tent and returned to the wood to visit some of the hiding places. The day quickly passed and night came. The sky was not as clear as it should have been in midsummer. The air was misty, which greatly helped the duke and duchess to carry out what they had in mind. A little after twilight, just as night was falling, the entire wood seemed to be on fire. A moment later, here, there and everywhere, we heard the sound of lots of trumpets and musical instruments used in the military. It seemed that many cavalry units were passing by. The light of the fire and those warlike sounds almost blinded and deafened the onlookers and all the people who were in the wood.

Then we heard innumerable cries which the Moors usually let out when they join battle. The trumpets, bugles, drums and fife made a continuous, great noise that drove people crazy. The duke, the duchess and Don Quixote were astonished; Sancho Panza was trembling all over; even those who knew the cause were frightened. They fell silent. A postilion dressed as a demon passed in front of them, blowing a huge hollow horn that served him as a bugle and which emitted a terrifying, hoarse sound.

"Good evening, Mr. courier", cried the duke. "Who are you? Where are you going? Who are those soldiers who are passing through this wood?"

"I am the devil", replied the courier in a lugubrious voice. "I am searching for Don Quixote de la Mancha. Here there are six troops of enchanters; they are bringing with them, in a triumphal carriage, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso. She is enchanted and is accompanied by Montesinos, the handsome Frenchman. They come to tell Don Quixote how to disenchant her."

"Since you are a devil, as you say and as your appearance shows, you should have recognized Don Quixote de la Mancha, for he is in front of you."

"I swear to God and on my conscience", said the devil, "that I did not notice him, for I was so worried that I forgot the reason why I came."

"Without a doubt", said Sancho, "this demon must be a good man and a good Christian, for if he were not, he wouldn't swear to God or on his conscience. I am convinced now that there are good people in Hell."

Without dismounting, the demon looked at Don Quixote and said:

"O Knight of the Lions, the unfortunate but valiant knight Montesinos sent you here so that I might see you through their claws. He wants you to stay here and disenchant a lady called Dulcinea del Toboso because they have brought her here. He will tell you about the method. Since I came for no more than that, I must leave at once. May demons like me be with you and may good angels be with these gentle people."

He blew the monstrous horn, turned his back and went away without waiting for an answer from anyone.

They were more astonished than ever, especially Sancho and Don Quixote. Sancho was surprised because, in spite of the truth, they considered that Dulcinea was enchanted; Don Quixote was surprised because he was not sure whether what had

happened to him in the Cave of Montesinos was real or not. He was thinking about that when the duke said to him:

"Will you wait, Lord Quixote?''

"Why not?", he replied. "Should all the demons of Hell attack me, I would remain here because I am strong and intrepid."

"If I saw another devil or hear another horn like the last one", said Sancho, "I would flee."

Night had closed in by now. Many lights began to move through the wood, like the dry exhalations of the earth that resemble shooting stars. We also heard a frightening noise, like that caused by the big wheels of oxcarts, whose strident creaks make the wolves and bears flee when we meet some along the roads. This din increased, for, on all four sides of the wood, it seemed that four battles were taking place. On one side, there was the dreadful thunder of artillery; on another side, many men were firing muskets. The shouts of the horsemen apparently came from close at hand. In the distance, the Muslims kept yelling: there is no god but Allah.

In short, the bugles, horns, clarions, trumpets, drums, artillery, harquebuses and, above all, the terrifying rumble of wagon wheels created so horrible a tumult that Don Quixote had to pluck up courage to endure it. Sancho fell forward onto the duchess's skirt and fainted. She, letting him lie there, ordered them to throw water on his face. This was done, and he regained consciousness just as one of the carts with the creaking wheels reached the spot. It was drawn by four sluggish oxen, all of them covered with black blankets. There was a lighted wax torch on each of the oxen's horns. On the cart was a throne on which a venerable old man was seated. His beard was as white as the driven snow; it was so long that it fell below his waist. He was wearing a robe made of black buckram. There were so many lamps in the cart that it was easy to see and make out everything that was in it. The oxen were led by two demons, also wearing outfits made of buckram, whose faces were so ugly that, when he beheld them, Sancho shut his eyes so that he might not have to look at them a second time. As the cart approached, the old man rose from his throne and cried:

"I am Lirgandeo, the magician."

The cart passed by; the old man did not say another word. It was followed by another cart of the same sort. Here, too, an old man was seated on a throne. He ordered them to halt the vehicle and said in a voice that was as deep as the former's:

"I am the wise Alquife, great friend of Urganda the Unknown." The cart, like the other one, moved away.

A third cart reached them. The person who was seated on the throne was not an old man but a well-built guy with an ugly face. Like the others, he rose and, in a hoarser and more sinister voice than those of the old codgers, said:

"I am Arcalaús, the enchanter who is the arch-enemy of Amadís of Gaul and all his family." His cart moved away, too.

When they were a short distance away, the three carts halted. The unbearable noise of the wheels stopped. Then we heard another sound. It was a kind of soothing melody, which pleased Sancho. He regarded it as a good omen. He had not stirred from the duchess' side. He said to her:

"Madam, where there is music, there cannot be anything evil."

"Or where there is light and brightness", replied the duchess.

“Light comes from fire”, said Sancho, “and brightness from bonfires. There are bonfires around us. They may burn us, but music is always a sign of feasting and merry-making.”

“That remains to be seen”, said Don Quixote, who had heard what they had said. He was right, as you will see in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The continuation of the story about the information
on Dulcinea's disenchantment
that they gave to Don Quixote,
along with other astonishing incidents.

To the sound of a pleasing music, they saw a triumphal carriage coming toward them. It was drawn by six gray mules covered with white linen blankets. On each of them rode a penitent, also clad in white, who was holding a lighted torch. This carriage was twice and even thrice as big as the other ones. On and around them were twelve other penitents clad in white and carrying lighted torches. It was an astonishing and, at the same time, a frightening sight. A nymph was sitting in an elevated throne. She was wearing lots of veils made of silver lamé and which were covered with a myriad of glittering gold spangles. Her outfit was not luxurious but conspicuous. Her face was covered with a veil made of fine, transparent sendal, which did not prevent the onlookers from seeing the beautiful visage of the girl. The many torches enabled us to discover that she was pretty and young; she was not older than twenty nor younger than seventeen.

Beside the maiden was a figure wearing what is known as a robe of state. It fell all the way down to its feet. Its head was covered with a black veil. When the cart was in front of Don Quixote, the duke and the duchess, the musicians stopped playing the flageolets, then the zithers and, at last, the lutes. The figure rose. It parted its robe and removed its veil. We beheld the bony, ugly face of Death! This made Don Quixote feel sad and filled Sancho with terror. Even the duke and duchess were a bit afraid. Having risen to its feet, the living Death, in a somewhat sleepy voice and with a tongue that was not quite awake, began reciting the following verses:

“I am Merlin, the man who,
According to some historians, is the son of the Devil,
But that’s a story made up by time.
I am the prince of magic, the king and archivist
Of Zoroastrian science.
I hate the ages and centuries
That conceal the exploits
Of the courageous knights-errant
Whom I adore.
Enchanters, wizards
And magicians
Are always tough and strong,

But I am mild and sweet:
I am kind to everybody.

In Pluto's murky pit,
Where my soul was drawing magic figures,
I heard the doleful voice
Of the beautiful, peerless Dulcinea.
I learned of her misadventures,
Enchantment and transformation:
The aristocrat had turned
Into a peasant girl.
I sympathized with her,
Leafed through a hundred thousand
Books on black magic,
Set my mind into the emptiness
Of the dreadful skeleton and disclosed
The solution to this huge problem.

O pride and joy of those
Who wear a sparkling armour!
O lighthouse, north star,
Pathway and guide
Of those who stopped sleeping
And left their houses
In order to take part in violent battles!

Man who is not praised enough,
Courageous, intelligent Don Quixote,
Splendor of La Mancha,
Star of Spain,
I must tell you that Sancho,
Your squire,
Must hit his big bare bottom
Three thousand
And three hundred times,
Which will anger him,
So that Dulcinea del Toboso
May be disenchanted.
This will solve all her problems,
Which is why I am here today.

“God Lord!”, cried Sancho. “Three thousand times! I am going to die! This devil can go to hell. My bottom has nothing to do with enchantments. If Mr. Merlin does not find another way of breaking the spell, Dulcinea del Toboso will remain enchanted until she dies!”

"You stinky peasant!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "I will undress you, take you to a tree, tie you to it and whip you not three thousand and three hundred but six thousand and six hundred times. I will be so violent that you will have died by the moment I hit you for the three thousand three hundredth time. Don't answer me, or else..."

"It cannot be that way", said Merlin when he heard this. "The worthy Sancho has to agree to whip himself. This can happen at any time he chooses; there is no fixed time limit. If he wishes to spare himself half the pain caused by this flogging, he can allow someone, a strong guy, for instance, to whip him!"

"No Mr. Universe is going to whip me", replied Sancho. "Nobody is going to lay a hand on me. I am not Dulcinea del Toboso's father. My bottom has not to pay dearly for the sins committed by her eyes. As for my master, he is part of her. He refers to her as his life, soul, sustenance and support. It is he who should whip himself for her sake and do whatever is necessary to disenchant her. As for me... *back off, Satin [Satan]*!"

No sooner had Sancho finished saying this than the nymph clad in silver lamé, who accompanied Merlin's ghost, rose to her feet and removed her thin veil. She disclosed what they regarded as a most beautiful face. With virile self-assurance and a voice that was not feminine, she said to Sancho Panza:

"O wretched squire, soul of a pitcher, heart of a cork tree, brazen thief, enemy of the human race, with entrails made of hard pebbles! If they asked you to throw yourself down from a tall tower, eat a dozen toads, two lizards and three snakes, and kill your wife and children with a deadly sharp scimitar, you would have the right to be finicky and aloof. But you cannot take offense at three thousand three hundred lashes, for all the naughty orphans receive as many blows every month, which surprises, bewilders and frightens the pious, compassionate people who hear of such a thing or who may come to know of it in the course of time. O wretched, tough young mule! Set your fearful eyes on mine, which resemble gleaming stars. You will see rivulets of tears ploughing my delicate cheeks. O sarcastic, malevolent monster! Don't you sympathize with me? I am very young –I am not even twenty –and this youth oxidizes and withers underneath the bark of a peasant girl. I don't look like one at this moment because of Mr. Merlin, who is here. He wants my beauty to move you. The tears of a sorrowful beauty can turn cliffs into cotton and tigers into sheep. Surrender, surrender, untamed beast! Unleash the feeling that impels you to eat and eat again and free my delicate body, my femininity and my beautiful visage. If, for my sake, you don't want to give in or be reasonable, do so for the sake of the poor gentleman beside you, who is your master. I can see his heart right now; it is stuck in his throat not ten fingers from his lips; it is awaiting your acceptance or refusal in order to leap forth from his mouth or go back to his stomach."

At this point Don Quixote felt his throat, turned to the duke and said:

''Sir, Dulcinea has told the truth. My heart is stuck in my throat, like a crossbow nut."

"What's your point of view, Sancho?", asked the duchess.

"Well, then", he answered, "as I have said, *back off, Satin!*"

"It's *Satan, not satin*", the duke corrected him.

"Give me a break!", replied the squire. "I don't feel like splitting hairs or quibbling over a letter. The whipping that they are going to give me or that I am going to give to myself upsets me so much that I don't know what I'm saying or doing.

However, I'd like Lady Dulcinea to tell me where she learned that way of asking for a favor. She has come to ask me to whip myself, and she calls me a soul of a pitcher, an untamed beast and a great many other unpleasant names which the devil himself wouldn't stand for. Am I made of bronze? I don't care whether she is disenchanted or not. Does she want to offer me a basket full of white shirts, nightcaps and socks in order to please me, though I don't wear them? No, she doesn't. She just insults me! Here there are proverbs that say: 'An ass that carries gold climbs mountains easily; gifts break rocky hills; God helps those who help themselves; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' My master, who should have treated me well and praised me until I turned into wool or combed cotton, says that, if he catches me, he will undress me, tie me to a tree and double the number of lashes. Those compassionate people should bear in mind that it's not a squire but a stylish governor whom they are going to spank. Bloody hell! You should learn how to ask for something and take care of people. There is a time for everything, and people are not always in a good mood. My ragged green coat makes me feel sad, and there are asking me to whip myself, though I do not want to do so!"

''In fact, dear Sancho", said the duke, "if you don't become softer than a ripe fig, you won't become a governor. I will never allow a cruel man with stony entrails to govern my islanders, for he will not bow to the wishes of the tearful damsels in distress or the wise old licensed enchanters and wizards. In short, if you don't whip yourself or let them whip you, you will never be a governor."

"Sir", replied Sancho, "can't they give me a couple of days to think it over and decide what to do?"

"Certainly not!", exclaimed Merlin. "This matter must be settled here and now. Dulcinea can go back to the Cave of Montesinos and become a peasant girl again or go to the Elysian fields, where she will wait until the whipping is over."

"Good Sancho", the duchess said, "pluck up enough courage. Don't forget that your master gave you food. We must all serve him and thank him for his kindness and exploits. So, my son, consent to this whipping; stop arguing; don't be mean. You know, good-natured people's luck always turns."

Sancho answered using foolish arguments. He said to Merlin:

"Mr. Merlin, when the devil came here to give my master a message from Mr. Montesinos, he asked him to wait here because he had ordered certain persons to disenchant Dulcinea del Toboso. So far we have not seen Montesinos or people who resemble him."

"The devil, my friend", Merlin answered, "is an ignoramus and a brute. I asked him to fetch your master and give him a message from me, not from Montesinos. Montesinos is still in his cave, waiting for his disenchantment. He still has a long way to go. If he owes you anything or if you must make a deal with him, I'll fetch him and take him wherever you like. For the time being, you have to consent to this penance, which, I can assure you, will be very good for your soul and your body: for your soul because you will do it out of charity and for your body because, since you are sturdy, you can bleed a bit."

"There are lots of physicians in the world", remarked Sancho. "Even enchanters are physicians! You keep telling me this, but it's not clear. I will whip myself three thousand three hundred times, provided that I do this whenever I feel like it, without

any limit on the days or the time. However, I will accede to your request as soon as possible so that the world may enjoy the beauty of Dulcinea del Toboso, for, contrary to what I thought, she is really beautiful. Besides, you will not oblige me to bleed because of the whip. I may swat flies and slap myself: you will have to take those blows into account. There is another condition: if I miscalculate, Mr. Merlin, who knows everything, will have to total the figures and correct my errors."

"I won't have to tell you whether the total is too high", said Merlin, "for, when you reach the proper number, Lady Dulcinea will be disenchanted. She will be so grateful that she will come to see the worthy Sancho and thank him for his good deed. So you don't have to worry about the calculation, for Heaven will not allow me to deceive anybody."

"Well, then", said Sancho, "it's in God's hands. I accept my bad luck; I mean to say that I will do penance under the conditions I have described."

No sooner had he said this than the clarions sounded once more and the horsemen began firing their muskets. Don Quixote embraced Sancho and kissed him on the forehead and on the cheeks a thousand times. The duke, the duchess and all the bystanders rejoiced at the news. As the cart moved away, the beautiful Dulcinea bowed to the duke and the duchess and curtsied deeply to Sancho.

The happy smiling dawn began to open her eyes. The little flowers in the fields lifted their heads. The transparent water was murmuring between the white and gray pebbles of the rivulets, which joined the rivers that were awaiting them. The earth was happy, the sky clear, the air pure, and the light serene. These things showed that the day, which was stepping on the skirt of morning, would be serene and clear. The duke and the duchess had achieved their goal easily and cleverly, which pleased them. They returned to their castle in order to continue joking, which was an occupation they really enjoyed.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The strange, incredible adventure of the Grief-stricken Duenna,
also known as Lady Threepetticoats,
together with a letter that Sancho Panza
wrote to his wife Teresa Panza.

The duke had a majordomo who was uninhibited and amusing. It was he who had impersonated Merlin and made all the arrangements for the adventure that has just been described. He had composed the verses and asked a page to play the part of Dulcinea. The duke and the duchess told him to play another trick that would be stranger and funnier.

The following day the duchess asked Sancho if he had begun to carry out the task that was aimed at disenchanting Dulcinea. He replied that he had, for, the night before, he had whipped himself five times. She asked him how he had whipped himself. He answered that he had used his hand.

'This", she said, "is not a whipping but a spanking. I think that the wise Merlin will not be satisfied with so much leniency. You should use a spiked or knotted whip that lacerates the skin, for education calls for violence and the freedom of a great lady

like Dulcinea deserves deeper involvement. You see, Sancho, charity demands enthusiasm."

"Give me a scourge or branches", replied Sancho, "so that I may whip myself, so long as it doesn't hurt too much, for, although I am a peasant, my flesh is more like cotton than esparto grass. I cannot hurt myself for another's benefit."

"Fine", said the duchess. "Tomorrow I'll give you a scourge that will suit you and caress your tender flesh as if you were its sister!"

"Your Grace", said Sancho, "I have written a letter to my wife, Teresa Panza, explaining what has happened to me since I left her. It is in my inside pocket. I have not written the address yet. I'd like you to read it, for it is really governmental. I mean that governors should write letters in that fashion."

"Who dictated it?", inquired the duchess.

"It is I", replied Sancho.

"Did you write it?"

"No, I didn't, for I don't know how to read or write, though I can sign my name."

"Let's have a look at it", said the duchess. "I feel certain that it shows that you are an intelligent man."

Sancho took it from his pocket and handed it to her. It read as follows:

"SANCHO PANZA'S LETTER TO TERESA PANZA, HIS WIFE.

Although they were blaming me, I was mounting a horse: a good dominion is not a sinecure. You cannot understand this for the present, dear Teresa, but someday you will. I can tell you that I want you to own a coach, for you are not a tramp. You are the wife of a governor now: people must not speak ill of you. You will find herewith a green hunting suit which the duchess gave me. Fashion a skirt and a bodice out of it and give them to our daughter. It is said that Don Quixote, my master, is an intelligent lunatic who makes people laugh and that I am as insane as he. We have been in the cave of Montesinos and Merlin, the magician, has asked me to help him to disenchant Dulcinea del Toboso, who, down there, is known as Aldonza Lorenzo. I have to whip me three thousand three hundred times minus five so that she may be as disenchanted as her mother. You must hush this up, for if you tell people about your business, everybody will form their opinion about you. In a few days I will set off for my island because I want to make money. They have told me that newly appointed governors have this in mind. I will evaluate the situation and tell you whether you can come or not. The donkey is fine and sends you his regards. Should they ask me to become the sultan of the Ottoman Empire, I would not leave him. Her Grace kisses your hands a thousand times. You should kiss hers two thousand times, for, as my master says, politeness is a bargain. God has not provided me with another suitcase containing one hundred escudos, as He did some time ago, but don't upset yourself, for the censor is in a safe place and that governorship will enable me to earn money. However, they told me that I would pay dearly for it, which saddens me. If it were true, the island would cost me dearly, although the unfortunate governors who become tramps always benefit from alms. So, one way or another, you are going to be a lucky and rich woman. May God enable you to be lucky and allow me to stay alive so that I may serve you.
From this castle, the twentieth of July 1614.

Your husband, the governor,

Sancho Panza."

The duchess finished reading the letter and said to Sancho:

"The worthy governor made two mistakes. In the first place, he stated that this governorship was bestowed upon him because he whipped himself. However, he knows for sure that when my husband, the duke, promised it to him, nobody had raised the issue of the flogging. In the second place, he showed himself to be extremely greedy. He did not want us to discover this because he who is greedy is on the road to perdition and when a governor is covetous, justice is in disarray."

"That being said", replied Sancho, "if you think that the letter is not what it should be, you ought to tear it up and write another, which could be even worse if I composed it."

"No, no", protested the duchess, "this one is very good and I want the duke to read it."

They headed for a garden where they would dine that day. The duchess showed Sancho's letter to the duke, which pleased him. When they had finished their meal and cleared the table, they amused themselves by listening to the squire's delightful monologue for a while. All of a sudden, they heard the sorrowful notes of a fife and the hoarse and sinister roll of a drum. They were all startled by this martial tune which was at the same time dull and melancholy. Don Quixote was so excited that he could not remain seated. As for Sancho, there is nothing to be said, except that fear impelled him to take refuge, as usual, beside the duchess, for that sound was really depressing.

As they waited anxiously, they saw coming toward them, through the garden, two men who wore black robes that were so long and straight that they trailed on the ground. They were beating large drums, which were also black. Beside them was a fife player clad in black, like the others. They were followed by a kind of giant who wore a huge black gown and a wide baldric of the same hue, from which dangled a big scimitar, with black scabbard and trimmings. His face was covered with a dark veil through which could be seen a very long beard that was as white as the driven snow. This dignified man was walking to the sound of the drums. His size, bearing, dark appearance and retinue amazed those who beheld him and did not know who he was.

He ceremoniously drew near to where the duke stood. Then he knelt before the aristocrat, who, like the others, was standing in order to welcome him. The duke wanted him to rise. The gigantic scarecrow did so. Then he lifted the veil and revealed the most terrifyingly long, white and bushy beard that human eyes had ever seen. He looked at the duke and, in a sorrowful voice that came from the depths of his huge chest, he said:

"Great, mighty lord, my name is Threepetticoats of the White Beard, squire of the Countess of the Three Petticoats, also known as the Distressed Duenna, who has asked me to meet Your Highness. She beseeches you to schedule an appointment with her so that she may inform you of her plight, which is the strangest and most astonishing one in the world. To begin with, she would like to know whether the valiant undefeated knight Don Quixote de la Mancha is in your castle, for she has come on foot to meet him. She has not eaten since she left the kingdom of Candaya, which

may be a miracle or a magic trick. She is now at the gate of this fortress or country house, waiting for you to allow her to enter. I have spoken."

The speaker coughed and stroked his beard from top to bottom with both hands as he calmly waited for the duke's reply.

"Squire Threepetticoats of the White Beard", said the duke, "it has been many days since we heard of the plight of Lady Threepetticoats, whom is known as the Distressed Duenna because of enchanters. O marvelous squire, ask her to enter and tell her that the valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha is here. He is so generous that he will protect and help her. You can also tell her that, if necessary, I will assist her, for, since I am a knight, I must help all women, especially widows who have been wronged and are in distress, as Her Ladyship must be."

As he heard this, Threepetticoats bowed to the duke, made a sign to the fife player and the drummers to play and left the garden at the same slow and solemn pace with which he had entered it. They all wondered at his aristocratic mien and composure. The duke turned to Don Quixote and said to him:

"Famous knight, malice and ignorance cannot overshadow courage or virtue. I say this because you have been in this castle for less than a week, yet the unlucky and the afflicted are already coming from faraway places to seek your help. They are not in coaches or on dromedaries; they walk and fast. They are confident that your strong arms will solve their problems, as evidenced by your exploits, which are known throughout the world."

"Your Grace", replied Don Quixote, "I wish the blessed priest who dined with us not long ago and who disliked knights-errant were here in order to acknowledge that they are helpful. He would, at least, see that grief-stricken people do not seek the help of the learned man, nor that of the village sacristan, nor that of the gentleman who has never left his village, nor that of the lazy courtier who prefers to comment on news rather than perform deeds which others may relate and write down. In fact, the people who solve problems, help others, protect damsels and console widows are knights-errant. I am grateful to Heaven for having allowed me to become one of them. I regard as worthwhile any hardship I suffer in the exercise of so honorable a profession. Let this lady come and ask whatever she wishes. Both my strong arms and my fierce determination will rescue her."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The continuation of the famous
adventure of the Distressed Duenna.

The duke and duchess were greatly pleased to see how Don Quixote had fallen in with their plan. Sancho said:

"I hope that this lady will not prevent me from getting the government that has been promised to me, for I have heard a pharmacist from Toledo, who spoke Spanish very well, say that when duennas are involved in a situation, nothing good can happen. This pharmacist hated them. From this I can infer that all duennas, whatever their ranks, are troublesome and impertinent. How do the Distressed Duennas like this

Countess of the Three Petticoats, or Three Tails, behave? In my village, petticoats and tails are one and the same thing."

"Sancho, my friend, you are mistaken", said Don Quixote. "Since this duenna comes from distant lands to meet me, she cannot be one of those that the pharmacist had in mind, all the more so because she is a countess. When countesses serve as duennas, they take care of queens and empresses, and when they are in their own houses, some duennas take care of them, for they own fiefs."

Lady Rodriguez was present. She answered:

"Her Grace is served by duennas who would have been countesses if they had been lucky, but, over there, kings make the laws. People should not criticize duennas, especially the old ones who are not married. Although I am not one myself, I know that unmarried duennas are superior to the widowed ones. However, he who criticizes us will be criticized by us."

"According to my baker", said Sancho, "duennas are not paragons of virtue. So we should not talk about sensitive issues."

"Squires", observed Lady Rodriguez, "always hate us. Since they sneak around the anterooms and observe us when they are not praying, which is often enough, they keep hammering us: they *dig up our sins and bury our reputations*. Tell these good-for-nothings that we want to travel the world and live in castles, even though we starve and cover our delicate or rough flesh with a black veil, just as one covers garbage with a carpet on procession days. If I had the time and were allowed to speak, I would demonstrate to those present and to everybody that all the virtues are embodied by duennas."

"I think", said the duchess, "that Lady Rodriguez is quite right, but she will have to wait for another time to defend her virtue and that of the other duennas and fight against that wicked pharmacist's poor opinion of them and have the great Sancho Panza change his mind."

"Ever since I heard of that governorship", said Sancho, "I am less upset and don't care about duennas."

The conversation about duennas would have continued if they had not heard the sound of the fife and drums once more, which made them realize that the Distressed Duenna was entering the garden. The duchess asked the duke if they had to go out to welcome her, for she was a countess and an important personage.

"Since she is a countess", remarked Sancho before the duke replied, "I think that you should go out to welcome her. However, she is also a duenna! So, in my opinion, you shouldn't do so."

"Who asked you to meddle in this, Sancho?", inquired Don Quixote.

"Who, sir?", answered Sancho. "I did, for I can meddle since you have taught me courtesy. Aren't you the most courteous knight in the world? In this regard, as you often say, one loses by a card too many and a card too few. Just a word to the wise."

"Sancho is right", said the duke. "We are going to meet the countess and pay our respects to this respectable woman."

At this point the fife players and drummers entered, as they had done before.

The author ended this short chapter here in order to begin another, which is the continuation of the same interesting adventure.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Of what the Distressed Duenna said
about her misfortune.

Following the sad musicians, as many as a dozen duennas entered the garden. There were two rows of them. They wore wide-flowing black robes made of serge and white cotton hoods that were so long that only the hems of their robes could be seen. Behind these ladies came Lady Threepetticoats and her squire, Threepetticoats of the White Beard, who led her by the hand. Her dress was made of unnapped baize. If it had been napped, each tuft would have stood out like one of those big chickpeas from Martos. The three-pointed train was lifted by three pages in mourning. They formed a beautiful figure with three acute angles. All the onlookers believed that she was known as the Countess of the Three Petticoats because of those three angles or tails. This opinion is supported by Benengeli, who asserts that her real name was the Countess of the She-wolves because, in her county, there were lots of wolves. If there had been many foxes instead of wolves, she would have been called the Countess of the Vixens, for in those regions, aristocrats are usually named after the thing or things that are most abundant in their dominions. So when this countess changed her gown, she changed her name: The Countess of the She-wolves became the Countess of the Three Petticoats.

The noblewoman and the twelve duennas formed a funeral procession. Their faces were covered with black veils which were not transparent like Threepetticoats's. They were so thick that one could not make out their faces.

As soon as the duennas reached the garden, the duke, the duchess, Don Quixote and all the people who were looking at the slowly-moving procession rose to their feet. The duennas halted and opened ranks. The Distressed Duenna walked through the lines without letting go of her squire's hand. When the duke, the duchess and the knight saw this, they took twelve steps forward to greet her. The lady kneeled down and, in a voice that was hoarse and rough rather than fine and delicate, she said:

"Your Highnesses should not be so kind to this male servant, I mean this female servant, for I am so sad that I cannot do what I have to do. My strange, uncommon misfortune has sent my mind away; it must be far away. The more I look for it, the less I find it."

"Your Ladyship", replied the duke, "he who does not deduce your great worth from your person, which deserves much courtesy and many ceremonies, has lost his mind."

He grasped her hand, helped her stand up and led her to a seat beside the duchess, who greeted her warmly. Don Quixote was silent and Sancho was dying to see

Lady Threepetticoats's face and those of some of her many duennas. This was impossible because they had to agree to disclose their features.

They were all silent and anxious to see who would be the first to break it. In fact, it's the Distressed Duenna who broke it. She said:

"O most powerful lord, most beautiful lady and most intelligent onlookers, I feel certain that my ordeal will move your quiet, generous and compassionate hearts because it can melt marble, diamonds and the toughest steel hearts in the world. But before you hear of it, I'd like you to tell me if the great knight of the great Mancha and the great Sancho, his great squire, are in the group."

At this point Sancho spoke up before anyone else could reply.

"Panza", he said, "and the great Don Quixote are here. So, great distressed duenna, you should say what you want to say, for we all really want to really help you!"

Don Quixote rose to his feet in order to address the Distressed Duenna. He said:

"O grief-stricken lady, if your ordeal can be eased by a courageous strong knight-errant, I'll be happy to succor you, though I am weak and not that courageous. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose goal is to help all the people in distress. Since you are in a predicament, there's no need to ask for help or muddy the waters. You should speak plainly and describe your situation, for those who are listening to you will lend an ear if they cannot help you."

Hearing these words, the Distressed Duenna threw herself at Don Quixote's feet, tried to embrace them and said:

"O invincible knight, I throw myself down before these feet and legs, which are the pillars of knight-errantry. I want to kiss those feet because they will remedy my situation. O valiant knight-errant, your true exploits eclipse the fabled ones of the Amadises, Esplandians and Belianises!"

She turned to Sancho Panza, took his hands and went on:

"You are the most loyal squire that ever served a knight-errant, either in the present age or in times past. Your kindness is longer than the beard of Threepetticoats, my traveling companion, who is here. You can take pride in serving Don Quixote, for it is like serving all the knights who have gone off to war. Since you are kind and loyal, I beseech you to persuade your master to help this most humble, unfortunate countess."

"Your Ladyship", replied Sancho, "I don't care whether or not my kindness is as long as your squire's beard. I just want my soul to have a beard and a mustache when it dies. For now, I don't need a beard. Without all these entreaties, I will ask my master to succor you in any way he can, for he likes me and needs my help in order to solve a problem. So, describe your ordeal; we will see to it, for we understand each other very well."

The duke, the duchess and the others were laughing. They were blown away by the clever acting of the countess, who, as she resumed her seat, said:

"The famous kingdom of Candaya, which lies between great Trapobana and the Southern Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Cómorin, was governed by Queen Maguncia, wife of the deceased King Archipiela. They were the parents of Princess Antonomasia, heiress to the realm. I raised and schooled Antonomasia, for I was her mother's oldest and wealthiest duenna. By the time she had reached the age of fourteen, she was so pretty that nature could not improve it. The girl was also very intelligent. In fact, she

was as intelligent as she was fair: she was the fairest young lady in the world. This is still true if the jealous wizards and the cruel Parcae have not picked this flower. But Heaven will forbid anybody to harm the earth: the best grapes cannot be plucked before they are ripe. Endowed with such beauty, which my halting tongue did not praise enough, she was loved by many Spanish and foreign princes. There was a certain male courtier who, trusting in his youth, elegance, his many qualities and accomplishments, and his intelligence, dared to look at this epitome of beauty. Allow me to tell you that he played the guitar in such a way as to make it talk. He was also a poet and a great dancer. He could make birdcages; if the worst had come to the worst, he could have earned his living in that fashion. These accomplishments can make a mountain and a weak maid fall over. However, his qualities, elegance and kindness could not have demolished the high wall around her heart if the impudent rascal had not defeated me first. This heartless, deceitful tramp wanted to influence me and to manipulate me to open the gate of the castle I guarded, but I was not a bad jailer. In short, he flattered me, offered me a few trinket and won me over. But some verses really led to my downfall. One night I heard him singing through a street railing. If I remember correctly, they went like this:

My sweet enemy hurts my soul.
My torment increases, for
I am not allowed to express it:
She just wants me to suffer.

The lyrics were great and the singer's voice was extremely melodious. Ever since then, in view of the fact that these and other similar verses led to my downfall, I have been led to consider that poets should be banished from well-organized countries, as recommended by Plato, at least those who compose love poems that do not resemble those of The Marquis of Mantua, which delight women and children and make them cry. The harmful love poems contain witticisms that pierce the souls, not the clothes. Another time he sang:

Come here, Death. You are lying in ambush
And nobody can see you coming.
Come here so that the pleasure of dying
May not resuscitate me.

There were other stanzas and amusing verses, which delight listeners and fascinate readers. What happened when they condescended to compose poems of the kind that was once very popular in Candaya and that were called seguidillas? The souls jumped, people laughed, the bodies were afraid and all the senses turned into quicksilver. So, Your Graces, those troubadours should be banished to a distant island, yet they are not to blame. Blame the simple-minded men who praise them and the stupid girls who believe them. If I had been the good duenna that I should have been, I wouldn't have believed their platitudes or weird statements like: I live when I die, I burn when I freeze, I am cold when I burn, I hope hopelessly, I leave when I stay, etc. Their poems are full of contradictions. When they promise you the Phoenix of Arabia,

the crown of Ariadne, the horses of the Sun, the pearls of the South, the gold of Tíbar and the balsam of Pancaya, they are loquacious, for it is easy for them to make a promise which they cannot keep or don't want to fulfill… But I digress… Poor me! What folly impels you to dwell on the faults of others? First, I should admit that I have made lots of mistakes. Poor me! I am so unlucky! It was not the verses that defeated me but my stupidity; it was not the music that made me soften my position but my inconsistency. My great ignorance and carelessness enabled Don Clavijo, which is the name of that gentleman, to misbehave. I allowed him many times to enter the apartment of Antonomasia, who had been deceived by me, not by him. He did this as her true husband, for, though I am a sinner, if he had not behaved himself, I would have never allowed him to see her. No, no; when a man dates a woman, marriage is the only acceptable outcome. However, there was a major problem: they did not belong to the same social class. Don Clavijo was an ordinary gentleman, whereas Princess Antonomasia was, as I have said, the heiress to the kingdom. For some time I could conceal this liaison, but I soon noted that Antonomasia's belly kept swelling, which frightened the three of us. So we had a meeting and decided that, before the affair came to light, Don Clavijo should meet the vicar in order to tell him that he wanted to marry her. He gave the vicar Antonomasia's written promise to marry him, which I had dictated. I had used compelling arguments which Samson would have never been able to break. Then they followed the correct procedure. Hence, the vicar was shown the agreement and, after hearing her confession, he sent it to a respectable bailiff."

At this point Sancho said:

"So, in Candaya, too, they have court bailiffs, poets, and seguidillas. People are the same everywhere! But hurry up, Lady Threepetticoats, for it's getting late and I'm dying to hear the end of this long story."

"I will do so", replied the countess.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Lady Threepetticoats continues recounting
her great, memorable story.

Every word that Sancho uttered delighted the duchess and upset Don Quixote. The knight ordered his squire to shut up. Then the Distressed Duenna resumed her tale. She said:

"After many questions and answers, since the princess stood her ground and did not change her mind, the vicar allowed Don Clavijo to marry her. However, Queen Maguncia, the princess' mother, was so shocked that within three days' time we had buried her."

"I guess that she was dead", said Sancho.

"Of course, she was", replied the countess' squire. "In Candaya we do not bury people alive; we bury the dead."

"Mr. squire", Sancho answered, "sometimes they bury people who have fainted, for they believe that they are dead. In my opinion, Queen Maguncia fainted; she did not die. You know, most of the time things turn out fine. Besides, the princess' mistake was not that big. So her mother was not that upset. If the young lady had married a page or

a servant, as many others have done according to certain people, it would have been an irretrievable situation, but she married a fine nobleman. In truth, this mistake was not that big because, according to the rules laid down by my master, who is here and will not let me lie, noblemen, especially those who wander, become kings and emperors as easily as learned men become bishops."

"Sancho, you are right", said Don Quixote. When a knight-errant is a bit lucky, he can become the greatest lord on earth. But let the Distressed Countess go on with her story. I think that she is going to tell us the saddest part of this tale, which, up to now, has been funny."

"What I am going to tell you is sad", replied the countess. "The queen did not faint: she died. They buried her. No sooner had we covered her with earth and said the last farewell – you are going to cry–than the giant Malambruno, a cruel enchanter and Maguncia's first cousin, approached the grave. He was riding a wooden horse. In order to punish Don Clavijo for his rashness, avenge his cousin's death and show us that Antonomasia had overreacted, Malambruno cast a spell on the two of them and left them there, on the grave. The princess had been turned into a bronze female ape and her lover into a frightening crocodile made of some unknown metal. There was a pillar made of metal between them. It bore an inscription written in Syriac, which had been translated into Candayan and Castilian. It read as follows: 'These two rash lovers will not regain their former shape if the valiant Manchegan does not challenge me to a duel. The Parcae want him to engage in this extraordinary adventure.' Saying this, he drew an enormous broad-bladed scimitar and, seizing me by the hair, he made a gesture that led me to believe that he was going to slash my throat and cut off my head. I was terrified, upset and speechless. Nevertheless, I plucked up the courage and, in a shaky, plaintive voice, I said so many things that he delayed executing me. Finally, he summoned all the palace duennas, who are those ladies. He exaggerated our offense; he said that they were all guilty, although I alone was to blame. He criticized duennas, their shenanigans and their appearance. He said that he did not want to kill us. He preferred to sentence us to a kind of a perpetual state of civil death: life imprisonment. When he finished saying this, we felt as if they were piercing our faces with needles. We placed our hands on our faces to feel the holes and found ourselves in the situation in which you see us now."

Then the Distressed Duenna and all the other duennas raised their veils. They revealed their faces, which were covered with big beards, some red, some black, some white and some grizzled. The duke and duchess feigned astonishment, while Don Quixote, Sancho and all the others were truly astounded.

"Such was the punishment", continued the countess, "which that wicked troublemaker, Malambruno, meted out. He covered our soft white faces with these coarse bristles. Heaven should have allowed him to cut off our heads with his massive scimitar instead of dimming the light of our faces with this felt that covers them! Your Graces, if we consider the matter... I wish my eyes could weep like fountains as an accompaniment to what I am about to say, but I have brooded so long over our woes and have already wept buckets: my eyes are as dry as awns. Hence, I won't cry. As I was saying, then, where a bearded duenna will go? What father or mother will pity her? Should she cover her smooth facial skin with a countless variety of concoctions and creams? Most people would pay no attention to her. What will happen when she

reveals a visage that looks like a forest? Duennas, my friends, our fathers shouldn't have begotten us!"

As she said this, she began to pass out.

CHAPTER XL.

Elements connected with
this adventure and this memorable story.

Honestly, those who enjoy such stories should thank Cid Hamete, the author of this book, for describing and explaining the minutest details. He describes thoughts, reveals fancies, answers unasked questions, clears up misunderstandings and settles arguments. In fact, he satisfies the curiosity of the most curious people. O celebrated author! O fortunate Don Quixote! O famous Dulcinea! O funny Sancho Panza! May you live for centuries in order to please and entertain your contemporaries.

The story says that as soon as Sancho saw the Distressed Duenna fainting, he said:

"I swear by the faith of an honest man and the souls of all my ancestors that I have never seen nor heard of such an adventure as this, nor has my master ever thought up such a one or told me of anything like it. Although I don't want to insult you, you can go to hell, Malambruno, enchanter and giant! You put beards on their faces! Couldn't you have punished those sinners in another way? You should have slit their noses down the middle, though their voices would have been nasal if you had done so. I'll bet they cannot afford to pay for a shave."

"That's true, sir", replied one of them, "we cannot afford this. So some of us have decided to use wax. We put wax on our faces and pull it off quickly. Then our faces are as hairless and smooth as the bottom of a stone mortar. In Candaya, some women go from house to house in order to remove body hair, trim eyebrows and make cosmetics. However, we never seek their help, for most of them are gossips. Hence, if Lord Quixote does not succor us, we will remain bearded women until we die."

"I would go to Northern Africa and shave", said Don Quixote, "if I did not solve your problem."

The Countess of the Three Petticoats regained her senses. She said:

"O valiant knight, although I had fainted, I heard the echo of that promise, which made me regain my senses. I beg you, once again, O renowned wanderer and untameable lord, to keep your word and act."

"I am going to act", Don Quixote answered. "Madam, what must I do? My soul is ready to help you."

"The distance from here to the kingdom of Candaya", said the Distressed Duenna, "if one goes by land, is five thousand leagues, a couple more or less, but if one goes by air and in a straight line, it is three thousand two hundred twenty-seven leagues. Besides, Malambruno told me that when I came upon a liberator, he would give me a mount that would be better and less skittish than those that are available for hire. This mount is the wooden horse on which the valiant Pierre de Provence carried the beautiful Magalona. This steed is guided by means of a peg that it has in its forehead, which serves as a bridle. It goes through the air at such a speed that it seems

possessed by the Devil. This horse, according to ancient customs, was made by the Wise Merlin. He lent it to his friend Pierre, who, on his back, made long journeys and, as I have said, carried the fair Magalona, which stupefied those who saw them from the ground. He used to lend it to people he liked or good payers. Since that day, nobody has mounted it. Malambruno stole it from Pierre by magic. Now he owns it and rides it when he travels the world. He is here today. He will be in France tomorrow and in Potosí the next day. This horse neither eats nor sleeps. There is no need to shoe it. Although it does not have wings, it trots so smoothly through the air that the horseman can hold a cup full of water in his hand without spilling a single drop, which was why the fair Magalona liked to ride it."

"As for riding smoothly", said Sancho, "since my donkey is not a bird, he can be nimbler that any animal that trots."

They all burst into laughter. Then the Distressed duenna continued:

"If Malambruno wants to put an end to our ordeal, this horse will be here within half an hour after night has fallen. In fact, he told me that he would quickly send it to me, wherever I would be, in order to make me realize that I had found the knight I was looking for."

"How many people can ride it?", Sancho inquired.

"Two people", she replied; "one on the saddle and the other on the crupper. Most of the time, those persons are a knight and his squire, unless some maiden is kidnapped by the knight."

"What is this horse's name?"

"Its name", said the Distressed Duenna, "is not Pegasus, like the horse of Bellerophon, or Bucephalus, like the steed of Alexander the Great's, or Brigliadoro, which was the name of Orlando's, or Bayard, which belonged to Rinaldo of Montalbán, or Frontino, Ruggiero's horse, or Bootes, or Peritoa, which belonged to the sun, or Orelia, the animal which the unfortunate Rodrigo, last king of the Goths, mounted when he lost his life and kingdom."

"I guess that", said Sancho, "since it was not named after those famous steeds, it was not named after my master's horse either, though *Rocinante has bettered himself* and is superior to all those that you have mentioned."

"That's true", replied the bearded countess, "but its name is logical because it is Winged Woodpeg, for it is made of wood, there is a peg in its forehead and it is as light as a bird. Hence, its name is as logical as that of Don Quixote's famous steed."

"The name is not bad", said Sancho, "but what kind of bridle or halter do you use to control it?"

"I have told you", said the countess, "that the knight who rides it operates it by turning the peg. It flies and brushes against or sweeps the ground. Sometimes it stops in mid-air, which is the middle course that intelligent actions should follow."

"I'd like to see it", said Sancho, "but I will never mount it. I can hardly remain seated on my donkey or on a packsaddle that is softer than silk itself, and you want me to straddle a wooden crupper without a pad or cushion of any kind! By Jove, I won't run the risk of being badly bruised because I have snatched at someone's beard. People should shave in any way they like. I think that I won't accompany my master on such a long journey, all the more so because I don't have to shave those beards. In fact, my duty is to disenchant Lady Dulcinea."

“You have to do so”, said the Countess of the Three Petticoats, “for, without your help, we cannot achieve any task.”

“What have squires to do with the adventures of their masters?”, asked Sancho. “They achieve fame while we do all the work. Historians should say that such and such a knight achieved such and such a task thanks to Mr. So-and-so, his squire, without whose help he would have failed. Unfortunately, they just write that Lord Complement to the Three Stars concluded the adventure of the six monsters; they do not refer to his squire, who was present all the time, just as if he didn’t exist! So, Your Graces, I repeat that my master will travel on his own. I wish him well. I am going to stay here and keep company with Her Grace. Perhaps, when he comes back, Lady Dulcinea’s situation will have improved, for, in my spare time, I will whip myself hard.”

“Dear Sancho”, said the duchess, “you will have to accompany him if necessary, for persons of quality are begging you to do so. Besides, the faces of these ladies must not remain so hairy because of this useless fear of yours. It would indeed be a pity if that happened.”

“Good Lord!”, exclaimed Sancho. “A man can do this when a shy damsel or an orphan asks for his help, but he should not take the trouble to rid duennas of their beards. What a mess! I’d rather see them all with beards: those who are rich, or poor, or prudish, or snobbish.”

“Sancho, my friend, you dislike duennas”, remarked the duchess. “You share the opinion of that Toledan pharmacist, but you are wrong, for there are very good duennas in my house. Here is Lady Rodriguez: she will not allow me to say anything else.”

“Maybe”, replied Lady Rodriguez. “But God knows the truth. Good or bad, hairy or glabrous, we are our mothers’ daughters, like other women. It was God who created us. He knows why He did so. I trust in His mercy, not in anybody’s beard.”

“Well, Lady Rodriguez”, said Don Quixote, “Lady Threepetticoats and all the other ladies, I hope that Heaven will take your ordeal seriously. As for Sancho, he will obey me. Let Woodpeg come so that I may attack Malambruno, for I can assure you that no blade is as sharp as the sword that may shave you and will behead him. God may tolerate the wicked for a time, but not forever.”

“Ah”, exclaimed the Distressed Duenna, “may all the stars that shine in the empyrean make goo-goo eyes at you, O valiant knight! May they bestow luck and courage upon you so that you may protect the discredited and weak duennas. Pharmacists hate us; squires criticize us; pages deceive us. Girls should take vows instead of becoming duennas! Ah, how unfortunate we are! Even though we are descended in direct male line from Hector, the Trojan, our mistresses keep belittling us. O giant Malambruno, although you are an enchanter, you keep your promises! Send us now the peerless Woodpeg so that our misfortunes may come to an end, for, if the hot weather sets in, nobody will be able to shave us: we will be doomed!”

The tearful countess’ words moved all the bystanders, including Sancho, who resolved to accompany his master to the Antipodes in order to shave those venerable faces.

CHAPTER XLI.

The arrival of Woodpeg and the
conclusion of this long adventure.

Darkness fell. Woodpeg, the famous steed, had not arrived yet, which upset Don Quixote. He believed that Malambruno was reluctant to send the mount here. Perhaps the adventure was intended for some other knight or the enchanter did not dare to do battle with him. All of a sudden, four natives entered the garden. Their bodies were covered with green ivy. They were bearing a big wooden horse on their shoulders. They deposited it on the ground. One of the natives said:

"If there is a courageous man here, he can mount this thing."

"I won't mount it", said Sancho, "for I am not a courageous knight."

"If he has a squire", the native went on, "the latter will have to sit on the crupper and trust in the valiant Malambruno, for he will be in a safe place. You will have to twist this peg, on the horse's neck; it will fly and take you to the place where Malambruno is awaiting you. You may feel dizzy because of the great altitude. So cover your eyes until you hear it neigh, which will mean that you have reached your destination."

Once he had said this, the four natives retraced discreetly their steps to where they had come and left Woodpeg behind. When the Distressed Duenna caught sight of the horse, she said to Don Quixote in a tearful voice:

"Valiant knight, Malambruno kept his promises: the steed is here and our beards are growing. Hence, the hairy duennas beseech you to shave them, mount this horse, sit your squire on its crupper and set off."

"Your Ladyship, I will be happy to do so", said Don Quixote. "I will not even look for a cushion or put on my spurs, for I can't wait to see you and the other duennas clean-shaven."

"Nobody", declared Sancho, "will compel me to do so. If these shaves depend on my mounting this horse, my master will have to look for another squire and these ladies will have to find another way to shave, for I am not a wizard who enjoys flying. What will my islanders say when they hear that their governor is used to flying through the clouds? Moreover, since it is around three thousand leagues from here to Candaya, if the horse grows tired or the giant gets angry, it will take us half a dozen years to come back, and no islander or island will recognize me! Delay is a dangerous thing: when someone promises you something, ask him to give you the present without delay. I feel sorry for these bearded ladies, but I am a squire, not a barber. I mean to say that I am happy to be in this house: everybody treats me well and the duke, I hope, is going to make me a governor."

"Sancho, my friend", said the duke, "the island that I promised you is not a portable one, nor is it on the run! Its roots are so deep that nobody can uproot it. You know as well as I do that one cannot get a job if one does not bribe someone. So, in return for this governorship, I ask you to accompany your master in order to conclude this memorable adventure. You may come back quickly, seated on the light Woodpeg. Fortune may turn you into a pilgrim and compel you to go on foot from restaurant to restaurant and inn to inn. However, you will find your island where you left it, your

islanders will want you to become their governor and I won't change my mind. So, Mr. Sancho, I can assure you that I won't wrong you. I just want to help you."

"Sir", replied Sancho, "say no more! I am just a poor squire and I cannot stand so much courtesy. Let my master mount, cover my eyes and ask Good to protect me. Do you think that, when we are away up there, I will be able to ask for His help or that of the angels?"

"Sancho, you may pray to God or anyone you like", said the countess' squire, "for, although Malambruno is an enchanter, he is a Christian. Besides, when he casts a spell on someone, he is very careful: he does not want to clash with anybody."

"Well, then", said Sancho, "may God and the Holy Trinity of Gaeta help me!"

"Since the memorable adventure of the watermills", observed Don Quixote, "I have never seen Sancho as frightened as he is now. Should I be pessimistic, his cowardice would depress me. But come here, Sancho... Ladies and gentlemen, if you'll excuse me, I must speak to him."

He led the squire to a part of the garden where there were trees, grasped his hands and said:

"Sancho, my friend, you are aware that this journey will be long. God alone knows when we will return and whether you will have the time to whip yourself. So I want you to retire to your bedroom and pretend to take a thing we'll need in the course of our journey. You will lie a bit and tell them that you have whipped yourself five hundred times. Of course, you are supposed to do that three thousand three hundred times, but well begun is half done."

"Good Lord!", exclaimed Sancho. "You must be out of your mind! As the saying goes, a pregnant woman cannot be a virgin. Do you want me to wipe the slate clean and spank myself? No, no, you are wrong. Let us shave those duennas now. When we come back, I swear that I will fulfill my obligation. You'll be satisfied. That's all I have to say."

"Well, my good Sancho", replied Don Quixote, "I will console myself with that promise. I think that you will keep it, for, although you are a simpleton, you are not a *liar*.

"I'm not a *lyre*", said Sancho, "for I am not a musical instrument. Anyway, I'll keep my word."

They came back to mount Woodpeg. As they did so, Don Quixote said:

"Cover your eyes, Sancho, and seat yourself on its crupper. He who is sending us so far away cannot deceive us, for he cannot derive much pleasure from fooling those who trust him. Should I be mistaken, malice would not diminish the honor of having undertaken such a task."

"Sir, we should leave", Sancho answered, "for the beards and tears of these ladies are piercing my heart: I will not savor food until I have seen them smooth-faced, as they were before. Mount, then, and blindfold yourself first. Since I must sit on its crupper, the man who is to sit in the saddle must be the first to mount."

"That's true", Don Quixote agreed.

Taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he asked the Distressed Duenna to cover his eyes very carefully. No sooner had this been done than he uncovered them and said:

"If I remember correctly, I have read a book, written by Vergil, which dealt with Palladium of Troy, a wooden horse that the Greeks lent to the goddess Athena Pallas. It was filled with armed warriors and was the ruination of Troy. First, we should examine Woodpeg's belly."

"There is no need to do that", said the Distressed Duenna. "I trust him. I know that Malambruno is neither a villain nor a traitor. Lord Quixote, don't be afraid. You can mount this beast. I will bear the responsibility if things go wrong."

The knight thought that anything he might say regarding his safety would cast doubt on his valor. So, without any further argument, he mounted Woodpeg. He tried the peg and discovered that it was easy to use it. He straddled the wooden horse. He had no stirrups and his legs were hanging down. He looked like a comic-opera Roman emperor painted or embroidered on a Flemish tapestry. Against his will and little by little, Sancho climbed up and made himself as comfortable as he could on the crupper, which he found quite hard. He asked the duke if his servants could provide him with a pillow or cushion, even though they had to take one from the bed of the duchess or some page, for it seemed that the flanks of this horse were made of marble, not of wood. The Countess of the Three Petticoats said that Woodpeg would not endure any kind of trappings and that the squire could sit sideways, for he would not feel the hardness so much. Sancho did so and, bidding them farewell, he let his eyes be bandaged. However, he promptly removed the cloth and, gazing tenderly and tearfully at all those in the garden, he begged them to help him and recite plenty of Hail Marys and Our Fathers so that God might ask someone to do the same thing when they experienced the same situation.

"You thief", exclaimed Don Quixote, "are you begging for help because they are going to send you to the gallows or kill you? Soulless coward, you are in the very spot where the beautiful Magalona was when she did not die but became queen of France, according to some history books. As for me, am I not on a par with the courageous Pierre, who sat in the saddle where I am sitting now? Cover your eyes, you fearful animal; cover them and do not give voice to your fears, at least not in my presence."

"Blindfold me", said Sancho. "Since I cannot commend myself to God or you don't want to ask Him to help me, it is little wonder that I am frightened by this regiment of devils who will send us to Peralvillo [place where the people who are sentenced to death by the Inquisition are executed.]"

When their eyes had been covered and Don Quixote had settled himself into the saddle, the knight tried the peg. No sooner had he touched it than the duennas and all those present shouted:

"May God guide you, valiant knight. God be with you, intrepid squire. Pierce those clouds like a swift arrow. You are already astonishing those who are looking at you. Don't sway, brave Sancho; don't fall, for this fall would be worse than that of the bold lad who wanted to drive the chariot of his father: the Sun."

Meanwhile, Sancho was clinging to his master. He said to him:

"Sir, they are saying that we are high up, but we can hear them as if they were next to us!"

"Don't upset yourself", said the knight. "Since those things and flights are extraordinary, at a distance of a thousand leagues you can still see and hear anything you like... Do not squeeze me so much, for I am about to fall. I don't know why you are

so upset. I can assure you that I have never ridden a more docile mount than this one. It seems that we are not moving. Calm down, my friend, for things are going all right and the wind is lifting the poop."

"That's true", replied Sancho. "On this side it is so strong that is seems that a thousand pairs of bellows are blowing on me."

Sancho was not mistaken: a few large bellows were producing that breeze. The whole adventure had been so thoroughly planned by the duke, the duchess and their majordomo that every detail was perfect.

"Without doubt", remarked Don Quixote as he felt a gust of wind, "we have reached the second part of the atmosphere, where the snow and hail are produced. The thunder and lightning are produced in the third part. If we keep on ascending at this rate, we will soon be in a region where the air is on fire. I don't know how to control this peg so that we may remain here, which will keep us from burning ourselves."

As he said this, their faces felt hot, which was caused by pieces of tow, easy to ignite and to extinguish, suspended from the end of a reed held at some distance from them.

"I feel certain", said Sancho, "that we are already in that fiery place or near it, for a good part of my beard is burning. I'd like to remove my blindfold in order to see where we are."

"Don't do that", said Don Quixote. "Remember the true story about Dr. Torralba, whom the devils carried through the air on a reed as his eyes were shut. He reached Rome after a twelve-hour journey. He dismounted at Torre di Nona, which is a street in that city. He saw the riots and the assault on the duke of Bourbon, who was killed. By the next morning he was back in Madrid to give an account of what he had seen. He stated that, as he was flying, the Devil ordered him to open his eyes, which he did. He discovered that he was so close to the *crescent moon* that he could touch it. He did not dare to look down at the earth because he did not want to feel dizzy. So, Sancho, we must not uncover our eyes, for he who takes care of us will denounce us. Perhaps we are moving up in order to swoop in low over the kingdom of Candaya like a falcon or a hawk that catches a heron that tries to soar up. Although it seems to us that it has not been a half hour since we left the garden, believe me, we must have gone a very long way."

"I don't know...", said Sancho. "However, I can tell you that Lady Magallanes or Magalona was muscular, for she sat on this crupper."

The duke, the duchess and the others heard the entire conversation, which amused them a lot. Since they wanted to conclude this extraordinary and well-planned adventure, they set fire to Woodpeg's tail with some bits of tow. The horse, which was filled with firecrackers, blew up. The noise was deafening. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza fell to the ground, half-scorched.

By this time the bearded ladies, the Countess of the Three Petticoats and all the others had left the garden. Those who remained were lying on the ground; it seemed that they had fainted. The knight and his squire rose. They did not feel well. They looked around and were very much astonished to see that they were in the garden they had left and that lots of people were lying on the ground. They were even more surprised when they saw, at the end of the garden, a long lance that had been thrust

into the ground. A smooth white parchment was attached to it by two silken cords. On the parchment, written in large gold letters, was the following inscription:

"The renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, concluded the adventure of the Countess of the Three Petticoats, also the Distressed Duenna, when it began. Malambruno is satisfied. The faces of the duennas are smooth again. King Clavijo and Queen Antonomasia have been restored to their former state. When the flogging of the squire is completed, the annoying gyrfalcons will not persecute the white dove anymore. The cooing pigeon will embrace it. It was the great, wise enchanter Merlin who decided that."

Don Quixote read the inscription. He realized that it dealt with the disenchantment of Dulcinea. He thanked Heaven for having enabled him to achieve so great a deed without taking a big risk. He had freshened up the venerable duennas' complexions. The latter had left. He drew near to where the duke and the duchess had fainted. He grasped the duke's hand and said:

"Dear sir, awaken, awaken, for it's over now! The adventure is finished and nobody was harmed, as the inscription on that post shows."

Little by little, like a man who is roused from a deep slumber, the duke regained his senses. The duchess and those who had fallen to the ground, in the garden, regained consciousness. They looked so surprised that anybody believed that what had happened to them was true, though it was just a pretence. The duke read the inscription with half-closed eyes and embraced Don Quixote, assuring him that he was the best knight of all time.

Sancho scanned the garden for the Distressed Duenna. He wondered whether she was pretty without her beard, for she had a beautiful body. They told him that, as soon as Woodpeg had dropped to the earth in flames, all the duennas and the countess had disappeared, but they were clean-shaven. Then the duchess asked him what had happened during this long journey.

"Madam", replied Sancho, "according to my master, we flew through a part of the atmosphere that is always on fire. I wanted to uncover my eyes a little, but he forbade me to do so. However, I have an inquisitive nature and I always want to discover what people conceal from me. So I lifted the handkerchief surreptitiously and looked down at the earth. It seemed to me that it was no bigger than a mustard seed and that the pedestrians were a bit larger than hazelnuts, which proves that we were high up."

"Sancho, my friend", said the duchess, "you are mistaken. In fact, you did not see the earth but only the people on it, for if the earth had been as big as a mustard seed and each person as big as a hazelnut, then a single man would have filled the entire space."

"That's true", Sancho admitted, "but I glanced at the earth and saw it all."

"You know, Sancho", said the duchess, "when you glance at something, you cannot see the whole of the thing you are looking at."

"I don't know anything about that way of looking at things", the squire answered. "I just want to make you realize that we were flying as if by magic. Since I was enchanted, I could see the earth and all the people on it, no matter which way I looked. If you don't believe me, you won't believe me when I tell you that, having uncovered my face all the way to the eyebrows, I saw that I was so close to the sky that

there was not a palm-and-a-half's distance between it and me. I certify that it is massive. Then we went through the region where the seven young she-goats are [the Pleiades]. Since I had been a goatherd, in my village, in my youth, when I say them, I felt like playing with them for a while. If I hadn't done so, I think that I would have burst. Well, then, what did I do? Without saying anything to my master or anybody else, I dismounted discreetly from Woodpeg and, for three-quarters of an hour, I had a good time with those goats, which are like wallflowers. Woodpeg did not move."

"While the worthy Sancho was playing with the goats", said the duke, "how did Don Quixote amuse himself?"

The knight answered:

"Since all those things and events are unusual, it is little wonder that Sancho said what he said. As for myself, I can tell you that I looked neither upward nor downward. I did not see the sky, or the earth, or the sea, or the beaches. In truth, I was aware that I was flying and heading for the part of the atmosphere that is always on fire. However, I don't believe that we went any farther. Actually, that region lies between the moon and the outer space. So, we did not reach, as Sancho said, the place where the seven young she-goats are, for we did not burn ourselves. Consequently, either he is lying or he is dreaming."

"I am neither lying nor dreaming", replied Sancho. "Ask me to describe those goats; you'll see whether I'm telling the truth or not."

"Describe them, Sancho", said the duchess.

"Two of them are green, two are flesh-colored, two are blue, and one is multicolored."

"That's a new kind of goat", said the duke. "Here we do not have such colours, I mean, goats of such hues."

"Naturally", said Sancho, "there is a difference between terrestrial goats and aerial ones."

"Tell me, Sancho", continued the duke, "did you see any *he-goat near the moon?*"

"No, sir, I did not", he answered, "but *the Duke of the Moon should watch his wife!*"

They did not wish to question him any further regarding his journey, for they thought that he wanted to visit the skies and describe what he had seen, though he had not left the garden. Actually, this was the end of the adventure of the Distressed Duenna, which made the duke and the duchess laugh for the rest of their lives. As for Sancho, he had something to talk about for centuries, if he lived that long. Don Quixote approached him and whispered in his ear:

"Sancho, if you want us to believe what you saw in Heaven, then you must believe me when I tell you what I saw in the Cave of Montesinos. That's what I wanted to say."

CHAPTER XLII.

Don Quixote advises Sancho Panza to do a few things
before he sets off for the island he must govern,
along with other considered actions.

The positive outcome of the adventure of the Distressed Duenna pleased the duke and the duchess. So they decided to keep on joking. The story they had made up was credible. They told their servants and vassals how to behave toward Sancho, the governor of that promised island. The next day, which was the one that followed Woodpeg's flight, the duke asked Sancho to dress up in order to depart for his island, for his islanders were longing to meet him. Sancho bowed to him and said:

"Ever since I fall from Heaven, looked at the earth from up there and saw how small it was, I am not as anxious to be a governor as I was in the past. It is not fun to rule over a mustard seed or govern six human beings as small as hazelnuts, for I did not see more people than that. If you gave me a little bit of Heaven, even if it was no bigger than half a league, I'd rather have it than the best island in the world."

"You see, my friend", replied the duke, "I cannot give anyone a bit of Heaven, even if it were a piece no bigger than your fingernail. It is God's duty to grant those privileges. I can only give you what I own: an island, perfect in every respect, round, well-proportioned and extremely fertile. If you take care of it, you will get the riches of the earth and heaven."

"Very well, then", said Sancho, "give me that island. I'll do my best to govern it. I'll go to Heaven in spite of the villains' shenanigans. I don't want to better myself because I am greedy. In fact, I wish to know what it's like to be a governor."

"If you become a governor", the duke said, "you will enjoy it, for you will enjoy giving orders and being obeyed. When your master becomes an emperor — as he undoubtedly will, for he is on the right track — nobody will dare to usurp his title. Moreover, he will regret not having been an emperor earlier."

"Sir", said Sancho, "I guess that it is pleasant to give orders, even to a few cows."

"You are right, Sancho", said the duke, "and so knowledgeable. I want you to be a governor because you are a wise man. But let us change the subject. May I remember you that you will depart for that island tomorrow and will receive your uniform and some supplies tonight."

"I can put on any kind of outfit", replied the squire; "I will still be Sancho Panza."

"That's true", agreed the duke, "but clothes must be connected with one's rank or occupation. Hence, a lawyer must not dress like a soldier or a soldier like a priest. Sancho, you will be dressed partly like a learned man and partly like a captain, for, on the island which I am bestowing upon you, people need knowledge and soldiers."

"I am not an educated man", said Sancho. "In fact, I don't even know my ABC's, but a good governor only needs to pretend to know how to read. As to weapons, God willing, I'll use those they give me until I fall."

"With so good a memory as that", observed the duke, "Sancho cannot make mistakes."

At this point Don Quixote came up to them. He learned that Sancho was about to set off for his island. The duke allowed him to grasp the squire's hand and to lead him to his room in order to tell him how to behave when he became a governor. Having entered the room and closed the door, he almost compelled Sancho to sit down beside him. Then, very calmly, he said:

"Sancho, my friend, I am thankful that God favored you before I was. I thought that my good fortune would enable me to reward you for your work, but I have not been promoted, whereas your desires were fulfilled suddenly and unexpectedly. Some people bother and beseech people. They get up early, keep asking for favors and never obtain anything. Then someone arrives and suddenly receives a privilege that so many covet. As people say, ambition depends on good luck and bad luck. Without doubt you are a lazy man. You never get up early; you keep sleeping; you don't work. However, thanks to some semblance of knight-errantry, you became the governor of an island effortlessly. I say all this, Sancho, so that you may not attribute your success to your qualities. In fact, you should thank God, who guides people, and then the great profession of knight-errantry. Son, since you are disposed to believe what I have said, pay attention to Cato, I mean, to me. I want to counsel you and be the guide who will lead you to a safe harbor when you cross the raging sea, for civil service jobs and high-ranking positions are raging seas filled with confusion. First of all, son, you must fear God, for therein lies wisdom, and the wise man cannot make mistakes. In the second place, you must know who you are, which is tricky. Since you will know yourself, you will not swell up like the frog that wanted to be as big as the ox. If you behave in this way, you will remember that you once herded pigs in your village, which will prevent you from becoming vainglorious."

"That's true", said Sancho; "when I was a little boy, I herded pigs. When I was a lad, I herded geese. What you have said is irrelevant, for all those who govern are not members of royal families."

"You are right", replied Don Quixote. "Hence, commoners must be prudent governors, which prevent them from gossiping: a demeanor that most people have. You can feel proud of your humble origins. Don't hush up the fact that your forebears were peasants. If you don't conceal this piece of information, nobody will try to embarrass you. A virtuous commoner is always superior to a haughty sinner. Many ordinary men have become popes and emperors. You would be bored if I listed all the names. If you are virtuous and do good deeds, you won't envy princes or great lords, for titles are inherited, whereas virtue is a personal endeavor, and virtue is superior to inheritance. Hence, if one of your relatives went to your island to visit you, you would not neglect or offend him but welcome and entertain him. This would satisfy God, who does not want anybody to belittle what He has created. Besides, you will follow the rules of the wise Nature.

Should you bring your wife with you — for you may spend a lot of time on that island — you would have to educate her and sand her rough nature, for what an intelligent governor obtains can be lost by his stupid, uneducated wife. If you became a widower – a thing that may happen – because of your position, you would have to look for a better wife. Don't choose one whom you would use as a hook, or as a fishing rod, or as an object you hide, though you desire it. In fact, on Judgment Day, the judge will have to account for all that his wife will have received. When he is dead, he will have to

pay dearly for things that seemed unimportant when he was alive. Since you are not one of those ignoramuses who think that they are intelligent, you will be able to be objective: you can disregard the testimonies of the rich and take pity on the poor, but don't be sentimental. Try to find the truth amid the promises and gifts of the rich and the sobs and entreaties of the poor. When you can or must be fair, don't punish the delinquents too harshly, for the stern judge is not more famous than the merciful one. You will avoid punishing criminals because you are merciful, not because people bribe you. When you hear the case of one of your enemies, forget the wrong he has done you and concentrate your mind on the case. Passion must not alter your objectivity when another's rights are concerned. If it were the case, most of the time, you would make irremediable mistakes or ones that would be remedied at the expense of your reputation and fortune. If some beautiful woman beseeches you to help her, don't look at her tears or listen to her moans. Examine her request carefully. Your wits must not dissolve in her tears, nor must your kindness be killed by her sighs. You must not insult the one whom you are to punish, for the punishment itself is enough. When you hear a suspect's case, don't forget that this wretched creature is influenced by the wicked human nature. If it's possible to pronounce the sentence without doing the plaintiff an injustice, you will have to be kind and merciful, for mercy is more important than justice, though the qualities created by God are equal. Sancho, if you follow these rules and precepts, you will live long, be famous, receive lots of gifts and be very happy. You will marry your children to aristocrats. So your children and grandchildren will bear titles. You will live in peace with all men. When you are very old, you will be serene. The soft and delicate hands of your great-grandchildren will close your eyes. What I have said are examples that must adorn your soul. Now I am going to describe the precepts that will adorn your body."

CHAPTER XLIII.

Don Quixote gives Sancho
other pieces of advice.

If someone had listened to the foregoing speech of Don Quixote, he would have taken him for a wise and well-intentioned man. In the course of this great story, I have often said that the knight talked nonsense only when he touched upon knight-errantry. When any other topic was under discussion, he was sane and even witty. So, his deeds always contradicted his opinions and vice versa. However, while the eccentric man gave Sancho other pieces of advice, both his intelligence and his madness rose to a high pitch.

Sancho listened to him attentively. He wanted to remember those pieces of advice in order to use them on his island and make a success of his governorship. Don Quixote went on:

"With regard to your person and the way in which you should take care of your house, first, you must be clean and trim your nails. Do not let them grow as some do. They are so ignorant that they believe that long fingernails make the hands look beautiful. However, theses excrescences they do not cut are not nails but the claws of sparrowhawks. This is disgraceful! When you walk, do not loosen your belt or

unbutton your doublet, for an untidy outfit lead people to believe that the individual in question is messy, but such carelessness can be deliberate, which was the case with Julius Caesar. Determine very carefully the revenue generated by your office. If you earn enough money, you will have to provide your servants with liveries that must be comfortable rather than elegant. Divide them between your servants and the poor. For instance, if you have to clothe six pages, clothe three of them and three poor men. So there will be pages both in Heaven and on earth. This new way of bestowing liveries is not understood by the vainglorious. You must not eat garlic or onions because your breath may betray your humble origins. Walk and speak slowly, but not in such a manner as to give the impression that you are listening to yourself, for affectation is bad. Eat sparingly during the day and have a light supper, for food is the best medicine. Don't drink too much alcohol. You know, drunkards cannot keep secrets or promises. Don't open your mouth when you masticate or eruct in front of people."

"I don't know what eruct means", said the squire.

"To eruct, Sancho, means to belch, which is one of the most vulgar words in Castilian, although it is precise. Hence, educated people use a Latin verb, to eruct, in place of a Spanish one, to belch. It makes no difference whether some people understand these words or not, for, in the course of time, they will be used and understood, which will enrich the language. Proletarians will end up using them."

"In truth, sir", said Sancho, "I will remember this piece of advice, for I keep belching."

"You keep eructing, Sancho, not belching", Don Quixote corrected him.

"I will say eruct from now on", replied Sancho. "I swear that I won't forget it."

"Besides, you should not quote so many proverbs when you speak. They are concise maxims, but they are often irrelevant to what you say. So people think that you talk nonsense."

"God can remedy this", said Sancho; "for I know more old sayings than a book. When I start to speak, they all rush into my mouth and fight with one another in order to get out. My tongue catches the first ones, though they are irrelevant. From now on, I will use the ones that befit the dignity of my office, for where there is money one never starves, one cannot do two things at the same time, the censor is in a safe place, and one must be generous but not extravagant!"

"That's what I am saying", cried Don Quixote; "you cannot refrain from quoting proverbs. You are getting on my nerves! I am telling you that you should avoid proverbs and you quote four of them, which are irrelevant to what we are talking about. You can say a proverb that illustrates a point, but you cannot quote too many of them, for it makes your speech dull and vulgar. When you mount a horse, do not throw the weight of your body against the back of the saddle or ride with your legs held stiffly, straight out in front of you or away from the horse's belly. Moreover, you must sit up straight in order to make people believe that you are not on the back of a donkey. Your posture will determine whether you are a knight or a groom. Don't oversleep, for the early bird catches the worm. Bear in mind, Sancho, that diligence is the mother of good luck and laziness the mother of bad luck: slackers never achieve any goal. I'd like to give you one more piece of advice. Although it does not have to do with your person, I want you to remember it, for I think that it is as useful as the others. Actually, never allude to family trees, at least do not compare one to another.

Since one of the two will have to be better than the other, you will be hated by those whose lineage you have disparaged, whereas the others will not thank you. As for your uniform, you will wear trousers, a long jacket and a slightly longer cloak. Obviously, you won't wear galligaskins, for they suit neither gentlemen nor governors. That's what I wanted to tell you. In the future, you will inform me of your affairs and I will give you other pieces of advice."

"Sir", replied Sancho, "I know that all the things you have said are good, holy and helpful, but they will be useless if I don't remember them. I won't forget to trim my nails or not to marry again, but I won't remember the other weird things. So you must write them down. Since I cannot read or write, I will give the piece of paper to my confessor. When necessary, he will hammer those pieces of advice into me."

"Woe is me!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "Governors should know how to read and write. Sancho, I can tell you that when a man cannot read or is left-handed, it shows that either his parents were poor or he was so mischievous and wicked that he was unable to learn a good doctrine or good customs. Illiteracy handicaps you a lot. So I want you to learn, at least, to sign your name."

"I can sign my name", said Sancho. "When I was the steward of a confraternity in my village, I learned to draw certain letters, like the ones they write on bundles. So I was able to spell my name. Anyway, I can always pretend that my right hand is crippled and have someone else sign for me, for everything can be remedied except death. Since I will be the boss and will be allowed to punish people, I will do anything I like and will be naughtier than the son of a judge... I'll be a governor, which is higher than a judge. Nobody will piss me off! They can belittle and slander me; in the end it is I who will belittle and slander them. God employs the men he likes, and ordinary people always obey the rich, though they are stupid. I'll be rich and generous when I am a governor. So everybody will believe that I am perfect. He who is kind can manipulate everybody! My grandmother used to say that ordinary folks respect wealthy people. Besides, the latter are more powerful than the poor."

"Oh, Sancho, you discourage me!", cried Don Quixote at this point. "May sixty thousand devils take you and your proverbs to Hell! For an hour now you have been quoting them, and each one is torture. I can assure you that these sayings of yours will bring you to the gallows one day. Because of them, your vassals will plot and overthrow you. Ignoramus, where do you find them? Idiot, why are they always irrelevant? If I uttered one and used it properly, I would sweat and toil like a miner."

"Sir", replied Sancho, "you are complaining about trifling matters. You are upset because I make use of my property, but I own nothing but sayings and more sayings. Here are four that have just popped into my head. They are as adequate as pears in a basket, but I'm not going to repeat them because, if necessary, I can remain silent."

"You liar!", retorted Don Quixote. "You cannot keep silent; your Spanish is not good; you are a prattler. Nevertheless, I'd like to know what the four adequate sayings that popped into your head are, for I am racking my brains and cannot remember one, though I have a good memory."

"They are excellent", said Sancho. "Don't try to settle an argument between the members of the same family. You must not argue with a person who has authority and has the right to scold you. The weak man can fear the worst. Those proverbs are relevant to what we have said. Nobody should argue with his governor or boss, for he

may pay dearly for it, like the one who tries to settle an argument between a son and his father or a nephew and his uncle. Anyway, they belong to the same family. You must not oppose the governor, for he has the right to scold you. As for the weak man, a *blind man will see* that he is in a bad situation. So, he who sees the mote in another's eye should see the beam in his own. In fact, he who notices people's imperfections fails to notice his. Your Lordship, a foolish merchant who knows his business a bit is more knowledgeable than ignorant people."

"That is not true, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "for the fool is always an ignoramus because madness cannot be the basement of intelligence. But let us change the subject. Should you be a bad governor, it would be your fault and I would be embarrassed. I can console myself with the fact that I have fulfilled my duties: I have counseled you and spoken in earnest. Hence, I am released from my obligation and my promise. May God guide you and govern you when you are a governor. May he soothe me, for I fear that you will destroy that island. I could prevent this from happening if I told the duke that this fat, little man is nothing but a bag full of proverbs and malice."

"Sir", replied Sancho, "if you think that I cannot manage this island, I won't go there, for I am more worried by a small part of my soul than by my entire body. So I can remain a squire and eat bread and onions instead of becoming a governor who will eat partridges and capons. Moreover, when one sleeps, the powerful, the weak, the poor and the rich look very alike. Let me remind you that you alone pushed me to govern an island, though I was unqualified for the job. If I thought for a minute that in order to be a governor the Devil would have to carry me off, then I would rather go to Heaven as Sancho than to Hell as a governor."

"Good Lord!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "What you have just said leads me to admit that you deserve to govern a thousand islands. You are good-natured, which is more important than knowledge. Commend yourself to God and try not to change your mind. I mean to say you should stick to your decisions, for Heaven always favors good intentions. Now, let us go to dinner, for I think that our hosts are waiting for us."

CHAPTER XLIV.

How Sancho Panza went to his island,
and the strange adventure that befell Don Quixote in the castle.

In the original version of this book, it is stated that the translator modified this chapter. The Moor lamented that the book was dry and that its scope was narrow. In fact, it dealt with the history of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. The author did not broach more important or entertaining subjects. He said that he did not like to write on a single subject or make a few characters speak. In the first part of this book, in order to break the monotony, he had added a few short stories such as the story of the inquisitive, demanding man and that of the captive stranger, which are separate from the plot. The other chapters deal with things that happened to Don Quixote and which could not be omitted. As he said, he thought that many readers would focus on the knight's exploits and skip over these short stories because they would be impatient or annoyed. Hence, they would not notice that they were well-written and original. By the way, readers would notice this if they were published separately instead of being mere

adjuncts to Don Quixote's madness and Sancho's stupidities. So, in this second part, he did not want to insert catchy separate stories but only a few episodes that resembled them. They had to be short and connected to the plot. Although he was constrained by the narrative thread, he was intelligent and skilled enough to deal with the entire universe. He asks us not to despise his work but to congratulate him for what he has not written!

Then he goes on with the story. He says that, on the afternoon of the day on which he had given Sancho the pieces of information, Don Quixote wrote them down and handed him the piece of paper so that, at times, someone might read it to him. No sooner had he done so than Sancho lost the document. The duke found it and read it to the duchess. Once again they marveled at the knight's madness and wisdom. Since they wanted to carry on the deception, on that afternoon they sent Sancho to the place that would become his island. He was accompanied by many people.

The man who had to lead Sancho and his retinue to that place was a majordomo who worked for the duke. He was intelligent and funny (amusement is based on intelligence). He had played the part of the Countess of the Three Petticoats and had been very funny, as you can see in the tale. Thanks to his sense of humor and his employers' instructions, everything went off extremely well. When Sancho beheld the majordomo, he discovered that he was the countess! He turned to his master and said:

"May the Devil take me to Hell without deliberation! The face of that man resembles the one of the Distressed Duenna."

Don Quixote gazed at the majordomo and said to his squire:

"Sancho, the Devil will not take you to Hell without deliberation — I don't know what you mean by that — for the Distressed Duenna's face is that of the majordomo. However, the majordomo's face is not that of the Distressed Duenna. If that were the case, that would be a great contradiction, but now is not the right time to check that, for it's too complicated. Believe me, my friend, we must ask God most earnestly to free us from the wiles of wizards and enchanters."

"Sir, I am not joking", said Sancho; "a while ago I heard him speak and it was like the countess' voice resonating in my ears. Very well, I'll keep silent, but I will be cautious. Another sign may confirm or disprove my suspicion."

"That's what you should do", agreed Don Quixote. "Inform me of what you'll discover and of what will happen to you when you are a governor."

Finally Sancho and his retinue set out. He was dressed like a lawyer. He also wore a waterproof brown coat made of camel hair and a cap made of the same material. He was riding a horse whose stirrups had been set high. Behind him, by order of the duke, came the ass, decked out with shiny silk trappings. Sometimes Sancho turned his head to look at his donkey. He liked it so much that he would not have taken the place of the emperor of Germany.

When he took leave of the duke and duchess, he kissed their hands. The knight blessed him. He was crying; Sancho was sobbing.

Dear reader, let the worthy Sancho go in peace and wish him luck. You will burst into laughter when I tell you how he behaved on the island. Now I am going to tell you what happened to his master that same night. If it does not make you laugh, it

will at least make you grin like a Cheshire cat, for Don Quixote's adventures are to be greeted either with astonishment or with mirth.

No sooner had Sancho left than Don Quixote felt lonely. If he had been able to revoke the agreement and prevent his squire from becoming a governor, he would have done so. The duchess noticed that he was heartbroken. She asked him why he was so sad. If he missed Sancho, her squires, duennas and maids would assist him.

"Madam, to tell you the truth", replied Don Quixote, "I miss Sancho, but that is not the main reason why I am so sad. Your Excellency has made me many offers, and I wish to thank you for your kindness. As for the rest, I beseech you to allow me to take care of myself in my bedroom."

"In truth, Lord Quixote", said the duchess, "this should not happen, for four of my maids, who are as pretty as flowers, are supposed to serve you."

"They are not flowers", said Don Quixote, "but thorns that pierce my soul. I will never let them or a fly enter my bedroom. Since you want to do me a favor, though I deserve none, allow me to lock myself in my bedroom and take care of myself. I will place a wall between my desires and my virtue. I don't want to give up this habit because of your generosity. Hence, I'd rather sleep with my clothes on than allow anybody to undress me."

"Say no more, Lord Quixote", said the duchess. "I will forbid my maids and all the flies to enter your bedroom. I will not soil the sense of decency of Don Quixote de la Mancha, for I think that it stands out from your many virtues. You will dress and undress alone, as you like and whenever you like. Nobody will forbid you to do so. In your chamber, there is a certain pot which a man who sleeps behind locked doors needs. You will not have to open the door to answer the call of nature! May the great Dulcinea del Toboso live a thousand centuries. May all the inhabitants of the earth know her. She deserves to be loved by so valiant and so chaste a knight. May the benevolent Heaven urge Sancho Panza, our governor, to whip himself, as soon as possible, so that the world may enjoy the beauty of this great lady again."

"Your Highness", replied Don Quixote, "has spoken like a true aristocrat. Good women never speak of bad women. Your compliments rather than those of the most eloquent tongues on earth will lead Dulcinea to be luckier and more famous."

"Very well, then, Lord Quixote", said the duchess, "it's time to have dinner. The duke must be waiting for us. Let us go to dinner. You will go to bed early, for yesterday's journey from Candaya was not that short. It must have tired you."

"Madam, I am not tired", Don Quixote assured her. "I swear that I have never mounted a beast that was calmer or more comfortable than Woodpeg. I don't understand why Malambruno burned this swift, sweet steed."

"I assume", said the duchess, "that he regretted that he had harmed the countess, her traveling companions and other people and committed crimes, for he was a wizard and an enchanter. Hence, he burned Woodpeg because he wanted to get rid of all his magical implements, including the one that carried him restlessly from land to land. Thanks to its ashes and the inscription on the trophy, the valor of the great Don Quixote de la Mancha will be remembered everlastingly."

Don Quixote thanked the duchess again. After he had had dinner, he retired to his room and forbade any servant to enter it: he feared that he would be compelled to betray Dulcinea and would fail to follow in Amadís' footsteps, who was the epitome of

knight-errantry. He locked the door. Two candles illumined the knight, who began to undress and take off his stockings. O disaster that never should have befallen this man! He did not sigh or do a thing that would have showed that he was uneducated. In fact, there were two dozen stitches in one of his stockings, which looked like grilles! The worthy gentleman was very upset. He would have traded an ounce of silver for a bit of green silk; I said green silk because his stockings were green. As he wrote, Benengeli exclaimed:

"O poverty! O poverty! I don't know what led that great Cordovan poet to call you 'a spurned holy gift.' Although I am a Muslim, I rub shoulders with Christians. So I know that holiness consists of charity, humility, faith, obedience and poverty. However, he who contents himself with being poor must be very religious unless it is a kind of poverty to which one of their greatest saints alluded when he said: 'Possess all things as if you did not possess them.' That's what they call poverty of spirit. But I am speaking of the second kind of poverty. Why do you want to clash with gentlemen and the wellborn rather than with other people? Why do you compel them to polish their shoes, although the buttons on their doublets are made of silk, hair and glass? Why most of their ruffs must be washed with starch instead of being properly crimped with an iron?" (From this we can infer that we have been using starch and crimped ruffs for many years.) "Wretched is the nobleman who eats badly behind closed doors, for he debases himself. He goes out with a toothpick in his mouth, though he does not have to clean his teeth, since he has not eaten a lot. The poor man is so worried about his reputation that he believes that people who are a league away can see the patch on his shoe, the sweat stains on his hat, the holes in his cloak and his empty stomach!"

Don Quixote's shredded stockings led him to experience this feeling again, but he was happy to see the hiking boots which Sancho had left behind. He resolved to wear them the next day. Finally, he went to bed. He was pensive and sad because of Sancho's absence and the serious damage caused to his stockings. He wanted to sew them, even if the thread was not green, which is one of the greatest signs of poverty that a gentleman can exhibit in the course of his long life. He put out the candles. It was hot and he could not sleep. He rose from his bed and opened a grated window a bit. It looked out on a beautiful garden. As he did so, he beheld people who were walking and talking. He listened attentively. Since they raised their voices, he heard the following conversation:

"Don't ask me to sing, Emerencia, for you know that I have been crying ever since that stranger entered this castle and I saw him. Moreover, the mistress of the house sleeps lightly. I don't want her to find us. If she kept on sleeping, my song would be useless, for this new Aeneas who has come here only to mock me would not awaken to hear it."

"Don't upset yourself, my dear Altisidora", a voice replied. "Without a doubt the duchess and those who are in this house are sleeping, except the man who owns your heart and awakens your soul, for I heard him opening the window of his bedroom. So he must be awake. Sing, my poor friend. Whisper your song; play the harp. If the duchess scolded us, we would blame the heat."

"That's not the point, Emerencia", said Altisidora. "I don't want my song to unveil my heart, for I don't want to be regarded as a capricious or frivolous damsel by

those who know nothing of the mighty power of love. Anyway, ashamed cheeks are more bearable than a blemish on the heart."

Don Quixote heard the sweet sound of a harp. He was flabbergasted, for he remembered all the adventures of that kind and the windows, gratings, gardens, tunes, love affairs and *fits of the vapors* described in those books of chivalry full of *vaporous conjectures*. He believed that one of the duchess's maids loved him and that modesty compelled her to conceal her passion. He feared that he would yield to temptation, but he resolved to resist. Commending himself earnestly to Dulcinea del Toboso, he decided to listen to the music. He coughed once to reveal that he was there, which pleased the young ladies, for they wanted him to hear them. Having tuned her harp, Altisidora began to sing the following ballad:

You are lying in your bed,
Covered with fine linen sheets.
You are stretching out your legs.
You will sleep all night long.

La Mancha's bravest knight,
You are more honest
And holier than
Arabia's fine gold.

Listen to a sad damsel who is neither
That young nor that innocent.
Your sparkling eyes
Are setting fire to my heart.

You seek adventures abroad
And get into trouble.
You inflict the wounds and
Refuse to treat them.

Courageous lad,
Did God foster your cravings?
Do you come from Libya
Or the mountains of Jaca?

Did grass snakes nurture you?
Were the wild forests and
The dreadful mountains
Your nannies?

The chubby, healthy Dulcinea
Can take pride
In having tamed
A fierce tiger.

Hence, her fame will spread abroad
From the Henares to the Jarama,
From the Tagus to the Manzanares,
From the Pisuerga to the Arlanza.

I will change to displease her.
I will put on one of my prettiest skirts.
It is colorful and decorated
With golden fringes.

Who will you embrace?
Who will approach your bed,
Touch your head
And scratch it?

But I am too demanding;
I don't deserve such honor.
A humble girl should content herself
With massaging your feet.

I should bring you hairnets,
Silver slippers,
Damask breeches
And Holland capes.

I should give you fine pearls,
Which, like pine cones,
Are so lonely that
They are called loners.

Manchegan Nero standing
On the Tarpeian rock,
Don't look at my burning heart
Or brutalize me.

I'm a child, a sweet damsel
Aged fourteen years and three months.
I swear to Good
That I am not fifteen.

I am not lame.
I have two arms.
My tresses are irises
That trail on the ground.

Although my mouth is wide
And my nose is a bit flat,
My topaz-like teeth
Enrapture the skies.

You are listening to me.
So you can see that
My voice is sweet
And that I am short.

These and all my other qualities
Belong to you thanks to your arrows.
I live in this house.
My name is Altisidora.

Here the afflicted Altisidora brought her song to a close. Don Quixote, who was the subject of this song, was surprised. He sighed deeply and said to himself:

"Woe is me! When damsels behold me, they fall in love with me! The peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is unlucky, for they don't leave her alone, which is why she cannot enjoy my incomparable fidelity! Queens, what do you want her to do? Empresses, why do you persecute her? Maids aged between fourteen and fifteen, why do you hound her? Let the wretched girl triumph over my heart and my soul, which have been bestowed upon her by love. Let her rejoice and boast about that. lovelorn girls, I am pastry to Dulcinea alone, but I am made of flint to all other females. I am honey to her and a purgative to you. I consider Dulcinea to be the most beautiful, intelligent, honest, elegant and wellborn woman in the world. All the others are ugly, stupid, fickle and of ignoble lineage. Nature bore me to belong to her and none other. Weep or sing, Altisidora. Because of that seductress, they beat me in the castle of the enchanted Moor. So she can continue to despair. I will always be Dulcinea's lover and will remain clean, polite and chaste in spite of all the magic powers in the world."

He slammed the window. Disgusted and sad, as if some dire misfortune had befallen him, he went to bed. Let us leave him there, for the great Sancho Panza is calling to us: he is about to take charge of his famous island.

CHAPTER XLV.

How the great Sancho took charge of his island
and began to govern.

O perpetual discoverer of the antipodes, taper of the world, eye of the sky, man who shakes canteens gently, inhabitant of Thymbra here, Phoebus there, archer over there, physician farther, father of poetry, inventor of music, orb that always rises and never sets, though it seems that you do so! I am telling you, O Sun, that you help man to beget man! I beseech you to favor and enlighten me so that I may give a detailed account of what happened to the great Sancho Panza on his island, for, without you, I am unenthusiastic, faint-hearted and confused.

So, Sancho and his retinue arrived at an "island" of around a thousand inhabitants. It was one of the best islands that the duke owned. They told him that it was called Fraud Island because its real name was Fraud Island or because of the way in which it had been bestowed upon him. As they reached the island, which was a village with a wall around it, the councilors came out to meet them. The bells rang. All the villagers cheered Sancho. They escorted him with much pomp to the main church to give thanks to God. Then they performed a few funny ceremonies, bestowed the keys of the village on him and acknowledged him as the island's perpetual governor. The new governor's uniform, beard and small, fat body astonished those who did not know the plot and the many people who knew it. Finally, when they excited from the church, they took him to the judge's chair and sat him in it. The duke's majordomo said to Sancho:

"Mr. Governor, it is the custom for the person who takes possession of this famous island to answer a difficult question so that the islanders may realize whether he is intelligent or not, which leads them to rejoice at his arrival or grieve over it."

As the majordomo was saying this, Sancho was gazing at some large letters written on the wall opposite. Since he did not know how to read, he asked what was written on the wall. The majordomo answered:

"Sir, it is written that you took possession of this island on a certain day. Actually, the inscription reads: 'On such and such a day of such and such a year, Lord Panza took possession of this island. May he enjoy it for many years to come.'"

"Who do they call Lord Panza?", asked Sancho.

"It is you", the majordomo answered, "for the only Panza here is the one who is seated in that chair."

"Well, brother", said Sancho, "I am not a lord, nor were my ancestors. They call me Sancho Panza, and Sancho was my father's name before me and my grandfather's before him. They were all Panzas, not lords or ladies. On this island, I guess that there are more aristocrats than there are stones. However, God understands me. If I governed this place for four days, I would weed out all those aristocrats, for there are so many of them that they must be as troublesome as mosquitoes. Ask me that question, Mr. majordomo; I will try to answer it. Of course, the answer may sadden the islanders."

Two old men entered the hall. One of them held a big stick. The other said:

"Mr. Governor, some days ago I lent this good man ten gold escudos in order to help and please him. I told him that he had to repay me when I asked him to do so. Many days went by. I was quite patient, but, on many occasions, I asked him to give the money back because of his foot-dragging. He has not repaid me yet. He says that I did not lend him money and that if I did so, he gave the escudos back to me. So I'd like Your Lordship to have him swear on the Bible so that we may discover what happened."

"Old man with the stick, what did you do?", inquired Sancho.

"Sir, I confess", replied the old man, "he lent me some money. You can lower your rod. Since he wants me to take the oath, I will swear that I really paid him back."

The governor lowered the rod. The old man who had spoken handed his stick to the other one while he took the oath, as if he wanted to get rid of it. He placed his hand on the cross of the rod and declared once again that he had borrowed the ten escudos

which they were asking him to give back, but that he had paid off his creditor. However, the latter had not realized that. So he kept asking for his money. In view of this, the great governor asked the creditor what he wanted to say regarding his adversary's statement. The old man said that his debtor was telling the truth because he was a good man and a good Christian. So he must surely have forgotten how and when he had been reimbursed. Consequently, he would stop asking him to pay off his debt. The debtor grasped his stick, bowed his head and excited from the courtroom. Sancho saw him leaving in this manner. He noticed that the plaintiff was passive. He bowed his head and passed the forefinger of his right hand over his eyebrows and his nose. He remained thoughtful for a while. Then he raised his head and ordered a bailiff to tell the old man with the stick to come back, but he had already left. He went and fetched him. When Sancho saw the old man, he said:

"Good man, give me that stick, for I need it."

"Take it, Your Lordship", replied the old man.

He placed it in the governor's hand. Sancho took it, handed it to the other old man and said:

"Go in peace, for you have been repaid."

"Repaid, Your Lordship? Is this stick worth ten gold escudos?"

"Yes, it is", said the governor. "Should I be mistaken, I would be the stupidest person in the world. We are going to see whether I am intelligent enough to govern an entire kingdom."

He ordered a servant to break the cane. He did so, and, in the middle of it, they found the ten gold escudos. They were greatly astonished at this. They looked upon their governor as another King Solomon. When they asked him how he knew that the coins were there, he replied that he made it out when he saw the old man hand the staff to his adversary and take the oath. The man said that he had really paid his creditor and then got his cane back. He realized that the coins were in the stick. Although governors are simpletons, God sometimes enlighten them! Moreover, he had heard the priest of his village tell a similar story. Actually, he had a good memory: he never forgot what he had decided to remember. No islander had a better memory than his.

Finally, the old man who had been repaid and the humiliated one went away. Those present were surprised and the person who had to record Sancho's words, deeds and adventures could not determine whether he would write that he was a fool or a wise man.

When this case had been concluded, a woman holding on tightly to a man who was dressed like a rich farmer entered the courtroom.

"Justice, Mr. Governor! Justice!", she cried. "If I don't find it on earth, I'll find it in Heaven! Dear Governor, this wicked man caught me in the middle of a field and used my body as if it had been some dirty tea towel. Ah, poor me! He has stolen what I had guarded for more than twenty-three years, protecting it against Moors, Christians, natives and foreigners. I was as hard as a cork oak. I remained as pure as a salamander in the flames or wool among the brambles, and this man dared to place his clean hands on my body!"

"We don't know", said Sancho, "whether this seducer has clean hands or not."

Turning to the man, he ordered him to reply to this criticism. The defendant was confused. He responded:

"Gentlemen, I am a poor swineherd. This morning I left the village to sell, pardon my French, four swines. Because of the taxes and bribes, I made a very small profit. As I was returning home, I met this good woman. The Devil, who likes to cause trouble, compelled us to copulate! I gave her a lot of money, but she was upset. So she seized my arm and took me to this place. She says that I forced her, but she lies. I swear that she does. I am telling the truth."

The governor asked the man if he had any silver coins with him. He replied that he had some twenty ducats in a purse that was hidden underneath his shirt. Sancho asked him to take the purse out and to hand it to the plaintiff, which the fearful swineherd did. The woman took it, curtsied many times and prayed for the life and health of this Governor who looked after damsels and orphans in distress. She left the courtroom, grasping the purse with both hands. At first, he had opened it to check whether the coins were made of silver. No sooner was she gone than the swineherd began to cry. His eyes and heart were following the purse. Sancho said to him:

"My good man, follow that woman, steal the purse from her and come back."

He was not talking to a fool or a deaf man, for he left at once to carry out the order. The bystanders were awaiting the end of the trial. The man and the woman returned quickly. They were angrier. She had lifted her skirt and was holding the purse in her petticoat's pocket. He was trying to grasp it, but he was unable to do so because she protected it stoutly. She shouted:

"Justice! God's justice and man's justice! Your Lordship, this adventurous scoundrel tried, in the center of the village and the middle of the street, to steal the purse which you had ordered him to give me!"

"Did he steal it?", asked the governor.

"Did he steal it?", repeated the woman. "I'd rather die than let him take my purse away from me. I am not dopey! This repulsive tramp does not frighten me! Hammers, pincers, mallets and chisels will not get it out of my clutches, nor even a lion's claws! Before they kill me, they will have to pull my heart out."

"She's right", said the man. "I give up. I admit that I am not strong enough to take it away from her. So she can keep it."

Then Sancho said to the woman:

"Show me that purse, honorable, courageous lady."

She handed it to him and he then gave it to the man. He said to the *grande horizontale*:

"Sister, the strong Hercules would not have been able to defeat you if you had defended your body as vehemently as you did when you defended the purse. Go away! I wish you bad luck. I forbid you to stay here or for six leagues around, under pain of two hundred lashes. Go away, you debauched fraud!"

Frightened by this, the discontented woman bowed her head. Then the governor said to the defendant:

"My good man, return to your village with your money. If you do not want to lose your purse, don't copulate with anybody!"

The man thanked him clumsily and left. Once again the spectators marveled at the decisions made by their new governor, who caught sight of two strangers. One of

them was dressed like a peasant and the other like a tailor: he was holding scissors in his hand. The tailor said:

"Mr. Governor, we are here because this good man came to my shop yesterday – pardon my frankness, I am a licensed tailor – gave me a piece of fabric and asked me: 'Sir, is there enough fabric to make a cap?' I examined the piece of fabric and told him that I could make one cap. I guess that he believed that I wanted to steal a part of the fabric, for he is a wicked man and tailors have a bad reputation. He added that he wanted to know whether there was enough fabric to make two caps. I know what he meant. So I said yes. The stubborn man added caps and I kept saying yes. When I finished making the fifth cap, he came to the shop. I gave him the caps and he refused to pay me. In fact, he asked me to pay him or give him back the fabric."

"Brother, is it true?", asked Sancho.

"Yes, it is, sir", replied the man, "but ask him to show you the five caps that he made."

"I will be glad to do so", said the tailor.

He stretched out the hand that was underneath his cloak. There were five caps on his four finger and thumb. He said:

"Here are the five caps which this good man asked me to make. I swear that I have used all the fabric. I can show the caps to the inspector."

The number of caps and this new case made all the onlookers laugh. Sancho considered the matter for a while and said:

"I think that, in this case, we don't need to argue a lot. We just have to be logical. So the tailor will give me the caps, the farmer will give me the fabric and I will give the caps to the prisoners, that's all."

All those present marveled at the decision about the swineherd's purse; this one made them laugh. However, the governor's order was carried out. The historian recorded all this and sent a copy to the duke, who was awaiting it impatiently. Let us leave the worthy Sancho here, for we must turn our attention to Don Quixote, who is excited by Altisidora's music.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Don Quixote takes fright at cats and small bells
as he sings a love song.

Don Quixote was lost in thought because of the music of Altisidora, the lovelorn damsel. He went to bed, but his thoughts, like mosquitoes, did not let him sleep or rest. He was also obsessed with the holes in his stockings. Time, which is swift and unstoppable, passed: morning came. When he saw that it was daylight, Don Quixote, who was an early riser, got up, donned his yellow suit and put his hiking boots on in order to hide the holes in his stockings. He also put on his scarlet cloak and his hat made of green velvet trimmed with silver ribbons. The pompous knight strapped on his baldric and his good sharp sword, picked up the large rosary that he always carried and, swinging his hips, drew near to the anteroom, where the duke and duchess, already dressed, were expecting him. As he made his way down a corridor, he came upon Altisidora and the other girl, who was her friend. Altisidora looked at him and

pretended to faint. Her friend caught her and unbuttoned her blouse at once. When Don Quixote saw this, he went over to them and said:

"I know what causes those fits."

"I am shocked", replied the girl, "for Altisidora is the healthiest damsel in this house. I have never seen her sick. I loathe all the knights-errant in this world because all of them are ungrateful. Go away, Don Quixote, for this poor girl will not regain her senses if you stay here."

"Madam", said Don Quixote, "this evening, put a lute in my bedroom; I will console the unfortunate girl as best I can, for, when love begins, immediate disappointment is an efficacious remedy."

Then he left because he did not want anybody to criticize him for speaking with them. No sooner was he out of sight than Altisidora regained her senses. She said to her friend:

"We will have to put that lute there, for I feel certain that Don Quixote wants to serenade us. The music won't be bad, since it will be his."

They went to inform the duchess of what had happened. They told her that the knight wanted a lute. The duchess was delighted with that. So, she, her maids and the duke resolved to play a trick on their guest, one that would be more amusing than harmful. They waited for the night to come, and it came as quickly as the day, for the duke and the duchess spent it conversing cheerfully with Don Quixote. On that day the duchess sent the page who, in the wood, had impersonated the enchanted Dulcinea to Teresa Panza's house. He carried a letter from her husband and the bundle of clothes that Sancho had left so that it might be sent to her. The servant had to record accurately what she would say.

When Don Quixote retired to his bedroom, at eleven o'clock, he caught sight of a guitar. He tuned it and opened the window. He noticed that there was someone in the garden. He touched the frets, tuned the instrument again, spat and cleared his throat. Then, in a voice that was a little hoarse but well modulated, he began singing the following ballad, which he had composed that very day:

Love gets on the nerves
Of souls
By means
Of idleness.

Sewing, gardening
And continuous work
Are antidotes which can cure
That kind of anxiety.

The dowries of
The shy damsels
Who want to get married
Are their invaluable modesty.

Knights-errant and courtiers

Flirt with wanton women,
But they marry
The modest ones.

In inns, some men hit on tarts
And go to bed with them,
But once it is finished,
They go away.

When loves arrives in the evening
And departs on the morrow,
It leads the souls to forget
The blurry figures.

A coat of paint prevents people
From seeing the first layer,
But when the latter is sublime,
The second layer seems unimpressive.

Dulcinea del Toboso's picture
Is painted on the canvas
Of my soul:
You cannot erase it.

Lovers' loyalty is
What matters most to the man
Who considers that love can work wonders
And make him become a better man.

The duke, the duchess, Altisidora and almost all the people who were in the castle were listening to the music when Don Quixote stopped singing. All of a sudden, from a gallery directly above his window, they lowered a rope to which were attached more than a hundred bells. Then they emptied a large bag filled with cats that had bells of a smaller size fastened to their tails. The din of the bells and the miaows startled the duke and duchess, although they had conceived the joke. Don Quixote was petrified. Two or three cats came in by chance through the window of his bedroom. They darted from side to side: it was as though a legion of devils had been set loose there. As they tried to escape, they put out the candles that were burning in the room. In the meantime, they kept hauling up and lowering the rope. The majority of the castle dwellers, who did not know what was going on, were dumbfounded.

The knight rose to his feet, drew his sword and started slashing at the window grating as he shouted:

"Go away, wicked enchanters! Go away, magical swines! I am Don Quixote de la Mancha: your evil intentions cannot overcome me!"

He turned to the cats, which were whirling around, and slashed at them many times, but they dashed over to the window and leaped out. One of them did not do so

because Don Quixote's sword kept attacking it. So it pounced on his face and bit and scratched his nose. The pain made him scream. The duke and the duchess wondered what that noise was. They hurried to the room, opened the door with their master key and saw the poor knight struggling to pull the cat away from his face. They entered the room carrying candlesticks. They saw the unequal combat. When the duke tried to separate them, Don Quixote shouted:

"Don't try to separate us. I want to fight this demon, this wizard, this enchanter hand to hand. I will show him who Don Quixote de la Mancha is!"

The cat did not care about those threats. It kept hissing. Finally, the duke pulled it off and threw it out the window. Don Quixote's face was covered with scratches and his nose was in bad shape. However, he was very upset because they had forbidden him to conclude the fight, which had barely begun, between him and that wicked enchanter. They asked for some ointment and Altisidora herself, with her white hands, bandaged all his wounds. As she did so, she whispered:

"Pitiless knight, all these misfortunes have befallen you because you are cruel and stubborn. I hope that God will make Sancho forget to whip himself. In fact, if your beloved Dulcinea remains enchanted, you will never enjoy her company or marry her, at least as long as I live, for I adore you"

Don Quixote did not answer her. He heaved a sigh, stretched out on his bed and thanked his hosts for their kindness, not because he had been frightened by this magical ringing feline rabble, but because they had helped him. They let him have a rest and left. They felt sorry for him. They had not anticipated that he would pay dearly for this adventure. They kept him in for five days. However, he had another adventure in his bedroom, which was more pleasant than the last one. The author does not want to recount it now, since he wishes to rendezvous with Sancho Panza, whose island occupies him in a most amusing way.

CHAPTER XLVII.

How Sancho Panza conducted himself
on his island.

The author says that they took Sancho to a magnificent palace. They had placed a nice royal table in a great hall. When he entered the hall, some flageolets began to play and four pages approached him to present him with a ewer so that he might wash his hands, which he did in a most dignified manner.

The music stopped. He sat at the head of the table, for the only seat was there. Besides, they had arranged plates and cutlery on that part of the table. A man holding a whalebone stick in his hand, who turned out to be a physician, stationed himself at Sancho's side. A servant removed a fine white cloth, revealing an assortment of fruit and many other delicacies. A man who looked like a student said grace as a page tucked a napkin trimmed with lace into the governor's collar. Another page who acted as a butler set a fruit basket in front of him. He began to eat, but the man who was beside him touched the plate with the stick and it was instantly removed. The butler set a platter containing other food on the table. Sancho grasped a spoon, but he could not help himself because the stick touched the dish and a page withdrew it as swiftly

as the other page had taken away the fruit basket. The governor was puzzled. He looked at those present and asked them if this meal was a magic trick. The man with the stick replied:

"Mr. Governor, you can eat in accordance with the rules followed on islands where there are governors. Sir, I am a physician. The governors of this island employ me and I take care of them. I am more attentive to their health than I am to mine. I study night and day in order to be acquainted with my patient's constitution and be able to cure him when he gets sick. My duty is to be present at his dinners and suppers. I allow him to eat only what is good for his health and forbids him to eat what may cause stomach ache. So I asked them to remove the fruit basket because fruit contains too much water. I asked them to remove the other dish because the food was too hot and spicy, which can make people feel thirsty. It is dangerous to drink a lot because it destroys the moister factor which is the material basis of life."

"Well, then", said Sancho, "I guess that those roast partridges over there, which are not too spicy, won't make me sick."

"I will never let you eat them", answered the physician, "as long as I live."

"Why?", asked Sancho.

"Because our master, Hippocrates, Polestar or light that guides all physicians, once said: 'Omnis saturatio mala, perdices autem pessima.' It means that one must never eat too much, especially partridges."

"So", said Sancho, "tell me what food on this table is good for my health. Then you will put away your stick and let me eat, for the governor is begging God to let him eat so that he may enjoy his governorship. I am starving! Doctor, if you don't let me eat, I will die."

"You are right, Mr. Governor", replied the physician. "Hence, I think that you should not eat this rabbit stew, for you cannot digest it properly. You can eat veal, but this piece has been marinated and roasted. So you should not eat it."

"That big tureen steaming over there", said Sancho, "contains consommé. Since it is composed of different kinds of meat, I will find a piece that will be tasty and healthy."

"Back off, Satan!", exclaimed the physician. "What a bad idea! Consommé is junk food! Canons, university administrators and those who attend weddings where there are lots of peasants can eat consommé. Governors cannot: they must eat delicacies. Actually, people always prefer simple medicines to the ones that are compounded of many substances, for it is easy to use the former, whereas the latter can be dangerous because of the proportion of the different components. In my opinion, you should eat a hundred wafers and a few teaspoons of quince marmalade, which will cover the bottom of your stomach and enable you to digest that food properly. Hence, you will be healthy and stronger."

When Sancho heard this, he leaned back in his chair, stared at the physician and asked him what his name was and where he had studied. The man answered:

"Mr. Governor, I am Dr. Pedro *Rigid Magician.* I come from a village called *Getout*, which stands on the right-hand side of the road from Caracuel to Almodóvar del Campo. I studied at the university of Osuna and I am a doctor of medicine."

Sancho was red-cheeked with rage. He said:

"Go away, Dr. Pedro *Rigid Sorcerer*, graduate of the university of Osuna who comes from Getout, a village which stands on the right-hand side of the road from Caracuel to Almodóvar del Campo! If you don't leave right now, I will take a club and beat you and all the ignorant physicians in order to chase you and them from this island. As for the wise, prudent and learned ones, I will honor them as if they were holy men. Go away, rigid Pedro! If you don't, I will take this chair in which I am sitting and break it over your head. If they gave me a severe sentence, I would excuse myself by saying that I helped God to get rid of a bad physician, a political enemy. Feed me! If you don't, I will quit, for it is absurd to have an occupation that prevents people from eating."

The angry governor frightened the physician. He wanted to *get out*, but they heard the sound of a post horn in the street. The butler looked out the window and said:

"A courier carrying an important letter from the duke."

The courier entered. He was sweating and seemed worried. He took a letter from his inside pocket and handed it to the governor, who handed it to the majordomo, who read aloud what was written on the envelope. It said:

"To don Sancho Panza, governor of Fraud Island.
To be delivered to him or to his secretary."

"Who is my secretary?", inquired Sancho when he heard this.

"It is I, Your Lordship", said one of those present, "for I know how to read and write and I am a Biscayan."

"A Biscayan!", exclaimed Sancho. "This quality could enable you to become the secretary of the emperor himself. Open that envelope and read the letter."

The newly appointed secretary did so and declared that the information was confidential. Sancho ordered them to leave the hall. When the doctor and all the others except the majordomo and the butler had gone, the secretary read the letter. It said:

"Lord Panza, I have learned that some enemies will launch a large-scale attack on the island one of these nights. Hence, be on alert and keep watch. This must not take you unawares. My faithful spies have told me that four people in disguise have entered your place in order to kill you, for they fear your competence. Open your eyes and beware of those who come up to speak to you. Do not eat the food which they offer you. Should you be in trouble, I would help you. Meanwhile, since you are intelligent, you will do what we expect you to do.

On this island, the 16th of August, at four o'clock in the morning. Your friend,

The Duke."

Sancho was astonished. The others seemed surprised.

"What we must do now", said the governor, "is to lock that doctor up, for I feel certain that he will kill me by means of slow starvation, which is awful."

"I think", said the butler, "that you should not eat what is on this table, for it was prepared by some nuns: the Devil hides behind the cross!"

"I do not deny it", replied Sancho. "For the present, give me a piece of bread and around four pounds of grapes; there is no poison in that. In fact, I must eat. If we must

get ready for those battles that threaten us, we must be well-nourished, for it is the belly that renders people courageous. As for you, my secretary, answer the duke. Tell him that I will carry out his orders exactly as he gives them. Say hello to the duchess for me and beg her to dispatch my letter and this bundle to my wife, Teresa Panza. I will be grateful to her for being so good to me and will strive to repay her. You should also say hello to Don Quixote for me, for I want him to realize that I am not ungrateful. As a good secretary and a good Biscayan, you may add whatever you like that's to the point. Uncover those dishes and give me something to eat. I am ready to confront all the spies, murderers and enchanters who may reach my island and approach me."

A page entered the hall and said:

"There is a farmer outside who would like to meet Your Lordship and discuss business matters. He says it is very important."

"This is so weird", said Sancho. "Those farmers are so stupid that they don't understand that I don't have the time to negotiate. Governors and judges are only flesh and blood. So we need to rest for some time. We are not made of marble. Should this governorship last long – I think that it won't– I would have to deal with all those merchants. Show this good man in, but make sure first that he is neither a spy nor a murderer."

"He is not", replied the page, "for he looks like a simpleton. Either I am mistaken or he is as good as good bread."

"Don't worry", said the majordomo; "we are all here."

"Sir", said Sancho, "since the physician is no longer with us, could I eat something nourishing, even if it's a piece of bread and an onion?"

"You will eat tonight", answered the butler. "You will be compensated for the lack of food."

"I hope so", answered Sancho.

At this point the farmer entered the hall. He made a very good impression on them. It could be seen from a thousand leagues away that he was a worthy man and a good soul. The first thing he said was:

"Who is the lord of the manor?"

"The person who is sitting in that chair, of course", said the secretary.

"Allow me to bow to Your Lordship", said the man.

He fell on his knees and tried to kiss the governor's hand, but Sancho withdrew it from the man's. He asked him to rise and explain why he had come. The petitioner did so and said:

"Your Lordship, I am a farmer. I come from Miguelturra, a village two leagues away from Ciudad Real..."

"Another Getout", observed Sancho. "Go on, brother. You see, I know Miguelturra very well: it is not very far from my town."

"Well, sir", continued the farmer, "by the grace of God, the Holy Roman Catholic Church allowed me to get married. I have two sons who are students. The youngest one is a high-school student and the eldest is an undergraduate. I am a widower because my wife died. In fact, a bad physician killed her, for he administered an enema to her when she was pregnant. If God had wanted to let the child live, I would have asked him to study medicine so that he would not envy his brothers, the high-school student and the undergraduate."

“Consequently”, said Sancho, “if your wife had not died or been killed, you would not be a widower!”

“No, sir, of course not”, replied the farmer.

“How awful!”, exclaimed Sancho. “But hurry up, brother, for it is time to go to bed: we should not be negotiating.”

“My son who is a high-school student”, the farmer went on, “has fallen in love with a girl who lives in our village. Her name is Clara *Pearlylipstick*, daughter of Andrés Pearlylipstick, a wealthy farmer. Their ancestors did not bear that name. In fact, all the members of this family are *paralytics*. So this word became their name, and they improved it. Now they are called Pearlylipstick. In truth, this girl resembles an oriental pearl or a wild flower when you look at her from the right-hand side; from the left-hand side, she is not that pretty, for, on that side, one eye is missing. She lost it when she got smallpox. Although she has lots of large pockmarks on her face, those who like her say that those are not holes but graves where the souls of her lovers are buried. She is very clean. In order not to soil her face, her nose is turned up, as they say; it seems that it runs away from her mouth! However, she is quite pretty. Her mouth is wide, and if ten or twelve front teeth and molars were not missing, one would regard her as one of the prettiest ladies in the world. I won’t speak of her lips, for they are so thin and delicate that one could wind them into a skein. Since their color is different from that which is commonly seen, they seem unreal: they are flecked with blue, green and violet. Mr. Governor, I am sorry to describe in minute detail the girl who will become my daughter, but I like her and consider that she is not bad-looking.”

“You can describe the person of your choice”, said Sancho, “for I like your description. It is a kind of delicious dessert.”

“I should serve you that”, replied the farmer, “but it will happen in due course. I just want to say that if I described her tall body, you would be surprised, but I cannot do so because she is so bent and stooped that her knees touch her mouth. If she could move into an upright position, her head would touch the roof. She would have married my youngest son if she had been able to stretch out her paralyzed hand. Her long ridged nails show that her hand is in good shape.”

“Fine”, said Sancho. “You have described her from head to toe. What do you want to say now? Get to the point! Stop beating about the bush.”

“Your Lordship, I’d like you”, the farmer went on, “to give me a letter of recommendation in which you will ask her father to allow my son to marry that girl. Their wealth and qualities are quite similar. Truth to tell, my son is possessed by the Devil. The evil spirits torment him three or four times a day. Once he fell into a fire; now his face is as shriveled as parchment. His eyes are somewhat watery. He is an angelic person by nature. If he stopped punching himself, he would be a simple soul.”

“My good man, do you want anything else?”, Sancho inquired.

“Yes, I do”, replied the farmer, “but I hesitate to mention it. Anyway, I must speak, whatever the consequences... Sir, I’d like you to give me three or six hundred ducats so that my son may have a nest-egg. He must furnish his house and be financially independent. He and his wife cannot be subject to the interference of their relatives.”

“Tell me if you need anything else”, said Sancho. “Don’t be bashful; speak out.”

“No, I am quite sure there isn’t.”

No sooner had the man said this than the governor rose to his feet, picked up the chair in which he had been sitting and said:

"Unpopular yokel, if you don't go away at once, I will break your head with this chair. Son of a whore, rioter, spitting image of the Devil! Is it the right time to ask for six hundred ducats? Do I have that money, you shitbag? If I had, why would I give it to a stupid hypocrite? I don't care about Miguelturra or all the Pearlylipsticks. Go away! If you don't, I'll do what I said. You are not from Miguelturra. In fact, you are a hypocrite whom the Devil sent here to provoke me. Barbarian, I've been a governor for a day and a half and you think that I have six hundred ducats!"

The butler motioned to the farmer to leave the room, which he did, bowing his head, for he feared that the governor would carry out his threat. The hypocrite played his part very well.

But let us leave the angry Sancho in order to go to a quieter place and speak of Don Quixote, who, when we last saw him, had plasters on his face. He was recovering from the wounds caused by the cat. He was not cured in a week's time. During that week, something happened to him. Cid Hamete will recount this event in minute detail, which he has always done in the course of this great story.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Of what happened to Don Quixote and Lady Rodriguez,
duenna of the duchess, along with other events
that deserve to be recorded and remembered forever.

The badly wounded Don Quixote was low-spirited. His face, which was covered with plasters, had not been pointed out by God but by the claws of a cat, this being a misfortune that often befalls knights-errant. For six days, he did not go out. One night, as he was not asleep, he was thinking of all his problems and of Altisidora's attentions. He heard the sound of the key turning in the lock of his bedroom's door. He inferred that the lovelorn damsel was trying to seduce him, make him break his promise and lead him to be unfaithful to Dulcinea del Toboso.

"No!", he cried, for he thought that his guesses were true. "For the sake of the greatest beauty on earth, I will not cease to adore the lady who is stamped and engraved on my heart and who hides in the depths of my bowels! My beloved Dulcinea, should Merlin or Montesinos detain you or should you be turned into a fat peasant girl or a nymph of the golden Tagus, who weaves cloth composed of gold and silk threads, I would remain your faithful boyfriend!"

As he finished saying this, the door opened. He immediately stood up in the bed. He had wrapped a yellow satin bedspread around him. He was wearing a nightcap. His face was covered with plasters because of the scratches, and he had also used plasters to keep his moustaches from drooping. He looked like a fantastical ghost. He stared at the door. He expected to see the abashed, tearful Altisidora enter the room, but he beheld a most dignified duenna. Her wimple was covered with a veil that was so long that it enfolded her entire body. She held a half-burned candle in her left hand; with her right hand, she shaded her eyes, which were covered with large spectacles. She tiptoed quietly towards the phantom.

Don Quixote looked at her from his watchtower. Her garb and the silence which enveloped her led him to believe that she was a witch or a sorceress who had come in this guise to harm him. So he began crossing himself with great rapidity. The spectre approached. When it reached the middle of the room, it looked up and saw the knight crossing himself furiously. The veiled figure terrified him. As for the woman, the ghost terrified her, for it was tall, yellow and covered with plasters. She cried:

"Jesus! What is this?"

She jumped in fright and let go of the candle. The darkness moved her to turn and walk away, but she tripped over her skirt and fell with a sickening thud. Don Quixote was petrified. He said:

"Phantom or whatever you are, tell me who you are and why you have come here. If you are a wandering soul, I will do my best to help you, for I am a Roman Catholic who succors everybody, which is why I decided to become a knight-errant. The code of knight-errantry compels me to help the souls in Purgatory."

The bewildered duenna inferred from Don Quixote's words that he was as frightened as she. In a sorrowful tone of voice, she whispered:

"Don Quixote – I guess that you are Don Quixote – I am not a ghost, or an apparition, or a wandering soul, as you must have thought. I am Lady Rodriguez, lady-in-waiting to the duchess. I have come to ask you to right one of the wrongs which you are used to righting."

"Lady Rodriguez", said the knight, "have you come here to corrupt me? You see, my heart belongs to another: I am in love with the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso. So, put your love letter aside, light your candle and ask me whatever you want, except, as I have said, things that are indecent."

«Sir, I don't carry love letters", replied the duenna. "You don't know me. I am not old enough to behave in such a childish way. Thank heavens I am in good shape; I have all my teeth in my mouth, except a few that I lost owing to the cold weather which is so common in Aragon. Just wait a moment. I am going to light my candle. Then I will tell you about my problems, for you can solve all the problems in the world."

She did not wait for the answer. So she exited from the bedroom. Don Quixote was lost in thought. He awaited her. All of a sudden, a thousand ideas about this new adventure crossed his mind. It seemed to him that it was foolish to run the risk of breaking his promise to his lady friend. He said to himself:

"The Devil, who is subtle and cunning, is trying to deceive me with a duenna, which is something he has not been able to accomplish with empresses, or queens, or duchesses, or marchionesses, or countesses. Wise people often say that, if he has his way, he will give you a flat-nosed female rather than one with an aquiline nose. Perhaps this solitude, this silence and this opportunity will kindle my sleeping desires and lead me, at the end of my life, to fall where I have never stumbled before. In such situations, one should flee rather than prepare for the battle. I must be crazy, for I am talking nonsense: an old duenna wearing spectacles and a white wimple cannot arouse the sex drive of the most placid man in the world. Are there pretty duennas on earth? Is there a duenna who is not impertinent or bad-tempered? Go away! Duennas are not likeable. A certain lady was right to keep two statues representing duennas with spectacles and cushions. They had been places at the far end of the reception hall.

It seemed that they were sewing. Those statues, like the flesh-and-blood chaperons, prevented those who were in the hall from misbehaving!"

As he said this, he flung himself out of bed in order to lock the door. He did not want Lady Rodriguez to enter again. As he was about to do so, that lady entered the room again. She was carrying a lighted white wax candle. So she could see him better. The man, who was draped in the bedspread, wearing a nightcap and covered with plasters, frightened her again. She took two steps backward and said:

"Am I safe, sir? You are quite undressed!"

"Madam", replied Don Quixote, "may I ask you the same question? Am I safe? Will I be attacked and raped?"

"Safe from what? Who will harm you?"

"You!", said Don Quixote. "I am not made of marble, nor are you made of bronze. It is not ten o'clock in the morning but midnight, or a little later than that. I assume that we are in a room that is more secure and isolated than the cave where the bold, treacherous Aeneas seduced the pious beautiful Dido. But give me your hand, madam; there is no greater safety than my own modesty and timidity, which bow to this venerable wimple."

He kissed his right hand. The lady also kissed her right hand and stretched it out with the same degree of ceremony.

Here, Cid Hamete inserts a parenthesis. He says that he would have liked to see the two of them walking hand and hand from the door to the bed. He would have given the better of the two cloaks that he had to witness this.

Finally, Don Quixote went back to bed while Lady Rodriguez remained seated in a chair some distance away. She was still holding her candle and wearing her spectacles. He bent his legs and covered himself up with the sheet. Only his face was visible. They were quiet, but the knight broke the silence. He said:

"Lady Rodriguez, you may unburden yourself. Get your worries off your chest. My chaste ears will hear your complaint. I will help you earnestly."

"I believe you", replied the duenna, "for the presence of a kind, agreeable gentleman like you led me to expect a Christian answer. Although, I am sitting in this chair, in the heart of the kingdom of Aragon, dressed like a depressed old duenna, I am a native of West Asturias. My family is connected to many of the best families in that province. However, bad luck and my neglectful parents, who lost their fortune at an early date, led me to go to Madrid. To prevent greater misfortunes, I agreed to follow my parents' advice and become the seamstress of an important lady. I can assure you that, when it comes to embroidery or any kind of needlework, no one has ever surpassed me. My parents left me; they returned to their village. A few years later they went to Heaven, for they were very good Catholics. So I became an orphan. I depended on the miserable salary and on the help which maids get when they work in a palace. Although I was discreet, a squire who lived in the castle fell in love with me. He was mature, bearded and respectable. Above all, like the king, he was a nobleman, for he came from Santander. We were not able to hush up our love affair: Her Ladyship discovered it. Without more ado, she compelled us to get married, which was done with the blessing of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Unfortunately, I gave birth to a

baby girl. I did not die in childbirth, which happened on the due day and went off well. In fact, my husband died of a shock shortly afterward. I feel certain that you would marvel at it if I recounted the story."

At this point she began to weep bitterly.

"Sorry, Lord Quixote", she said. "I can't help myself. Every time I think of my unfortunate husband, I burst into tears. He looked solemn when he rode along carrying my mistress behind him, on the crupper of a strong mule that was as black as jet. In those days they did not have coaches or sedan chairs; ladies rode behind their squires in the manner I have mentioned. I am telling you this so that you may realize that my worthy husband was well-bred and punctual. As he was entering Santiago Street in Madrid, which is a rather narrow street, a judge and two bailiffs were coming out. When my good squire saw the judge, he turned the mule and pretended to accompany the magistrate, but my mistress, who was on the crupper, whispered: 'What are you doing, you wretch? Don't you know that I am here?' The judge, who was a courteous gentleman, pulled on the reins and said: 'Continue on your way, sir. It is I who should accompany Lady Casilda.' It was my mistress's name. However, my husband insisted respectfully on going with the judge. When she saw this, my mistress, who was angry, took a big pin — I think it was a bodkin — from her sewing box and stuck it into my husband's back. He screamed, turned around and fell to the ground. So did my mistress. Two of her footmen, the judge and the bailiffs hurried to lift her up. At the Guadalajara Gate, there was restlessness; I mean to say the idlers were restless. My mistress returned home on foot while my husband rushed to the barber shop; he believed that his belly had been pierced. The inhabitants of the city whispered about his kindness; he was so famous that small boys ran after him in the streets. For this reason and because he was somewhat short-sighted, Her Ladyship dismissed him. In my opinion, this caused his death. I was an unprotected widow who had to take care of her daughter, who became pretty in the blink of an eye. Since I was a famous seamstress, the duchess, who had married the duke a few days before she hired me, asked me to move to this kingdom of Aragon and bring my daughter with me. The latter was a gifted young ladies: she sang like a Calandra lark, danced like an agile, energetic ballroom dancer, read and wrote like a schoolmaster and counted like a miser. Besides, she was cleaner than running water. If I remember correctly, she is sixteen years, five months and three days old… a day more or less. Anyway, the son of a very rich farmer, who lives in a nearby village that belongs to the duke, fell in love with her. I do not know how it happened, but they fornicated! He seduced her because he promised to marry her. Now he does not want to keep his word. The duke is aware of this, for I have complained to him many times. I want him to order the farmer's son to marry her, but he turns a deaf ear to my request and scarcely listens to me. In fact, the young liar's father is very rich. He lends money to the duke and is sometimes a guarantor on the loans made by him and which he can barely repay. Hence, he does not wish to upset him. My good man, I'd like you to right this wrong, either by means of entreaties or by force of arms, for everybody says that you were born to do that and to protect the wretched. Bear in mind that my daughter is a kind young orphan. Moreover, I have told you that she has many qualities. I swear to God and on my conscience that none of the duchess' maids surpass her. For instance, Altisidora, who is the most self-possessed and elegant of them, does not compare with my daughter.

Dear sir, may I remind you that all that glitters is not gold. This girl, Altisidora, is not really pretty or modest. In fact, she is self-possessed and stylish. Moreover, she is in bad shape: she has bad breath! Nobody can bear it, nor can the duchess… But I must shut up, for walls have ears."

"Lady Rodriguez, what ails the duchess?", asked Don Quixote.

"Your alacrity", replied the duenna, "moves me to answer you with absolute truthfulness. Look at the duchess, who is beautiful. Her visage is as smooth as a polished sword. Her milky, carmine cheeks are illumined by the moon on one side and the sun on the other side. When the self-possessed aristocrat walks along, although she barely touches the ground, she radiates health wherever she goes. She may thank God for it and praise the two leg ulcers from which are discharged all the bad fluids of which the physicians say she is full."

"Holy Mary!", exclaimed Don Quixote, "does the duchess has drains of that sort? If a barefoot friar told me this, I would not believe him. Since it is you who tell it to me, it must be true. Those leg ulcers should not excrete bad fluids but liquid ambergris. In truth, I am beginning to realize that those leg ulcers are important for the health."

No sooner had Don Quixote said this than someone opened the door of the room with a bang. Lady Rodriguez jumped with fright again and let go of the candle. The room became, as the saying goes, as dark as pitch. Someone grasped her throat: she could not even whine. Another person, without saying a word, lifted her skirt quickly. With what appeared to be a slipper, he began beating her so hard that Don Quixote felt sorry for her. However, he did not stir from his bed. He did not know what was going on. He was silent and motionless because he was afraid that he would be spanked. His fears were justified because, soon after they had finished beating the duenna, who did not dare to cry out, the silent executioners attacked him. They snatched the sheet and bedspread. Then they pinched him hard and many times. The knight counter-attacked using his fists. There was a heavy silence. The battle lasted almost half an hour. Then the phantoms left. Lady Rodriguez pulled her skirt down, complained about her misfortune and exited from the room without uttering a word. Don Quixote ached because he had been pinched. He was alone, bewildered and pensive. He wondered which perverse enchanter had put him in such a situation. All this will be told in due course, for Sancho Panza is calling to us now and the plot calls for our attention.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Of what happened to Sancho Panza
when he patrolled his island.

We left the angry, great governor with the sly farmer-painter. The duke had ordered the majordomo to play a trick on Sancho. The majordomo had asked the farmer to play a trick on Sancho. So the two of them were making fun of Sancho. However, a simpleton, a fat peasant, decided to confront those present, including Dr. Rigid Magician, who had returned to the room as soon as the business of the duke's confidential letter was over. He said:

"Now I realize that judges and governors have to be made of bronze so that they may pay attention to those annoying, selfish complainers who insist that they be helped. If the poor judge does not see or help them, either because he is unable to do so or because it is not the time set aside for audiences, they at once begin to criticize, bad-mouth and curse them. Silly complainers, slow down. You should wait for the right time and opportunity. Never come at mealtime or at bedtime, for judges are only flesh and blood and must satisfy the natural needs. I am an exception, for, thanks to Dr. Rigid Magician of Getout, who is here, I cannot satisfy a need: the need to eat. He wants me to die of hunger and says that this type of death is called life. I hope that God will allow him and all the bad physicians to lead that kind of life! As for the good ones, they deserve to be praised."

All those who were acquainted with Sancho Panza were surprised at this eloquent speech. They did not know the reason for it. You see, offices lead people to become intelligent… or stupid! Finally, Dr. Rigid Magician of Getout promised to give him food at night, even though it might be in violation of all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. The governor was relieved. He was waiting anxiously for nightfall and dinnertime. He was impatient. However, dinnertime arrived. They served him a beef and onion salpicon and a few boiled calves' feet that were rather stale. He devoured the food and enjoyed it as if they had served him francolins from Milan, Roman pheasants, veal from Sorrento, partridges from Moron or geese from Lavajos. During the meal, he turned to the physician and said:

"Dr., from now on you needn't bother to give me delicacies, for, should you do so, I would have a stomach ache. You see, I am used to eating goat's meat, beef, bacon, cured meat, turnips and onions. When I eat gourmet food, I don't digest it properly. The butler should serve me what is *consommé*, for the more I *consume* it, the more I like it. He may put whatever he likes into it, so long as it is food. I will thank him and pay him someday. Nobody is allowed to mock me. All right! Let's make peace and eat quietly. When God sends the dawn, it is daylight for everybody. I will be fair and won't receive bribes. People must keep their eyes open and focus on important matters, for there is much disorder, but I may see wonders. Should you be too kind, they would take advantage of you!"

"Mr. Governor", replied the butler, "what you have said is true. I promise you, in the name of all the inhabitants of this island, that they will serve you faithfully, willingly and affectionately, for the mild way in which you have begun to govern them does not lead them to envisage the possibility of betraying you."

"I believe you", said Sancho. "It would be foolish to do such a thing. Once again I tell you to see to feeding me and my donkey, for it is very important. When the time comes, we will patrol the island, for I want to rid it of immorality, vagabonds, slackers and dropouts. My friend, I can tell you that unemployed and lazy people are dangerous drones: they eat the honey that the worker bees have made. I'd like to help the farmers, to preserve the privileges of gentlemen, to reward the virtuous and, above all, to respect religion and clergymen. What do you think of that, my friends? Am I right?"

"Your Lordship, you have said many things", the majordomo assured him, "that dumbfound me. It is said that you are illiterate, but you have said many intelligent things and maxims. We and those who sent us here were not expecting you to do so.

Each day new things are seen in this world: jests become a reality and jesters are mocked."

Night fell. The physician allowed the governor to dine. They readied themselves for the patrol. Then Sancho set off. He was accompanied by the majordomo, the secretary, the butler, an historian who had to record his deeds, and an army of bailiffs and scriveners. The governor was walking among them, carrying his staff of office; it was an amazing spectacle. They had crossed a few streets when they heard the sound of clashing swords. They ran over to the spot. They found only two men, who, when they saw the authorities approaching, stopped fighting at once.

"Help me!", cried one of the swordsmen. "I am shocked: I am being robbed and attacked in the middle of the street!"

"Calm down, my good man", said Sancho, "and tell me why you are fighting, for I am the governor."

The other man said:

"Mr. Governor, I'll be brief. In the casino opposite, this gentleman has just won, God knows how, more than a thousand reales. I was present when he won and my conscience led me to doubt his good luck. He stopped playing once he had won. I expected him to give me an escudo or two, as it is the custom where gentlemen of my rank maintain public order, right wrongs and prevent brawls, but he pocketed his money and left. I was disappointed. So I followed him. I entreated him to give me at least eight reales, for he knew that I was a poor, unemployed and respectable man: my parents did not allow me to learn a trade, nor did they give me money. This man, who is as dishonest as Cacus and Andradilla, gave me only four reales. Mr. Governor, he is a shameless miser! If you had not arrived when you did, I would have made him vomit his winnings and taught him a lesson!"

"What do you want to answer to this?", Sancho said to the first swordsman.

The man replied that what his opponent had said was true. He had not given him more than four reales because he used to give him money. Those who expect gratuities should be polite and content themselves with taking whatever is offered to them. They should not complain to the winners, unless they are absolutely certain that the winnings are illegal. At first, he had refused to give him money, which showed that he was an honest man, not a thief as his accuser had said. In fact, sharpers always depend on the onlookers who know them."

"That's true", observed the majordomo; "now, Mr. Governor, it is up to you to decide what we are going to do with these men."

"I have made up my mind", said Sancho. "The winner, whether he cheated or not, will immediately pay this bully a hundred reales. Besides, he will disburse thirty more for the poor prisoners. As for the one who is unemployed, poor and useless, he will take those hundred reales and, before tomorrow night, will leave this island in order to live abroad for ten years. If you disobey, you will serve the sentence in the life to come, for either I or the public executioner will execute you. If one of you tries to argue, I wallop him!"

One of them paid the other and went back home. The one who received the money left the island.

"I am going to forbid gambling", said Sancho, "for casinos are dens of inequity."

"You won't be able", said one of the scriveners, "to close this one, for it belongs to an important personage. Moreover, he loses more money in the course of the year than what he makes by playing cards. You should close the smaller casinos, for they are more prejudicial to security. In the houses of noblemen, the famous sharpers do not dare to misbehave. Besides, gambling has become a common vice. Hence, it is better playing cards there than in a butcher's, where they catch a poor fellow in the small hours of the morning and skin him alive."

"Sir", replied Sancho, "I know that this is questionable."

A constable came up, grabbing a youth by the arm. He said:

"Mr. Governor, this young man was heading toward us; as soon as he caught sight of the policemen, he turned his back and began to run like a deer, which shows that he is a juvenile delinquent. I chased him. If he had not fallen, I would never have caught him."

"Why were you running away, boy?", asked Sancho.

"Sir", replied the lad, "I wanted to avoid being interrogated by the policeman."

"What do you do for a living?"

"I am a weaver."

"What do you weave?"

"Lance points, if you'll pardon the expression."

"Funny boy! You are cracking a joke, that's fine, but what will you do next?"

"Go outside for a breath of fresh air."

"On this island, where do you go outside for a breath of fresh air?"

"Where there is fresh air!"

"That's a good answer; you're a clever young man. Bear in mind that I am the fresh air that pushes your back and sends you to jail. Take him away right now! He will sleep in an airless room tonight!"

"By Jove!", exclaimed the youth. "You can no more make me sleep in jail than you can make me a king!"

"Why can't I?", Sancho demanded. "Do you mean that it is not in my power to have you arrested or set free whenever I like?"

"You have power", said the lad, "but not enough to make me sleep in jail."

"Really?", said Sancho. "Take him away at once so that he may realize that he is mistaken. The jailer will not be kind to you, for if he lets you take one step out of your cell, he will be fined two thousand ducats."

"All this is laughable", said the youth. "Actually, nobody will force me to sleep there."

"Demon", said Sancho, "will an angel free you and take off the shackles which I will ask the warder to fasten around your wrists and ankles?"

"Now, Mr. Governor, let us be brief and make ourselves clear", said the lad with panache. "You can ask them to take me to prison, shackle me and throw me into a dungeon. You can tell the jailer that he will have to pay a heavy fine if he does not carry out his duties or let me escape. However, if I want to stay awake all night, will you be powerful enough to make me sleep?"

"No, certainly not", said the secretary. "The fellow is right."

"You will stay awake", said Sancho, "of your own volition, not because you want to disobey me."

"No, sir", replied the lad, "I will never do that."

"Well, then," said Sancho, "God be with you. Go to your house. I hope that He will enable you to sleep well, for I don't want you to stay awake. However, you should stop mocking judges and policemen, for one of them may hit your head with a joke!"

The boy went away and the governor resumed the patrol. A short while later two constables came up with a man whom they had handcuffed. One of them said:

"Mr. Governor, this person who looks like a man is a woman, and she is not an ugly one. In fact, she is dressed as a man."

Two or three lanterns were lifted. They illumined the face of a girl who appeared to be about sixteen years old or a little more. Her hair, lovely as a thousand pearls, was covered with a small net made of gold and green silk threads. They surveyed her and noticed that she was wearing red silk stockings and white taffeta garters surrounded by strings made of gold and seed pearls. Her galligaskins and shirt were made of green fabric and gold lamé. She was wearing a white doublet, made of fine linen embroidered with golden threads, and white men's shoes. She did not have a sword but an expensive dagger. Her fingers were decked out with many beautiful rings. In short, she impressed them as a fine girl, though nobody knew her. The people who lived there told them that they did not know her either. Those who were playing the trick on Sancho were more surprised than the others, for this meeting had not been arranged by them. So they were confused and waited to see what the outcome would be.

Sancho was mesmerized by the girl's beauty. He asked her who she was, where she was going and what had led her to dress in that way. The girl blushed, lowered her gaze and said:

"Sir, I cannot reveal what I do want to keep secret. However, I can tell you that I am neither a thief nor a troublemaker but an unfortunate maiden whose jealousy impelled her to be immoral."

When he heard this the majordomo said:

"Mr. Governor, tell those people to take a few steps backward so that this lady may talk freely."

The governor gave the order. They fell back. The majordomo, the butler and the secretary did not move. Since they were alone, the girl went on. She said:

"Gentlemen, I am the daughter of Pedro Pérez Cob, a tax collector who has the farmers who produce wool pay what they owe to the state. He frequents my father's house..."

"Nonsense!", retorted the majordomo. "I know Pedro Pérez very well; he does not have children! Moreover, you say that he is your father and then you add that he frequents your father's house."

"I had noticed that", remarked Sancho.

"Gentlemen, I am so confused that I do not know what I am saying", the young lady confessed. "In fact, I am the daughter of Don Diego of the Plain, whom you all know."

"That's plausible", said the majordomo. "I am acquainted with Diego of the Plain: he is a wealthy nobleman who has a son and a daughter. Since he became a widower, no one in this town can say that he has seen his daughter's face. He keeps her

in; the sun is not even allowed to visit her. That being said, she is rumored to be extremely beautiful."

"That's true", replied the damsel. "I am that girl. As to whether the rumor is true or not, you can judge for yourselves, for you have seen me."

She began to sob. Seeing this, the secretary turned to the butler and whispered:

"Without a doubt something serious must have happened to this poor girl, for noblewomen do not wander the streets dressed in this way at such an hour."

"That's true", replied the butler; "your suspicion is confirmed by her tears."

Sancho consoled her as best he could. He told her that he would be happy to hear about her plight. Besides, they would endeavor to help her in every possible way.

"Gentlemen", she said, "my father has kept me shut up since my mother died, ten years ago. In our house, Mass is said in a beautiful chapel. In all that time I have seen but the sun in the sky by day and the moon and stars by night. I have never seen streets, or squares, or temples, or men. Well, I have seen my father, my brother and Pedro Pérez, the tax collector who frequents our house. I said that he was my father because I did not want to disclose my father's identity. I am not allowed to leave the house or go to church, which has made me feel sad for many days and months. I wanted to see the world or, at least, the town where I was born, for it seemed to me that this wish befitted the rules of propriety that damsels of noble birth ought to follow. When I heard about bullfighting, jousting tournaments and theatrical performances, I asked my brother, who is a year younger than I, to tell me what these things were, together with many others which I had not seen. He described them as well as he could, which moved me to see for myself. In brief, I asked my brother… I should never have done so!"

Once again she began weeping. The majordomo said to her:

"Go on, madam; tell us what happened, for your words and tears intrigue us."

"There is not much left to tell, though I am grieving over many things, for misplaced desires always entail such sorrows."

Bedazzled by the girl's beauty, the butler lifted his lantern to look at her again. It seemed to him that those tears resembled seed pearls, or dew, or even Arabian pearls. He wanted her problems to be smaller than what her sobbing and her sighs suggested. The girl's unwillingness to finish recounting her story frustrated the governor. He urged her not to keep them any longer in suspense, for it was growing late and they had yet to cover a good deal of the town. She sobbed, sighed a bit and said:

"Unfortunately, I asked my brother to give me one of his suits so that I might dress up as a man, for I wanted him to take me out some night to see the town while our father was asleep. I was insistent; he agreed to humour me. Hence, I put on his clothes and he put on mine. You see, he has no hair on his face and looks like a very pretty girl. My dress fitted him. Tonight, about an hour ago, we left the house and roamed the entire town enthusiastically. When we decided to return home, we saw a large group of people approaching us. My brother said to me: 'Sister, that's the patrol. Pick up your feet, put wings on them and follow me as fast as you can, for if they recognized us, we would be in trouble.' He turned his back and started to fly rather than run. I was so frightened that I had not taken six steps forward when I fell. The

patrolman who brought me here came up to me. Now the whimsical, bad girl is facing many people, which shames her."

"So, young lady", said Sancho, "no other misfortune than this has befallen you. It was not jealousy that drove you to leave your house, as you told us at the beginning of your story."

"No, nothing has happened to me, and it was not jealousy that drove me to leave my house. I wished to see the world, which came down to the streets of this town."

The onlookers really acknowledged the truth when the constables and her brother arrived. One of them had caught the lad as he outran his sister. He was wearing an elegant skirt and a short blue damask cloak surrounded by a gold string. They was no bonnet or any adornment on his head, except his curly blond hair, which resembled golden ringlets. The governor, the majordomo and the butler took the lad to one side. His sister could not hear him. They asked him why he had donned that disguise. As ashamed as the young lady, he repeated the story they had already heard, which delighted the lovelorn butler.

"Ladies and gentleman", the governor said to them, "this action was puerile. You should have recounted this foolish escapade without all those tears, sighs, or details. You should have said that you were So-and-so and So-and-so and that you had left your parents' house merely out of curiosity. Your story could have ended then and there. There was no need for you to weep or whine."

"You are right", replied the maiden, "but I was so excited that I lost control."

"No harm done!", said Sancho. "So, we are going to take you to your father's house. Perhaps he will not have noticed your absence. From now on you will have to behave yourselves. Don't try to explore your surroundings. Good girls stay at home. You see, women behave like hens: when they go out, they get lost. Bear in mind that the woman who longs to see the world wants to be seen by the world. That's what I wished to say."

The lad thanked the governor for his willingness to escort them to their house. Hence, they set off for this place, which was not far away. When they arrived there, the lad threw a pebble against a grating. A female servant who was waiting for them went downstairs and let the pair in. Those present were astonished at the grace and beauty of the young lady. She wanted to explore her hometown, which surprised them, but she was very young.

The butler had fallen in love with her. So he decided to ask the girl's father for her hand in marriage the very next day. He felt certain that he would accept because he was a servant of the duke. As for Sancho, he thought that he had to marry Sanchica, his daughter, to this lad. He would implement his plan in due course. He believed that no man on earth would refuse to marry a governor's daughter.

Then they stopped patrolling that area. Two days later Sancho's governorship ended. All his plans were ruined, as you will see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER L.

The identity of the enchanters and executioners
who spanked the duenna and pinched and scratched Don Quixote,
together with what happened to the page who brought the letters
to Teresa Panza, Sancho Panza's wife.

Cid Hamete, the observer who recounts this true story in minute detail, tells us that as Lady Rodriguez left her bedroom to go to Don Quixote's, another duenna, who was her roommate, saw her exiting. Since all duennas have an inquisitive nature, she followed her so quietly that the worthy Lady Rodriguez did not notice her. As soon as the second duenna saw the first one enter Don Quixote's room, she went to gossip with the duchess. She told her that Lady Rodriguez was closeted with the knight.

Then the duchess informed the duke of that and asked permission to follow Altisidora in order to find out what the other duenna had asked of Don Quixote. The duke gave his consent to this. The two women tiptoed to the door of the knight's room. They were so close to the door that they could hear all that was said. When the duchess heard that Lady Rodriguez had disclosed secret information in the gardens of Aranjuez, she flew into a rage. So did Altisidora. They burst into the room where they pinched and scratched Don Quixote and spanked the duenna in the manner that has already been described: those who besmirch the reputation of beautiful women always infuriate them and lead them to seek revenge.

The duchess told the duke what had happened. He was very much amused by it. Since she wanted to continue making fun of the knight, she summoned the page who had played the part of Dulcinea in the comedy that dealt with that lady's disenchantment, a matter which Sancho had entirely forgotten, being so busy with his governorship. The duchess dispatched the page to Teresa Panza's house. He carried a letter from Sancho, another from the duchess and a large string of beautiful coral beads, which would be offered to the governor's wife.

We read in the book that the page was intelligent and helpful. So he set off for Sancho's village with good grace. Just before entering it, he saw lots of women washing clothes in a brook. He went up to them and asked them if, in this village, there was a woman named Teresa Panza. She was the wife of one Sancho Panza, squire of a knight known as Don Quixote de la Mancha. A young lady stood up and said:

"Teresa Panza is my mother, Sancho is my father and that knight is our master."

"Come here, young lady", said the page, "and take me to your mother's house, for I bring a letter and a present from your father."

"I'll be glad to do so, dear sir", replied the girl, who was around fourteen years of age. She gave the clothes that she was washing to one of her companions and, without putting on shoes or a hat, for she was barefoot and her hair was uncombed, she positioned herself in front of the page's mount and said:

"Follow me. Our house is on the edge of the village and my mother is there. She is worried because she hasn't had any news of my father for a long time."

"Well", said the page, "I bring news that are so good that she should thank God."

The girl leaped, ran, skipped and reached the village. Before going into the house, she called from the doorway:

“Come out, mother; come out; come out. Here is a gentleman with letters and other things from my father.”

Teresa Panza was spinning flax. She appeared. She was wearing a gray skirt that was shockingly short, a gray bodice and a blouse. She was not very old, although she looked over forty. She was sinewy and robust. When she saw her daughter and the page, who was on horseback, she asked:

“What is it, girl? Who is this gentleman?”

“Madame, I am your servant”, replied the page.

He dismounted, went to kneel before Teresa with great humility and said:

“Give me your hands, Lady Panza, wedded wife of Lord Panza, governor of Fraud Island.”

“Please, rise”, she said. “I am not a courtier but a poor peasant woman, daughter of a day laborer and wife of a squire, not of any governor.”

“You are the worthy wife”, the page insisted, “of a worthy governor. In order to demonstrate this, I am going to hand you this letter and this present.”

He thrust his hand into his pocket and took out a string of coral beads with a gold clasp. He placed the necklace around her neck and said:

“This letter is from Mr. Governor. The other one and the necklace are from the duchess. She sent me here.”

Teresa and her daughter were dumbfounded. The girl said:

“Don Quixote must be behind this; he must have given my father that government or earldom that he promised him so many times.”

“That’s true”, said the page. “Thanks to Lord Quixote, Lord Panza is the new governor of Fraud Island, as you will see in this letter.”

“Read it to me, sir”, said Teresa, “for, although I know how to spin flax, I cannot read.”

“Nor can I”, added Sanchica. “Wait here for a moment; I will fetch someone who will read it to us. It will be the priest himself or Sansón Carrasco, the student. They will be glad to come and hear of my father.”

“There is no need to call anybody”, said the page. “I don’t know how to spin flax, but I can read, and I will read it to you.”

He read the letter from Sancho. Since it has already been recorded, I won’t write it down again. Then he took out the other letter, the one from the duchess, which said:

“Dear Teresa,

Your husband’s kindness and intelligence impelled me to ask my husband, the duke, to give him one of his islands. They told me that he governs it like a gyrfalcon, which pleases me and the duke. Thank heavens I was right to choose him for such a post, for I can assure you that it is extremely hard to find a good governor in this world. I’d like to be as competent as your husband.

Dear Madam, you will find herewith a string of coral beads with a gold clasp. They are not Arabian pearls, but he who gives you a bone does not want to see you dead. Some day we will meet and talk, but I don’t know when. Say hello to Sanchica for me and tell her that I have planned to marry her to an important personage soon.

If you have some big acorns, send me two dozen. I will value them highly, for they come from you. Write me long letters about your health and situation. If you need anything, tell it to me: I will fulfill your wish.

From this place. Your loving friend,

The Duchess."

"Ah!", exclaimed Teresa once she had heard the letter. "She is so kind, straightforward and humble! I'd like to be buried next to such ladies, not next to the noblewomen who live in our village and who think that the wind should not touch them because they are aristocrats. When they go to church, they wear many trinkets, for they try to copy the queen. They think that they debase themselves when they look at a countrywoman. This lady is good-hearted for, although she is a duchess, she calls me her friend and treats me like her equal, and I consider that she equals the tallest belfry in La Mancha! As for the acorns, dear sir, I will send Her Grace 4,6 liters of them. They are so big that people will be surprised at them. Now, Sanchica, entertain this gentleman, look after his horse, fetch some eggs from the stable, slice plenty of bacon and treat him like royalty: he deserves the best, for he brings good news and has a pretty face. In the meanwhile, I will tell my female neighbors about our earldom and will also inform the priest and Master Nicolás, the barber, of it, for they have been good friends of your father's."

"I will do so, mother", said Sanchica, "but you must give me half of that string of beads, for I don't think that the duchess would have been so daft as to give them all to you."

"They are all for you", replied Teresa, "but let me wear this necklace for a few days, for it gladdens my heart."

"You will be glad, too", said the page, "when you see the bundle that's in this suitcase, for it contains a suit made of the finest cloth, which the governor wore only on one occasion: when he hunted. It is a present for Sanchica."

"May he live a thousand years!", exclaimed Sanchica. "May the messenger who brings it live at least a thousand years and even two thousand years if necessary."

Teresa left the house with the letters and with the beads around her neck. She strummed the letters as if they had been tambourines. She happened to bump into the priest and Sansón Carrasco. She began to dance as she cried:

"We are not poor anymore! We've got a little governorship! Should the finest noblewoman criticize me, I would shoot her down in flames!"

"What's all this, Teresa Panza? Are you out of your mind? What are these papers?"

"I am not out of my mind. These are letters from duchesses and governors, this rosary is a coral necklace, the Hail Marys and Our Fathers are made of pure gold, and I am a governor's wife!"

"Only God can understand you, Teresa. What are you talking about?"

"See for yourselves", she said as she handed them the letters.

The priest read them aloud as Sansón Carrasco listened. The two of them were thunderstruck. The student asked who had brought the letters. She told them to accompany her to her house in order to meet the messenger, a smart boy who had

brought her another present that was more valuable than this one. The priest took the string of beads from her neck and examined it. He realized that the coral beads were really valuable, which astonished him.

"Although I am an omniscient clergyman", he declared, "I do not know what to say about these letters and presents. On the one hand, I can see that it's high-quality coral, and, on the other hand, I read that a duchess requires two dozen acorns."

"That's complete nonsense", said Carrasco. "Let's go and see the messenger. Perhaps he will throw light on this mystery."

They did so, and Teresa returned home with them. They found the page sifting a bit of barley for his horse and Sanchica cutting a slice of bacon that would be fried with the eggs and served to him. Both of them were happy to meet the stylish young man. They exchanged greetings. Then Sansón asked him to give them some information about Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. They had read the letters from Sancho and the duchess, but they were still puzzled. They were disconcerted by Sancho's governorship and island, for all or most of the islands in the Mediterranean belonged to His Majesty.

"I can assure you that Lord Panza is a governor", replied the page. "As to whether he governs an island or not, I will not interfere. Suffice it to say that it is a town with more than a thousand inhabitants. As for the acorns, the duchess is so modest and straightforward that she is used to asking countrywomen to give her such things. She even sends her footmen to get back the combs which she lends to her neighbors. You see, noblewomen of Aragon are not as haughty and touchy as those of Castile. In fact, they are quite informal."

All of a sudden, Sanchica appeared. She had placed a lot of eggs in her skirt.

"Tell me, sir", she said to the page, "now that my father is a governor, does he wear trunk hose?"

"I don't know, but I suppose so."

"Good Lord! This is so great! Ever since I was born I have wanted to see him dressed like that."

"You will see it if you live long enough", replied the page. "If his governorship lasts two months, he will have to wear a rain hat."

The priest and the student were aware that the page was joking. However, the valuable beads and the hunting suit that Sancho had sent and which Teresa had already shown to them made them believe that they were mistaken. Anyway, they laughed at Sanchica's wish and roared with laughter when Teresa said:

"Father, tell me if there is anyone here who has planned to go to Madrid or Toledo. He or she could buy me a hoop skirt, the best there is and in the latest fashion, for I must honor my husband, who is a governor now. Although I don't feel like going to Madrid, I could go there to purchase a coach like all the other ladies, for the wife of a governor can own one and maintain it."

"You should do that, mother!", cried Sanchica. "You should do that right now, although, when they see me seated in the coach with my mother, they will exclaim: 'Just look at that nobody, that garlic-eater's daughter; she is showing off. She believes that she is a female pope!' Let them walk in the mud and let me use my carriage, with my feet off the ground. Woe to all the gossips in the world! So long as I am not cold, let the people laugh! Am I right, mother?"

"Indeed, you are, girl", replied Teresa. "My good Sancho foretold those fortunate events and even greater ones. You'll see, child, I'll become a countess, for I am getting lucky. As I've heard your father say many times — and he is also the father of proverbs — when they offer you a trinket, accept it, and when they offer you a governorship, take it; when they give you an earldom, grab it, and when they offer you some nice present, pocket it. When Lady Luck knocks at the door of your house, wake up and greet her!"

"I don't care", added Sanchica, "whether they say that it's much ado about nothing when they see me showing off."

This remark moved the priest to say:

"All the members of the Panza family keep quoting proverbs. I have never seen one of them who did not utter them at all hours and on any occasion."

"That's true", said the page. "Lord Panza keeps repeating them. Although most of them are irrelevant, they are very amusing, and the duchess and the duke adore them."

"So, dear sir", said the student, "you maintain that Sancho is a governor and that a certain duchess sends his wife presents and letters! We have touched the presents and read the letters, but we are inclined to think that all this has something to do with our neighbor: Don Quixote. According to him, everything is connected with magic. So, I'd like to touch you in order to see if you are a ghostly messenger or a real human being."

"Gentlemen", replied the page, "I know that I am a real messenger, that Lord Panza is a governor, that the duke and duchess have given him an island and that he is a courageous administrator. As to whether all this is enchanted or not, it is up to you to discover it. I swear by my parents, who are still alive and whom I love, that this is all I know about it."

"You may be right", said the student, "but Saint Augustine doubts you!"

"Let him doubt whomever", said the page. "I have spoken the truth. You see, the truth always covers lies as oil covers water. Actions speak louder than words: one of you should come with me in order to see with his own eyes what his ears do not want to believe."

"I will come with you". said Sanchica. "Take me to that island. I'll sit on the crupper of your hack; I'd like to see my father."

"Governors' daughters", replied the page, "do not travel alone. They must be escorted by carriages, litters and lots of servants."

"You see", said Sanchica, "I don't need a carriage. I can ride a she-ass. I am not a wimpy."

"Be quiet, girl", said Teresa; "you are talking nonsense. This gentleman is right: other times, other manners. When my husband was Sancho, I was Mrs. Panza; now that he is a governor, I am Lady Panza, that's all!"

"That's not what Lady Panza meant", remarked the page. "Give me something to eat now so that I may leave this evening."

"I am going to give you a bit of food", said the priest, "for, although Teresa is willing to serve a worthy guest like you, she is not competent to do so."

The page declined, but, finally, he accepted for the sake of his own well-being. The priest led him to a quieter place in order to question him about Don Quixote and

his exploits. The student offered to write the letters which Teresa had to write, but she refused because she regarded him as a joker. Hence, she gave a piece of sponge cake and a couple of eggs to an altar boy, who wrote two letters: one addressed to her husband and the other to the duchess. The one addressed to the duchess was dictated by her. You will soon see that they are not the worst letters that are recorded in this great book.

CHAPTER LI.

Of what happened during Sancho Panza's governorship,
along with other interesting events.

The day following the night of the patrol dawned. The butler did not sleep that night, for he was obsessed with the beautiful visage and wit of the damsel in disguise. As for the majordomo, he had spent the night writing to his employers. He informed them of what Sancho had done and said, for he was astonished by the governor's actions and arguments, which were an admixture of wisdom and simple-mindedness.

The governor finally got up and, as prescribed by Dr. Rigid Magician of Getout, he ate a bit of marmalade and took four swigs of cold water, but he would have preferred to eat a piece of bread and a cluster of grapes. However, since he was hungry, he swallowed that, which upset him and made him feel nauseous. The physician had led him to believe that a light diet of dainty food rendered people intelligent, and top officials needed more intelligence than muscles. Sancho was hungry because of this joke. Hence, he cursed his governorship and the one who had bestowed it upon him.

Nevertheless, in spite of hunger and not enough marmalade in his stomach, he held a hearing that day. A foreigner asked him the first question. The majordomo and the other attendants were in the courtroom. They heard the man saying:

"Your Lordship, there was a large river that separated two districts of an estate... pay attention, for this is an important and complicated matter. So, over this river, there was a bridge at the end of which stood a gallows and what resembled a court, where four judges applied the rules established by the owner of the river, the bridge and the estate. One of the rules stated that those who crossed this river had to say where they were going and why. When they told the truth, they let them pass; when they didn't, those adamant judges sentenced the liars to death: they were hanged on the gallows that had been set up there. Although this rule was awful, many people wanted to cross that bridge. So they took the oath; the judges evaluated them and let them pass. A man once took the oath and said that he would die on the gallows which they had set up. The judges held a hearing and said: 'this man lied. The law states that he must be hanged. However, if we sentence him to death, the prophecy will come true. So we must let him pass.' Mr. Governor, what do you think the judges should do? You know, they are perplexed. Since they heard that you have a keen intellect, they have asked me to beseech you on their behalf to give your opinion about this complicated, delicate matter."

"The judges", said Sancho, "could have spared themselves the trouble of sending you here, for I am not that intelligent. Anyway, would you mind repeating your story, for I may hit on a solution."

The one who had asked the question then repeated it over and over again.

"It seems to me", said Sancho at last, "that I can settle this problem in two shakes of a lamb's tail. This man said that he was going to die on the gallows. If he does, we must acknowledge that he told he truth. So he must stay alive and cross the bridge. However, if he is not hanged, we must admit that he lied. So he should be hanged."

"You are absolutely correct, Mr. Governor", said the messenger; "the information is unquestionable."

"Well, then", said Sancho, "let the part of the man that told the truth pass. The part that lied should be hanged. If you do so, you will obey the law."

"But, Mr. Governor", replied the one who had asked the question, "if we separate the part that lied from the one that told the truth, this man will die. So the law will not be obeyed. This must not happen!"

"You see", said Sancho, "I know that this man deserves to die as much as he deserves to live and cross the bridge, for if the truth saves him, the lie condemns him to death. Consequently, I think that you should tell the indecisive gentlemen who sent you here that they should let him pass, for it is always more praiseworthy to do good than to do harm. I would sign this ordinance if I knew how to sign. The idea I expressed is not mine. In fact, I remembered one of the many pieces of advice which my master gave me the night before I came here in order to govern this island. He told me that, when justice would be in doubt, I would have to be merciful. Thank God I happened to recollect it at the right time: it does fit this case.

"That's true", agreed the majordomo; "Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedaemonians, could not have made a better decision than the one which our great governor made. I declare the morning session closed. Besides, I will order that His Lordship be served a tasty meal."

"That's what I am asking for", said Sancho, "and don't try to fool me. Feed me and, then, drop mysteries and problems on me: I'll clear them up."

The majordomo kept his word. He felt morally compelled to give food to so wise a governor. Moreover, he had decided to conclude this governorship that night by playing the final trick on him, as planned by the duke and the duchess. Hence, after Sancho had stuffed himself and violated all the rules and aphorisms of Dr. Rigid Magician of Getout, they cleared the table and a messenger handed him a letter from Don Quixote. He asked the secretary to look over it and, if it contained nothing that had to be kept secret, to read it aloud. The secretary did so and said:

"I can read it aloud because what Lord Quixote has written deserves to be remembered forever. It says:

'LETTER FROM DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA TO SANCHO PANZA,
GOVERNOR OF FRAUD ISLAND

Dear Sancho,

Although I expected to hear about your carelessness and impertinence, I heard about your intelligence. I wish to thank God for this, the One who enriches the poor peasants and turns fools into wise men. They told me that you govern like a man,

though you are as humble as an animal. However, I want to tell you that, most of the time, top officers should conceal their humility, for they must look the part. Dress well: a stylish stick does not look like a stick. I am not telling you to wear trinkets, or a tuxedo, or a uniform. Actually, you should dress like a governor. Your suit must be clean and well made.

In order to be obeyed by the people whom you govern, there are two things, among others, that you must do: be polite – but I told you this before – and provide them with plenty of food, for hunger and food shortage upset the poor.

Do not issue many decrees. When you do so, they must be good ones and the instructions must be carried out and obeyed. Decrees that are not obeyed are useless. They give the impression that the prince who was intelligent and powerful enough to issue them was not courageous enough to enforce them. Laws that are aimed at frightening people and which are not obeyed resemble the log that frightened the frogs that wanted a king: as time passed, they came to despise it and sat on it.

Be the father of virtue and the stepfather of vice. Don't be too strict or lenient. Be intelligent and find a middle way between these two extremes. Visit the prisons, slaughterhouses and public squares, for the presence of the governor in such places is necessary. It leads the prisoners to believe that they will be incarcerated for a short while. It frightens the butchers, who refrain from lying about the food's weight. It also frightens the female street vendors for the same reason. I don't think that you are a vulture, or a womanizer, or a glutton. However, if you behaved in that way, you would have to be discreet, for if people discovered your true nature, they would persecute you and make you fall into the depths of perdition.

Keep perusing the documents that I gave you before you set off for your island. Those pieces of advice will enable you to deal with all the difficulties that governors encounter. Send a letter to your overlord and his wife in order to thank them. Ingratitude is the daughter of pride and one of the greatest sins. He who thanks his benefactors demonstrates that he will thank God for bestowing so many privileges upon him.

The duchess asked a messenger to take your suit and another present to your wife's house. We expect an answer at any moment.

I am a bit upset because I had to crawl, to the detriment of my nose, but that doesn't matter: if some enchanters mistreat me, the others protect me.

Did the majordomo and the Countess of the Three Petticoats plot behind my back, as you suspected? Inform me of everything that happens to you, for the distance is short and I am thinking of giving up very soon this idle life that I lead and which I dislike.

I have been asked to undertake a certain task that may displease the duke and the duchess. Although this is a serious issue, I don't care about it, for, after all, I must carry out my duties rather than enjoy myself: I like Plato, but I prefer the truth! I quoted this Roman proverb because I assume that you speak Latin: you are a governor now! I asked God to protect you.

Your friend,
Don Quixote de la Mancha.'

Sancho listened very attentively. Those who heard the secretary told him that the letter was full of wisdom. The governor rose from the table and asked his secretary to follow him. Then the two of them shut themselves in Sancho's bedroom. The latter wanted to answer his master's letter without delay. He asked the secretary to write down what he would dictate, without altering the text. That's what he did. The following is the letter that he composed:

LETTER FROM SANCHO PANZA TO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA

I have been so busy that I have not had the time to scratch my head or even trim my nails, which is why I wear them so long. I tell you this, dear sir, so that you may understand why I have not informed you of my life on the island, where I am more hungry than when we roamed the forests and desert places together.

The duke wrote to me the other day. He told me that certain spies had come to my island to assassinate me, but, up to now, the only one I have discovered is a certain physician who is hired to kill all the governors who come here. His name is Dr. Rigid Magician. He comes from Getout. You can infer from his name that this man is a murderer! He says that he does not cure diseases but uses a method that prevents them. In fact, he keeps putting you on a diet. Then you resemble a skeleton, but leanness is worse than fever! He starves me, which upsets me very much. When I came here, I expected to have hot meals and cold drinks and to sleep between sheets made of Holland linen, on a feather bed; now I am doing penance as if I were a hermit. Since this is against my will, in the end I will die and the Devil will take me to Hell.

So far, they have not paid or bribed me. I do not know what to think of it, for they have told me that the islanders usually lend or give money to the governors who come to this island. This is a local custom, but governors are also treated in this way elsewhere.

Last night, as I was patrolling the island, I chanced to meet a very pretty girl, who was dressed like a boy, and her brother, who was wearing woman's clothes. My butler has fallen in love with her. According to him, he wants to marry her. I'd like the boy to marry my daughter. Today we are going to discuss the situation with the father of the pair, who is a certain Diego of the Plain, an old Christian and a nobleman.

As you suggested, I visit public squares. Yesterday I came upon a female street vendor who sold hazelnuts. I found that she had mixed fresh ones with empty and rotten ones. I confiscated them to give them to the orphans, who know how to recognize the good ones, and ordered her not to sell hazelnuts for a couple of weeks. My action was heartily approved, for I can assure you that female street vendors have a bad reputation. It is said that they are shameless, callous and bold. I infer from what I have seen in other places that this is true.

I am very glad to hear that the duchess has written to my wife, Teresa Panza, and has sent her the present. I will express my gratitude to her in due course. Say hello to the duchess for me and tell her that she has not thrown it into any sack with a hole in it, as she will see later on.

I hope that you will get along with the duke and the duchess, for, if you fall out with them, it will do me harm. Since you told me that I had to be grateful to everybody,

you should be grateful to persons who have helped you so much and treated you so well in their castle.

I do not understand what you said about crawling, but I assume that it has to do with the wicked enchanters who keep persecuting you. I'll hear about that when we meet again.

I'd like to send you a souvenir, but I don t know what to choose. On this island, they make glass syringes that are used to inflate bladders… If I hold down my job, I'll try to send you something one way or another.

If my wife wants to write to me, please pay for the stamp and forward the letter to me, for I am eager to know whether my house, wife and children are in good shape. May God free you from those wicked enchanters. May He enable me to survive this governorship, but I doubt it, for I think that I am going to die: Dr. Rigid Magician of Getout is mistreating me!

Respectfully yours,

Sancho Panza, Governor of Fraud Island.

The secretary sealed the letter and sent it at once. Then the jokers gathered and discussed how they would have Sancho leave the island. He spent the afternoon drawing up a few ordinances connected with the proper administration of what he took to be his island. He decided to suppress food retailers and to import wine from many different regions, but the name of the region had to be stated so that a price might be set according to its reputation and quality.

He moderated the prices of shoes, for it seemed to him that they were expensive. He put a tax on servants' wages, which were exaggerated. He prescribed a heavy fine for those who sang offensive or filthy songs, either by night or by day. He ordained that no blind man should sing verses that had to do with miracles unless he could produce trustworthy evidence that the miracles had actually occurred, for he thought that, most of the time, they mentioned false miracles and disregarded the true ones. He appointed a man as bailiff for the poor. He had not to harass them but to determine whether they were poor or not, for most of the people who claim to be tramps are thieves and drunkards. In brief, his decrees are so intelligent that the islanders continue following them. They are recorded in a book entitled: *The Code of Sancho*!

CHAPTER LII.

The adventure of the second distressed duenna,
also known as Lady Rodriguez.

Cid Hamete tells us that once Don Quixote's scratches had gone, he pondered on his life and came to the conclusion that the life he was leading in that castle was not in accordance with the rules of chivalry that he followed. Hence, he resolved to ask the duke and duchess to allow him to set off for Saragossa, where the jousting tournament was about to begin. He hoped to win the suit of armor that was the prize in such tournaments. One day, he was sitting at table with the duke and the duchess. He was about to implement his plan and take his leave. All of a sudden, two women – as they

afterward turned out to be – came through the doorway. They were in mourning. One of them came closer to Don Quixote, threw herself at his feet and kissed them. Her moans were so heart-rending that they puzzled all those who heard and beheld her. Although the duke and duchess thought that their servants were playing a joke, they were confused when they saw how earnestly the woman sighed, moaned and wept. Finally, Don Quixote took pity on her: he helped her stand up and had her remove the veil and shawl that covered her weeping face.

She did so and revealed something unexpected: the visage of Lady Rodriguez, the duenna. The other lady in mourning was her daughter, the girl who had been deceived by the rich farmer's son. Those who knew the duenna were astonished, the duke and duchess more than anyone, for, although they looked upon her as a silly, pliant creature, they did not think that she could do crazy things. Finally, she turned to them and said:

"Would Your Excellencies be kind enough to permit me to have a word with this gentleman, for he must help me to get myself out of the predicament in which a bold and ill-intentioned villain has put me?"

The duke gave her permission to talk with Don Quixote. Raising her head and her voice, she said:

"Some time ago, O valiant knight, I told you how a treacherous, stupid and wicked peasant treated my beloved daughter, the unfortunate girl who stands here. You promised me that you would help her and right that wrong. However, I heard that you want to leave this castle in order to embark on new adventures. So, before you vanish into thin air, I'd like you to talk to that wild animal and compel him to marry my daughter, for, before they copulated, he promised her that he would marry her. Because of matters discussed with the duke, I know it's useless to expect him to help me. May God grant you health and continue protecting us."

Don Quixote said pompously:

"Dear Madam, moderate your tears, or rather, dry them and stop sighing, for I am going to succor your daughter. She would have been better off if she had not been so ready to believe the promises of her paramour. It is easy to make promises, but it is difficult to fulfill them. With the permission of His Grace, I will set out in order to hunt for this cruel lad. If he refuses to keep his word, I will catch, beat and kill him. The purpose of my calling is to forgive the poor and punish the haughty, or rather, to succor the poor and kill brutes."

"There is no need for you", said the duke, "to hunt for the peasant who annoys the worthy duenna or to ask permission to attack him, for I will summon him. I will ensure a fair trial, follow the correct procedure and respect the rights of both parties, as is the duty of all the princes who allow plaintiffs to duel on their lands."

"These conditions and Your Highness's kind permission", replied Don Quixote, "lead me to renounce my rank for a short while in order to be that delinquent's equal and enable him to do battle with me. Although he is absent, I challenge him to a duel because he deceived this virginal girl, who is not that virginal now! Hence, he must keep his word and marry her, or else he will die on the battlefield."

he took off one of his gloves and threw it down in the middle of the room. The duke picked it up, repeating that he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal. Then he fixed the time for the duel at six days hence. It would take place in the

courtyard of the castle and the duelists would use the weapons which knights usually use: lances, bucklers, suits of armour and all the other accessories. Tricks and amulets would be forbidden. Referees would look after that.

"First of all", he added, "this worthy duenna and this unfortunate damsel must allow Don Quixote to represent them, otherwise there won't be any action or duel."

"He will represent me", said the duenna.

"He will also represent me", said her daughter, who was desperate and in tears.

These arrangements having been made and the duke having determined what was to be done in this matter, the ladies in mourning retired to another room. The duchess told her maids to treat them not like servants but like visitors who had come to her house to seek justice. Hence, they were given an apartment and were treated like guests, which surprised the other servants, who wondered where the folly and self-assurance of Lady Rodriguez and her unhappy daughter would stop.

In order to bring this repast to a successful conclusion, lo and behold, the page who had carried the letters and presents to Teresa Panza, wife of Sancho Panza, the governor, entered the room! The duke and duchess were glad to see him. They wished to hear about what had happened to him in the course of his journey. They asked him that question and the lad replied that he could not speak in public or in a few words. He told them that he would disclose the information when they were alone. In the meantime, they could busy themselves reading the letters. So he took two letters from his pocket and handed them to the duchess. One of them was addressed to the duchess of Somewhere, while the other was addressed to: "My husband, Sancho Panza, Governor of Fraud Island; may God enable him to be more prosperous than me." The duchess was growing impatient. She silently read the one that was addressed to her. Since she could read it aloud so that the duke and the others might hear it, she said:

"LETTER FROM TERESA PANZA TO THE DUCHESS

Your Highness,

Thank you very much for the letter you wrote me. The string of coral beads is beautiful, and my husband's hunting suit fits like a glove. All the villagers are happy to know that you have made my husband, Sancho, a governor, although nobody believes it, especially the priest, Master Nicolás, the barber, and Sansón Carrasco, the student, but I don't care, for, so long as it is true, and I am sure that it is, they can say what they like. To tell you the truth, I would not have believed it myself if I had not received the beads or the suit. In this village, everybody thinks that my husband is a simpleton who can govern only a flock of goats. They cannot imagine what other kind of population he could govern successfully. May God have him behave in a way that will not handicap his children.

Dear Madam, since happiness is in my house, I have decided to go to Madrid, if you allow me to do so, and drop in the back seat of a coach in order to provoke a thousand jealous people. So I beg Your Excellency to tell my husband to send me a bit of money, or rather, a lot of money, for, in Madrid, everything is expensive: a loaf of bread costs one real and meat thirty maravedis a pound, which is disgraceful. If he does not want me to go there, he will have to inform me at once, for I am longing to

visit Madrid. My female friends and neighbors told me that if I and my daughter wore elegant outfits and paraded along the streets of that town, people would come to know my husband thanks to me, not thanks to him. Of course, many people will ask: 'Who are those ladies in that coach?' One of my servants will answer: 'The wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of Fraud Island.' That way, Sancho will become famous and I will be respected, that's all.

Unfortunately, this year they have not harvested acorns in my village. However, you will find herewith two kilograms of acorns, which I have picked one by one in the forest. I couldn't find bigger ones. I wish they were as big as ostrich eggs!

Your Majesty, don't forget to write to me. I will write back and inform you of my health and whatever news there is in this village, where I remain, asking Our Lord to protect Your Highness and not to forget me. My daughter, Sanchica, and my son kiss Your Grace's hands.

She who would rather see you than write to you, your most humble and obedient servant,

Teresa Panza."

This letter pleased them, especially the duke and the duchess, who asked Don Quixote if he thought it would be a good idea to read the one addressed to the governor. She assumed that it was interesting. The knight replied that she could do so. The letter said:

"LETTER FROM TERESA PANZA TO SANCHO PANZA, HER HUSBAND

My dear Sancho,

I received your letter and I swear as a Roman Catholic that I was overjoyed. When I heard that you were a governor, I was so happy that I thought that I would drop dead. You know what they say: sudden joy can kill you just like great sorrow. As for your daughter, she was on cloud nine. I was looking at the suit, wearing the necklace and touching the letters which the messenger had just given to me, but I thought that I was dreaming, for goatherds never become governors of islands. You know that my mother used to say that people had to live a long time to see a lot of things. I tell you this because I expect to see more things if I live longer. I hope that you will become a banker or a tax collector, although the Devil carries off those who go too far. You see, those people are rich and they handle money. The duchess will tell you that I can't wait to go to Madrid. Think it over and give me your opinion about it. You will be proud of me: I will cross the city in a coach.

The priest, the barber, the student and even the sacristan cannot believe that you are a governor. They say that it is a ruse or an enchantment, for all the things that have to do with your master are enchantments. Sansón says that they are going to get that government out of your head and madness out of Don Quixote's brain. I keep laughing, looking at my string of beads and boasting about the dress that I am going to make for our daughter out of your suit.

I sent some acorns to the duchess. I wish they were made of gold. Send me a few strings of pearls if they have any on that island.

Berrueca's daughter married a good-for-nothing painter who came here to work. The mayor asked him to paint His Majesty's arms over the door of the town hall. He charged two ducats. They paid him in advance. He worked for eight days. At the end of that time, he had done nothing, saying that he could not paint the intricate patterns. So he gave the money back, but he was able to marry a girl, for he had pretended to be a good workman. In fact, he does not paint anymore. Now he takes his spade and strolls in the fields like a gentleman. They conferred the tonsure upon Pedro de Lobo's son. He wants to become a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's granddaughter, has made a formal complaint because he had promised to marry her. The vicious gossips say that he has impregnated her, but the girl stoutly denies it.

There are no olives this year. There is not a single drop of vinegar in the village either. A company passed this way. The soldiers carried off three girls who lived in our village. I will not tell you who they are, for they will come back and some boys will certainly marry them, although they may be sinful women now.

Sanchica makes lace. She makes a net profit of eight maravedis a day. She puts the coins into a money box. They will be used to buy a trousseau. Now that you are a governor, you will give her a dowry. She won't have to work anymore. The fountain in the public square dried up. Lightning struck the pillory, which was surprising.

Write back and tell me if you want me to go to Madrid. May God enable you to leave longer than me, or at least as long as me, for I don't want to leave you to yourself.

Your wife,

Teresa Panza."

They praised and admired the letters, but the latter also amused them. The courier who carried the letter that Sancho had written to Don Quixote arrived: it was the icing on the cake. They read it aloud. That letter led them to doubt that the squire was simple-minded.

The duchess retired to her apartment in order to hear the page telling her what had happened in Sancho's village. He described everything in minute detail. He also gave her the acorns and a cheese which, according to Teresa, was very good, better than those of Tronchón. The duchess was happy to receive it. We will leave her there in order to tell the readers how the governorship of the great Sancho Panza, the best governor in the world, ended.

CHAPTER LIII.

The sluggish end
of Sancho Panza' s governorship.

It is absurd to imagine that things never change. In fact, everything goes round: spring is followed by summer, summer by harvest time, harvest time by autumn, autumn by winter, and winter by spring. Hence, time keeps whirling around. Human life alone is a straight line that runs toward its end. It is swifter than time. It can be renewed only in the other life, which has no bounds. That's what Cid Hamete, the Muslim philosopher, said. Many people who are not guided by faith but by Nature have realized that life is short and unsteady, whereas the afterlife is eternal. However, here

the author alludes to the swift end of Sancho's governorship, which went up in smoke, so to speak.

On the night of the seventh day after assuming the role of governor, Sancho was lying in bed. He was tired, not because he had eaten too much bread or drunk too much wine, but because he had held a hearing, given his opinion and issued decrees. Although he was hungry, sleep was beginning to close his eyelids. Suddenly, he heard the noise of bells and shouts: it was complete mayhem. He sat up in bed and pricked up his ears in order to make out what the cause of such an uproar could be. He failed, for the sound of countless drums and trumpets added to the din. He was more puzzled and frightened than ever. He rose to his feet and put on slippers because the floor was wet, but he did not put on a dressing gown or anything of the sort. Then he rushed out. He beheld more than twenty people who carried lighted torches and unsheathed swords. They were walking along the corridor and shouting:

"To arms, to arms, Mr. Governor! Lots of enemies have invaded the island; we will die if you don't help us."

the noisy men reached the place where Sancho was. The governor was surprised and terrified by what he saw and heard. One of them said to him:

"Grasp your sword, Your Lordship. If you don't, they will kill you and destroy the island."

"Grasp a sword!", exclaimed Sancho. "I am not a warrior! Tell this to my master, Don Quixote. He will settle everything in the blink of an eye. Poor me! There is so much restlessness!"

"Mr. Governor", said another, "you are very amusing! We have brought you offensive weapons and shields. Take them, go into the courtyard and be our leader and captain. This is your duty, for you are the governor."

"Well, then, arm me", said Sancho.

They at once set two large shields over his shirt, one in front and the other behind. He could not put on any other garment. Through holes that they had made for the purpose, they drew his arms and bound him very firmly with pieces of rope. Thanks to this strange corset, he was as straight as a spindle: he could not bend his knees or walk. They handed him a lance, on which he leaned to keep from falling. Then they asked him to lead the way and motivate them, for he was their North Pole, lighthouse and Pole Star. He would bring this enterprise to a successful conclusion.

"I an an unlucky creature: I cannot lead the way", said Sancho. "Besides, I cannot bend my legs because of these shields that are so tight that they cut into my flesh. So you are going to lift me up and set me down, crosswise or on my feet, in some passageway. I will guard it either with this lance or with my body."

"Mr. Governor", said one of them, "it is fear rather than the shields that prevent you from moving. Come on, let's go, for it is late, the enemy is advancing, the shouts are growing louder and danger is increasing."

These exhortations and reproaches led the poor governor to move, but he fell so heavily that they thought he had broken into pieces. He lay there like a tortoise in its shell, or a piece of bacon in a salting room, or a boat lying bottom upward on the beach. Sancho's plight did not move the jokers to feel pity for him. They extinguished their torches and shouted again: "To arms! To arms!" They stepped over Sancho, slashing so furiously at the shields that covered him that, if he had not placed his head

underneath them, the poor governor would have been hurt. He was huddling into that narrow space and kept sweating. He beseeched God to deliver him from this peril. Some stepped on him, others fell on him, and one of them stood on him for a good while, as if he had been in a watchtower, giving his men orders. He shouted:

"Soldiers, go there, for the enemy is charging. Hold that crack! Close that gate! Block those ladders! Bring the tar and the boiling oil! Barricade the streets with mattresses!"

In brief, he said the names of all the knick-knacks, implements and tools that are used by the soldiers who defend a city that is attacked. As he heard and suffered all this, Sancho, who was severely bruised, said to himself:

"Oh, I'd like to surrender this island or die, which would relieve me of my anxiety!"

Heaven heard his prayer. When he least expected it, someone cried:

"Victory! Victory! The enemy is retreating. Ho, Mr. Governor, rise! Come and rejoice with us and distribute the spoils won by you, thanks to the strength of your invincible arm."

"Lift me up", said the bruised Sancho in a sorrowful tone of voice.

When they had helped him stand up, he went on:

"It's hard to believe I have defeated an army. I don't want to divide any spoils among you. Ask one of your friends to do so. If I have any, give me a bit of wine, for I am thirsty, and let him wipe the sweat from me: I am turning into water!"

They sponged his face and body, brought him some wine, removed the shields and sat him on the bed. However, he fainted because of the fear he had felt and the harsh treatment he had undergone. The jokers thought that they had carried their teasing too far, but they were relieved when Sancho regained his senses. He asked what time it was and was informed that it was already daylight. Then, without uttering a word, he began to dress himself. They observed him and wondered why he was trying to dress swiftly. When it was done, walking slowly, for his body was sore, he headed for the stable, followed by all those present. He went up to the donkey, embraced it, kissed it on the forehead, cried a bit and said:

"Come here, my friend. You soothe me when I am in serious trouble. When I was with you, I was happy: I only had to mend your harness and feed your delicate body. Since I left you in order to climb the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand problems and four thousand worries have entered my soul."

As he was saying this, he was adjusting the packsaddle. The bystanders remained silent. Then the grief-stricken ex-governor struggled to mount his ass. He turned to the majordomo, the secretary, the butler, the physician and all the others and said:

"Move aside, gentlemen. Let me be free again. Let me step back in time so that I may be resuscitated: my current life looks like death! I was not born to be a governor or to protect islands or cities from invaders. I know how to plow a field, dig holes, prune trees and take cuttings from vines; I don't know how to promulgate laws or protect dominions. Although St. Peter has nothing to eat, he wants to remain in Rome. I mean that everyone should choose the job he wants to do: I prefer sickles to governors' scepters. I'd rather eat a lot of soup than put up with an impertinent physician who starves me. I'd rather stretch out in the shade of an oak tree in summer,

wear a thick wool jacket in winter and enjoy my freedom than be a good governor and sleep between sheets made of Holland linen or wear a sable coat. Farewell, Gentlemen! Tell the duke that I was naked when I was born and that I am still naked: nothing has changed. I mean that I was penniless when I reached this island and that I will be broke when I leave it, which is just the opposite of what generally happens to the governors of other islands. Move aside; let me pass. They must place poultices on my body. I think that all my ribs are broken, for enemies trampled me last night."

"Don't do that, Mr. Governor", said Dr. Rigid Magician of Getout. "I will give you a potion that cures bruises and broken bones and this will restore you to health. As for your meals, I have changed my mind. I promise that I will allow you to stuff yourself with anything you wish."

"That's too late", said Sancho. "I want to leave. You cannot play tricks twice. By Jove, I won't stay here or accept another island, even if you place it on a gilded platter or promise me the moon. I am a member of the Panza family, and we are stubborn people. When we say no, it means no, though some people may disagree with us. The wings of the ant that lifted me in the air so that the swifts and other birds might eat me will stay in this stable. Let us land and walk. If they cannot wear expensive shoes made of Cordovan leather embossed with designs, they will put on espadrilles. Birds of a feather flock together and nobody should stretch his leg beyond the sheet. Let me pass, for it is getting late."

The majordomo replied:

"Mr. Governor, we will be glad to allow you to leave, though we will miss you: your intelligence and Christian behaviour have endeared you to us. However, we know for a fact that before governors leave the place which they have governed, their accounts must be audited. So we are going to audit your accounts since you have spent ten days on the island. Then you will leave."

"You are not allowed to do that", said Sancho. "Only the duke can ask an auditor to carry out that task. I will meet him and explain myself. However, seeing that I am poor, everybody will realize that I have governed like an angel."

"The great Sancho is right!", exclaimed Dr. Rigid Magician of Getout. "I think that we should let him go, for the duke will be delighted to see him."

They all said that it was a good idea and allowed Sancho to depart, having first offered to accompany him and provided him with all the things he needed to make him feel happy and facilitate his journey. He replied that he wanted a bit of barley for his donkey and half a cheese and half a loaf of bread for himself. Since the distance was so short, there was no need for him to carry any more or better provisions than that. They all embraced him and he, weeping, embraced them all. His words and wise determination amazed them.

CHAPTER LIV.

Some events connected with this story
and nothing else.

The duke and duchess resolved that the duel between Don Quixote and their vassal, whose reason has already been explained, should take place. Since the young

man was in Flanders, where he had fled because he did not want to marry Lady Rodriguez's daughter, they asked a Gascon lackey named Tosilos to go there and told him all that he had to do.

A couple of days later, the duke informed his guest that, in four days' time, his opponent would come to the battlefield armed with weapons which knights usually use. He would maintain that the damsel had lied a bit (and more than a bit) when she declared that he had promised to marry her. This piece of news pleased Don Quixote. He promised himself that he would do his best to defeat him. He felt lucky to show his hosts how valiant and strong he was. Hence, he waited happily for four days, which seemed like an eternity, for he was really impatient.

But let us change the subject and follow Sancho, who, half happy and half sad, is riding along on his donkey in order to join his master. In fact, he prefers his company to the governorship of all the islands in the world.

He had not gone far from the island which he had governed – he did not know whether it was an island, a city, a town, or a village – when he saw six pilgrims with staffs walking along the highway. They were heading toward him. They resembled those pilgrims who sing when they collect alms. As they approached him, they formed a line and began to sing in unison. Sancho did not understand what they were saying, but he identified a word: alms. So he deduced that they were begging for alms. Since, according to Cid Hamete, he was generous, he opened is saddlebags, took the half loaf and half cheese and gave them to the pilgrims, signaling that he had nothing else to offer them. They accepted the gift enthusiastically and said:

"Geld! Geld!", [money in German].

"I do not understand what you are saying, good folks", said Sancho.

One of them took a purse from his inside pocket and showed it to Sancho, who realized that they were asking for money. He placed a thumb on his throat and turned his hand upward in order to make them realize that he was broke. Then he spurred the ass and broke through them. As he passed, one of them, who had been observing him, threw his arms around him and said in Castilian:

"Good Lord! This is a miracle! I am holding my dear friend and good neighbor Sancho Panza! I am not mistaken, for I'm not asleep or drunk."

Sancho was surprised that a foreign pilgrim called him by his name and embraced him. He stared at him without uttering a word, but he could not recognize him. The pilgrim saw that he was perplexed. So he said to him:

"Sancho, my brother, I am Ricote, your neighbor, an ex-Muslim [Morisco] shopkeeper who lived in your village."

Sancho continued to gaze at him and began to recognize him. Without dismounting, he threw his arms around his neighbor's neck and said:

"Ricote, it is impossible to recognize you, for you are wearing a strange outfit. Tell me, who turned you into a Frenchman and why have you returned to Spain? If they catch you and recognize you, you will be in trouble!"

"Since you did not recognize me", replied the pilgrim, "nobody will recognize me dressed as I am. Let us leave the road and go into that poplar grove over there, where my companions are going to eat and rest. You will eat with them, for they are kind people. This will give me the opportunity to tell you what has happened to me

since I left our village in order to comply with His Majesty's ordinance, which unfairly punishes the unfortunate people of my nation, as you have heard."

Sancho consented. After Ricote had spoken to the others, they entered the poplar grove, which was at some distance from the highway. The men dropped their staffs and removed their capes or pilgrims' cloaks. They were almost naked! All of them were handsome young men, with the exception of Ricote, who was a middle-aged man. They all carried saddlebags that contained victuals, at least liquids that can make the people who are two leagues away from there feel thirsty.

They stretched out on the ground and, using the grass as a tablecloth, they scattered bread, salt, knives, nuts, pieces of cheese and ham bones: there was no meat on them, but one could suck them. There was also a black substance, called caviar, which is made of fish eggs and makes people thirsty. There was no lack of olives. Although they were dry and without seasoning, they were delicious. The most important elements of this feast were six wineskins. Each of the pilgrims had one in his saddlebag. Even the worthy Ricote, the ex-Muslim who had turned into a German or Dutchman, took a wineskin from his bag, which was as big as the others.

They began to eat very slowly, savoring the flavor of each mouthful. They took small pieces of food with the end of their knives. Then they raised their arms and wineskins: looking up, they gave them mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. It seemed that they were aiming guns at the sky. They sat there for a good while, moving their heads from side to side, which showed that they derived pleasure from decanting the wine into their stomachs.

Sancho saw all this and did not complain about anything. In order to obey the Roman proverb that he knew very well and which says that when you are in Rome, you must behave like a Roman, he asked Ricote to lend him his wineskin and aimed it at the sky, which he enjoyed.

They rose the wineskins four times, but the fifth time it was useless, for they were drier than esparto, which diminished their joy. Every now and then someone would take Sancho's right hand and say: "Spaniards and Germans are all the same: good fellows." Sancho would reply: "I swear they are." Then he would laugh for an hour and forget what had happened to him during his governorship: worries disappear while we are eating and drinking.

Finally, when the wineskins were empty, they felt drowsy. Then they slept over their table and tablecloth. Ricote and Sancho alone remained awake, for they had eaten more and drunk less than the others. They retired to a quieter place and sat at the foot of a beech tree while the others were slumbering peacefully. Ricote, without using a single Arabic word, said in good Castilian:

"Sancho, my friend and neighbor, you know that His Majesty's ordinance terrified all the ex-Muslims. It seemed to me that, although the time that was granted to us for leaving Spain had not expired, I and my children had already suffered the disastrous consequences of the law. The wise man who knows that on a certain date the house in which he lives will be taken from him looks for another into which he will move. So I decided to leave my town and family to find a place and a new house in which we would install ourselves. I did not want to flee like the others. The elderly and I knew that those proclamations were not threats, as some said, but laws that would come into effect at a particular time. This was my opinion because I knew that we had

misbehaved. I think that God enticed His Majesty to make so bold a decision. All of us were not to blame, for some of us were true Christians, but they were so few in number that they could not counterbalance those who were not: the rot had set in. Finally, the king was right to exile us. Some people considered this to be a mild punishment, but we regarded it as the greatest calamity. Wherever we are, we miss Spain, for we were born here: it is our homeland. Wherever we go, we are unwelcome. In Barbary and other parts of Africa where we expected to be welcomed with open arms, we are more insulted and mistreated that anywhere else. One does not know what a good thing is until one has lost it. Almost all of us wish to return to Spain because most of us, and they are many, speak Spanish, like me. They are coming back now, for they love this country. They leave their wives and children behind, and there is nobody to protect them. As for me, I now know what the following saying means: 'Patriotism is a sweet feeling.' As I have said, I left our village and headed for France. Although the French welcomed us warmly, I wanted to discover the world. So I crossed Italy and reached Germany. It seemed to me that we would be freer because the inhabitants are not persnickety. Everybody leads the life that he or she wants to live, for, in most places, there is religious freedom. I bought a house in Augsburg. Then I joined these pilgrims, many of whom are used to coming to Spain every year in order to visit the shrines, which they regard as America: an unfailing source of profit. They go everywhere and, in the villages, they find food, wine and a lot of money. At the end of their journey, they have saved more than a hundred escudos. They purchase gold and hide it in their staffs, or under the patches on their pilgrims' cloaks, or in some other device. Then they get it out of the kingdom and take it to the country where they reside in spite of the guards who are stationed in customs houses. Sancho, I have decided to come back and get the treasure that I buried in the ground. Since it is outside the village, I'll be able to do this safely. Then I will write to my wife and daughter or go to Algiers via Valencia to arrange to take them to some French port and, from there, to Germany, where we will await God's orders. I am certain that my daughter, Ricota, and Francisca Ricota, my wife, are Catholics. Although I am not that Christian, I am more Christian than Muslim, and I keep asking God to enlighten me and to tell me how I can serve Him. It surprises me that my wife and daughter went to Barbary instead of going to France, where they could live like Christians."

"You know, Ricote", said Sancho, "they did not decide. It was Juan Tiopieyo, your wife's brother, who took them away. Since he is a shrewd Moor, he knew what he was doing. I think that it is useless to look for that buried treasure, for we have learned that they have taken a lot of pearls and gold coins from your wife and brother-in-law because they had not declared those goods."

"You may be right", replied Ricote, "but I am sure that they did not find my hoard. Actually, I told nobody where it was because I feared a betrayal. So, if you want to come with me and help me to get it and hide it, I will give you two hundred escudos. I know that you need money and will make good use of it."

"I will", said Sancho, "but I am not covetous. For instance, this morning I gave up an office in which, before six months had gone by, I might have covered the walls of my house with gold and purchased luxurious silverware. Should you offer me four hundred escudos right now, I would not go with you because I am not greedy. Besides, if I helped my king's enemies, I would betray him."

"What job did you quit?", asked Ricote.

"I was the governor of an island", replied Sancho, "and it was a great one."

"Where is this island?", inquired Ricote.

"Where is it? … Two leagues from here; it's called Fraud Island."

"There are no islands there", said Ricote. "Islands are in the sea. There are none in the hinterland."

"What do you mean?", said Sancho. "I am telling you, my friend, that I left this place this morning and that yesterday I governed it at my leisure, like an archer. However, I gave up my job because it was a dangerous occupation."

"What did you get out of your governorship?", Ricote asked.

"I learned that I can only govern a herd of cattle. The money you earn when you are a governor prevents you from resting, sleeping and eating, for, on islands, governors don't eat a lot, especially when physicians look after their health."

"I don't know what you are talking about, Sancho", said Ricote, but it sounds like nonsense to me. Anyway, who would allow you to govern an island? Are there no better governors than you in the world? Stop talking, focus your attention on my offer and tell me if you want to come with me in order to help me to take out what must be called a treasure, for I have buried a lot of gold. As I told you, I will give you a sum of money which will enable you to live decently."

"I have already told you, Ricote", said Sancho, "that I won't accompany you there. However, I will not denounce you. Resume your journey and let me resume mine, for I know that well-gotten gains disappear and that the ill-gotten ones and their owner also disappear."

"I don't want to bother you", said Ricote, "but I'd like to know if you were in our village when my wife, daughter and brother-in-law left."

"I was there", Sancho assured him, "and I can tell you that all the villagers came out to admire your beautiful daughter when she departed. They all said that she was the prettiest creature in the world. She wept and embraced all her female friends and acquaintances and all the people who had come to bid her farewell. She beseeched them to ask God and Our Lady, His mother, to protect her. I was so moved that I cried, though I never do that. Many villagers felt like hiding her, but they did not do so because they were afraid to disobey the king's ordinance. Pedro Gregorio was more upset than the others. You know this lad, who will inherit the main part of his father's estate. It is said that he was very fond of your daughter. Since she left, he has not been seen in our village. We all think that he kidnapped her, but, up to now, we have had no information."

"I suspected", said Ricote, "that this young gentleman was in love with her, but I did not care about this because my daughter is honest and, as you know, Moorish women almost never fall in love with old Christians. Since I thought that my daughter was more concerned with obeying the Catholic rules than falling in love, I was not worried by this boy's attentions."

"May God do so", said Sancho, "otherwise both of them would be in trouble. Now, my friend, I must leave you, for I wish to reach the place where my master will stay tonight."

"Bless you, brother Sancho. My comrades are growing impatient. It is high time we left."

The two men shook hands. Sancho mounted his ass. Ricote leaned on his staff once more. They parted in this way.

CHAPTER LV.

Things that happened to Sancho along the way
and other exceptional events.

Sancho had spent too much time with Ricote. He could not reach the duke's castle that day, although, when night fell, he was only half a league away from where it stood. The night was quite dark and the sky was a bit overcast. However, as it was summer, the squire was not upset. So he left the main road in order to wait until morning. As usual, he was unlucky: as he was looking for a spot where he would spend the night, he and his donkey fell into a pit surrounded by ruins. While he was falling, he commended his soul to God, for he thought that he would not stop until he had reached the depths of the abyss, but it did not happen, for, at a little more than three fathoms, the ass landed and Sancho remained seated on his mount; he was unharmed!

He felt his body and held his breath to make sure that he was unharmed and that his body was not pierced. When he discovered that he was all right, he thanked God a great many times for the mercy he had shown, for he believed that he would be broken into a thousand pieces. Then he ran his hands over the walls of the pit to see if it would be possible to get out of it without anybody's help. Unfortunately for him, the surface was completely smooth. He was very upset, all the more so because his ass was groaning with pain. This did not surprise him; he knew that the poor beast was in a bad way: it was not pretending to be injured.

"Ah!", exclaimed Sancho Panza then. "Many unforeseen things always happen to those who live in this wretched world! Who would have believed that the man who was the governor of an island yesterday, a man who gave his servants and vassals orders, would be at the bottom of a pit today and that no servant, or vassal, or anybody would come to his rescue? If I don't die of sorrow or my donkey because of his injuries, we will both die of hunger. I feel certain that I will not be as lucky as was my master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, when he went down into the cave of the enchanted Montesinos, where he came upon people who entertained him better than if he had been in his own house. It seemed that they had laid the table and made the bed. He saw beautiful, peaceful things, whereas I will see toads and snakes here. Poor me! I am so stupid and naive! When Heaven allows them to go in search of us, they will find our clean smooth white bones. Perhaps they will be able to make out who we are, at least those who know that Sancho Panza and his ass never parted. Once again I say that we are unlucky because we won't die in our own country, among our loved ones, who, although they cannot remedy our misfortune, would pity us and close our eyes. My friend, I am so ungrateful! Forgive me and beg fortune earnestly to get us out of this plight. I promise you I will place a laurel wreath on your head so that you'll look like a poet laureate; I will also give you double rations."

Such was the manner in which Sancho Panza expressed his sorrow. As the ass listened to him, it did not bray, for it was in a hopeless situation. The squire spent the night moaning, but that night came to an end. Then the sun rose. Sancho admitted that

it was absolutely impossible for him to get out of the pit unaided. Once again he began to shout for help in order to attract the attention of somebody, but it was useless because that place was empty: nobody could hear him. He thought that he was going to die.

The donkey was lying on its back. Sancho managed to get it on its feet, although the animal was barely able to stand. He took a piece of stale bread from his saddlebag, which had also fallen on the ground, and gave it to his mount, which enjoyed it. He said to his donkey, as if it could understand:

"Sorrows are good when they are served with bread."

As he looked around, he discovered a hole on one side of the pit. A person could crawl through it. So he made for it and passed through it. He saw that it was wide and roomy because the sun illumined it through a crack in what might be called the roof. He noticed that there was also another spacious cave. When he saw this, he returned to where the donkey was and, picking up a stone, he began to the earth away in order to enlarge the opening and enable the beast to pass through it. The donkey entered. The squire grasped the halter and led the animal across the cavern so that he might ascertain if there was another hole on the other side. There was a lot of fear and no light.

"God Almighty, help me!", he said to himself. "What I regard as misadventure would be regarded as an adventure by my master. He would see flower gardens and palaces in this abyss and would expect to leave it behind and enter a meadow covered with flowers. As for me, since I am unlucky, alone and discouraged, each time I take a step, I think that I am going to fall into a deeper hole which will devour me. Enough is enough!"

With this in mind he walked until he had gone a little more than half a league. Then he beheld a dim light that came from somewhere and appeared to be daylight. He thought that this road which led to the other world ended there.

At this point Cid Hamete leaves him and goes back to the place where the jubilant knight is awaiting the duel between him and the man who robbed Lady Rodriguez's daughter of her virginity. He wants to right this odious wrong.

One morning he trained for the duel which would take place on the following day. He made his horse gallop. Its hoofs were near a precipice. If he had not reined in sharply, he would never have been able to avoid falling into it. So he stopped and did not fall. He had Rocinante take a step forward and gazed down into its depths. As he did so, he heard shouts. He listened attentively and succeeded in making out what was said.

"Ho, up there! Is there any Christian who hears me or any charitable knight who will take pity on a sinner buried alive, an unfortunate *unruly ruler*?"

Don Quixote thought that it was Sancho Panza's voice, which astonished him. He shouted:

"Who is it? Who is complaining?"

"Who is it? Who is complaining? It is I: Sancho Panza, the unlucky sinner who shouldn't have agreed to be the governor of Fraud Island. I was the squire of Don Quixote de la Mancha, the famous knight."

This made him more dumbstruck. He believed that Sancho was dead and his soul was doing penance down there. With this in mind he shouted:

“By Jove, tell me who you are. If you are a specter, tell me how I can help you, for my job is to succor the weak people who are alive. I can also succor those who are dead and cannot protect themselves.”

“You must be my master, Don Quixote de la Mancha. I infer from your tone of voice that you cannot be anybody else.”

“I am Don Quixote, the knight who helps both the living and the dead. So, tell me who you are and do not keep me any longer in suspense. If you are my late squire, you are in purgatory because God has prevented the Devil from carrying you off. Hence, our holy mother, the Roman Catholic Church, can release you from the torments that you are suffering. As for me, I will intercede with them on your behalf when I have money. Confess your sins and tell me who you are.”

“I swear, Lord Quixote, that I am your squire, Sancho Panza, and that I am not dead. I have left the island owing to circumstances and reasons that require much time to explain. Last night I fell into this pit. My ass will confirm this. He will not let me lie because he is next to me.”

It seemed that the donkey had understood what Sancho had said, for he began braying so lustily that the whole cavern echoed with the sound.

“He is a famous witness”, observed Don Quixote. “I recognize that bray and I can hear your voice, dear Sancho. Hold on. I will go to the duke’s castle, which is nearby, and bring someone who will get you out of that pit into which you must have fallen on account of your sins.”

“Please, go there”, said Sancho, “and come back soon, for I can’t bear to be buried alive: I am petrified.”

Don Quixote went to the castle to tell the duke and duchess what had happened to his squire, which surprised them, but they guessed that Sancho had fallen through the second opening into the cavern that had been there since time immemorial. However, they did not understand why he had quit without informing them of his arrival. Finally, they brought ropes and cables and, thanks to many people and hard work, they rescued Sancho Panza and the ass. They could see the shining sun again. A student saw the ex-governor and said:

“All the bad governors who resign should live their dominions like this sinner, who emerges from this cave, hungry, pale-faced and penniless, I suppose.”

Sancho overheard him and replied:

“You vicious gossip, eight or ten days ago, I began to govern the island which they had bestowed upon me and they did not give me a piece of bread. Physicians persecuted me; enemies broke my bones; nobody bribed me; they did not pay me. So I did not deserve to come out in this fashion. Man proposes, God disposes; God knows what is best for me; other times, other manners; never say you will not drink this water; what they say is not always true. God knows what I mean. I won’t say anything else, though I could if I wanted to.”

“Don’t upset yourself, Sancho; don’t listen to what they say”, said Don Quixote. “If you do so, you will always be upset. You have a clear conscience. So let them say what they like: trying to bind the tongues of slanderers is like trying to place doors around fields. When a governor gets rich during his governorship, they say that he is a thief. When he remains poor, they say that he is stupid and incompetent.”

“Well, this time”, replied Sancho, “they will look upon me as an idiot.”

Conversing in this manner and surrounded by little boys and many other people, they reached the castle, where the duke and duchess were waiting for them. However, Sancho did not want to meet the duke until he had put his donkey into a stable, which, as he remarked, had spent a very bad night. Then he went upstairs, knelt before the duke and duchess and said:

"Your Graces, because you desired it and not because I deserved it, I went to govern your island. I was naked when I reached Fraud Island and I am still naked: I did not get rich. As to whether I governed it well or not, the witnesses will give you some information about that. I solved problems and held hearings; all the while I was hungry because of Dr. Rigid Magician, native of Getout, physician of the governors of that island. Enemies attacked us by night. We were in a predicament, but the islanders say that they won the war thanks to my strong arms. May God grant them health, for they are telling the truth. During this time, I tried out the burdens and responsibilities which are an inherent part of governing and I discovered that neither my shoulders nor my ribs could bear the weight: I will not put these arrows in my quiver. So, before I was *overthrown*, I decided to *throw over* the government: yesterday morning I left the island as I found it, with the same streets, houses and roofs that it had when I came. I did not ask anybody to lend me money, nor did I receive bribes. Although I wanted to promulgate a few useful ordinances, I did not do so, for I feared that they would not be kept. So it would have been useless to pass them. I left the island, as I have said, only accompanied by my donkey. I fell into a pit. Then I wandered in that abyss and this morning, thanks to the light of the sun, I saw an outlet. It was not so easy to get out of it. If Heaven had not asked my master to join me, I would have remained there until the end of the world. Your Graces, your governor, Sancho Panza, who is here before you, has learned during the ten days of his governorship that he does not want to rule an island or the entire world. Consequently, I kiss Your Graces' feet. Like the little boys who play 'Jump and give it to me', I jumped from that island in order to work for Don Quixote. When I travel with him and eat bread, although I am frightened, at least I eat something, and I don't care whether I consume carrots or partridges."

Sancho concluded his long speech here. Don Quixote had feared that his squire would say many stupid things. When he saw that he had not said so many of them, he thanked Heaven. Then the duke embraced Sancho. He told him that he regretted that he had resigned his position. He assured him that, where he would go, he would have him get a job that would be easier and more lucrative. The duchess also embraced him and asked him to be cautious, for he had bruises and was in a bad shape.

CHAPTER LVI.

The tremendous, extraordinary duel
between Don Quixote de la Mancha and Tosilos,
which was aimed at defending Lady Rodriguez's daughter.

The duke and duchess did not regret having bestowed a false island upon Sancho Panza. Besides, that very day, the majordomo told them almost all the things that Sancho had said and done during his governorship. He gave a vivid description of the attack on the island and the governor's fears and departure, which amused them.

The author says that the day of the duel arrived. The duke had told Tosilos many times how to act in order to defeat Don Quixote without killing or wounding him. He ordered that the steel tips of the lances be removed, for, as he said to his guest, Christians like him could not ask warriors to risk their lives. The knight would have to content himself with this private battlefield and remember that the Council of Trent had prohibited wager of battle. So he had to play it cool. The knight replied that His Excellency might arrange all matters having to do with this affair in the way that best suited him. He, Don Quixote, would obey him.

So, that dreadful day arrived. The duke had ordered them to erect a large platform facing the courtyard of the castle for the referees and the two duennas, mother and daughter, who were the plaintiffs. Many people who lived in the neighboring towns and villages came to the castle. They wanted to attend this combat, which was so unforeseen that nobody in the region, either dead or alive, had ever seen one or even heard of one. The first person who entered the battlefield was the master of ceremonies. He surveyed and crossed the entire field to prevent cheating and make sure that there was no hidden trap that might cause one of the contestants to stumble and fall. Then the duennas came in and took their seats. The were wrapped in shawls that covered their eyes and breasts. They were deeply nervous about the outcome of the duel. Don Quixote entered the battlefield, followed by many trumpeters. Tosilos, the great lackey, was at one side of the square. He was seated on a strong steed that shook the whole place. His suit of armor was shining. He had pulled down the visor. His horse was Frisian, broad-backed and grayish. It had furry fetlocks. The duke had told this brave warrior how to behave toward Don Quixote de la Mancha. Under no circumstances was he to slay the knight. He had to shun the first clash in order to avoid killing him, which would happen if the horse moved at full tilt. He rode slowly across the square, reached the spot where the duennas were and looked at the girl who wanted him to marry her. Meanwhile, the master of ceremonies had called to Don Quixote, who was already on the field. He was next to Tosilos. He asked the duennas if they allowed Don Quixote de la Mancha to represent them. They agreed to this proposal. Whatever the knight would do would be perfect, definite and valid.

By this time the duke and duchess had taken their places in a gallery overlooking the enclosure, which was full of people who wished to see this extraordinary duel. The agreement stated that if Don Quixote won, his opponent would have to marry Lady Rodriguez's daughter; if he lost, his adversary would be free from his promise.

The master of ceremonies checked the brightness of the sun and positioned them where they had to be. There was a roll of drums, the sound of the trumpets filled the air and the feet of the spectators made the earth tremble. Some of them hoped for a positive outcome; the others feared the worst. Commending himself earnestly to God and to Lady Toboso, Don Quixote awaited the starting signal. The lackey was thinking about other things. When he looked at his female enemy, he got the impression that she was the most beautiful woman he had seen in his life. The blind boy who, here, is commonly called Cupid did not want to miss the opportunity to defeat a footman. He also wished to add him to his list of trophies. So, he came closer to him craftily and quietly and shoot an arrow two yards long that passed through the poor fellow's heart.

He could do that easily because love is invisible; it comes and goes as it likes and it is never held accountable for its actions.

Hence, when they gave the starting signal, the lackey did not hear the sound of the trumpet, whereas Don Quixote bore down on his enemy at Rocinante's top speed. As for Sancho, when he beheld his master, he shouted:

"May God guide you, O best knight-errant in the world! May God allow you to win, for you are in the right."

Although Tosilos saw Don Quixote charging at him, he did not move. In fact, he called to the master of ceremonies, who came closer to him to ask him what he wanted. The footman said to him:

"Sir, is not this battle being fought to decide whether or not I will marry that young lady?"

"It is", answered the master of ceremonies.

"Well", said the lackey, "I am worried. I'd rather not fight this battle. So I am going to surrender and marry her."

The master of ceremonies was astonished by this speech. Since he was one of the jokers, he did not know what to say. Don Quixote had stopped in the middle of the field when he had seen that his adversary was not charging at him. The duke was unable to make out what was happening until the marshal came to tell him what Tosilos had said, which surprised and infuriated him.

Meanwhile, Tosilos rode over to where Lady Rodriguez was and said:

"Madam, I wish to marry your daughter. I do not want to obtain by means of fights what I can get peacefully, without risking my life."

"As I understand it", said the valiant Don Quixote when he heard this, "I am free from my promise. So let them marry. Seeing that God has bestowed her upon him, St. Peter will bless this couple."

The duke crossed the courtyard of the castle, drew near to where Tosilos stood and asked:

"Sir, is it true that you refuse to duel and that your scruples impel you to marry this damsel?"

"Yes, it's true", replied Tosilos.

"He is right", added Sancho Panza. "Give to the cat what you have to give to the mouse and stay out of trouble!"

Meanwhile, Tosilos was trying to remove his helmet. He begged them to hurry and help him, for he was suffocating. He could not stay in that narrow space for so long a time. They removed it quickly and revealed the lackey's countenance.

"It's a trick! A trick!", cried Lady Rodriguez and her daughter. "It's not the future husband but the duke's footman! May God and the King protect me from this treachery... from this villainy!"

"Don't upset yourselves, ladies", said Don Quixote. "This is neither treachery nor villainy. If it is, it is not the duke who is to blame but the wicked enchanters who persecute me. They are so envious of my success that they have transformed your husband's face into that of this man who, according to you, is the duke's lackey. Take my advice and, despite the malice of my enemies, marry this man, for he is undoubtedly the one you wanted to marry."

As he heard this, the duke's mood gradually changed from anger to joy. He said:

“The things that happen to Don Quixote are so extraordinary that I am ready to believe that this man is not my lackey. However, we should employ a stratagem. Let us postpone the wedding for a couple of weeks and lock this suspect in a room. Perhaps he will return to his former shape, for the grudge the enchanters have against Don Quixote cannot last that long, all the more so because those tricks and transformations do not allow them to achieve their goals.”

“Oh, sir”, said Sancho, “those scoundrels are used to turning one thing into another in order to fool my master. A knight whom he vanquished some time ago, the one called the Knight of the Mirrors, was turned into a student, named Sansón Carrasco, who is a native of our village and a great friend of ours. They also turned Lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a peasant girl. So I assume that this man will be a footman until he dies.”

“I don’t care about his identity”, said Lady Rodriguez’s daughter. “I thank him for his willingness to marry me. I’d rather be a lackey’s wedded wife than the deceived mistress of a gentleman... Can a man who deceives me be regarded as a gentleman?”

In short, those events and tricks led them to agree to lock Tosilos in a room and wait for his transformation. They all congratulated Don Quixote on his victory, although most of them were disappointed. Actually, they wanted the two horsemen to smash their faces in because they had waited for the duel for a while. They were like those boys who are upset when the culprit his not hanged because the judge or the plaintiffs have forgiven him. Then the crowd dispersed. The duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle and locked Tosilos in his bedroom. As for Lady Rodriguez and her daughter, they were overjoyed because, one way or the other, the affair would end in marriage, and that was what Tosilos wanted.

CHAPTER LVII.

Don Quixote takes leave of the duke
and deals with the witty, impudent Altisidora.

Don Quixote thought that he should leave this castle where he did not do anything, which he regarded as a big mistake. Honestly, he could not stay there, nor could he continue enjoying the countless comforts and luxuries provided by the duke and the duchess on account of his status as a knight-errant. It seemed to him that Heaven would punish him for his laziness and inactivity. Hence, he asked permission to depart from the castle. They acceded to his request, though they told him that they would miss him.

The duchess gave Sancho Panza the letters from his wife. He burst into tears and said:

“My wife did not anticipate that I would leave my island in order to be involved in Don Quixote’s humiliating adventures. Her expectations were so high... Anyway, I am glad to see that she behaved in the usual way: she sent the acorns to the duchess. If she had not sent them, I would have been sorry and she would have been ungrateful. Fortunately, that gift cannot be regarded as a bribe, for I was already a governor when she sent it. Everybody knows that those who receive a privilege express their gratitude in this way: they offer trifles. In fact, I was naked when I became a governor and I am

still naked. So I can state, which is no small matter, that I was naked when I was born and that I am still naked. So, I neither win nor lose!"

That's what Sancho said to himself on the day of his departure. Don Quixote had bidden farewell to his hosts the night before. On that morning he appeared fully armed in the courtyard of the castle. The entire household watched him from the balconies. Even the duke and the duchess came out to see him leave. Sancho was seated on his ass, with his saddlebags, suitcase and provisions. He was very happy because the duke's majordomo, the man who had played the part of the Countess of the Three Petticoats, had given him a small purse containing two hundred gold escudos. The money would be used to pay for their expenses, but Don Quixote did not know what was in the purse.

As I have said, they were watching the knight. The witty, impudent Altisidora, who was among the duchess's other damsels and duennas, began to sing in a sorrowful tone of voice:

Listen to me, wicked knight.
Rein in your steed.
Do not spur this horse,
Which you can barely ride.
Fraud, you are not fleeing
From a fierce serpent
But from a sweet damsel
Who is very young.
Despicable monster,
You deceived the fairest maid
Who ever crossed the forests of
Venus and Diana.
Cruel Vireno, Aeneas on the run,
May Barabbas accompany you. Go away!

Heathen guide,
You grasped the heart
Of a humble girl
Who was in love.
You stole three bonnets
And a few garters surrounding
Legs as white and smooth as
Parian marble.
You stole two thousand sighs.
If they were on fire
And if there were two thousand Troys,
They would burn them all.
Cruel Vireno, Aeneas on the run,
May Barabbas accompany you. Go away!

May the heart of Sancho, your squire,

Be so adamant and insensitive
That Dulcinea
Will remain enchanted.
She suffers because of you.
In my village, sometimes
The innocent are punished
In place of the sinners.
May your greatest adventures
Turn into misadventures.
I want you to forget
Your hobbies and beliefs.
Cruel Vireno, Aeneas on the run,
May Barabbas accompany you. Go away!

May they disbelieve you
From Seville to Marchena,
From Granada to Loja,
From London to other places in England.
May you never hold
Kings, or aces,
Or sevens
When you play cards.
When they trim your corns,
You will bleed,
And when they pull out your molars,
The roots will stay in the jawbone.
Cruel Vireno, Aeneas on the run,
May Barabbas accompany you. Go away!

All the while the grief-stricken Altisidora was singing this song, in the manner that has been described, Don Quixote was gazing at her. He turned swiftly to Sancho and said:

"I implore you to speak the truth. Did you take the three bonnets and the garters that this lovelorn girl is talking about?"

"I have the three bonnets", said Sancho. "As for the garters, nobody knows where they are.''

The duchess was astonished at Altisidora's self-possession. She knew that she was bold, funny and self-possessed, but she had never thought that she would be that brazen. The duchess was dumbfounded because the girl had not been informed of the joke. The duke, who wanted to make the trick more credible, said:

"Dear sir, considering that you have been well taken care of in my castle, you should not take the three bonnets or the garters. This kind of behaviour indicates an evil disposition, and we know that you are not a villain. Return the garters, or else I will challenge you to a duel. I am not afraid to be turned into someone else by those wicked enchanters, like Tosilos, my lackey, when he entered the battlefield."

"I will not fight against Your Royal Highness", replied Don Quixote, "for you have favored me. I will return the bonnets, for Sancho says that he has them, but I cannot return the garters, for we don't know where there are. I feel certain that if this damsel looked in her chest of drawers, she would find them. Your Grace, I have never been a thief. I will not become one if God guides me. This maiden says that she is lovelorn. Since l am not to blame for that, I have no occasion to apologize to her or you. I beseech you to have a better opinion of me and to allow me again to resume my journey."

"May God enable you to travel safely, Lord Quixote", said the duchess. "We wish to hear about your exploits. You should depart now, for the longer you stay here, the more these damsels love you. As for Altisidora, I will chastise her and she will stop complaining using her mouth and her eyes."

"O courageous Don Quixote!", exclaimed Altisidora at this point. "Let me add something. I wish to apologize for having said that my garters had been stolen. In fact, I am wearing them. Like the farmer who said that he had lost one donkey, I thought that I had lost them."

"As I told you", said Sancho, "I am skilled in concealing stolen goods! If I had wanted to do that, I would have been able to behave in that way on many occasions when I was a governor."

Don Quixote bowed to the duke, the duchess and all the bystanders. Then he turned Rocinante's reins, left the castle and headed for Saragossa. He was followed by Sancho on his donkey.

CHAPTER LVIII.

The great many adventures
that befell Don Quixote.

When Don Quixote was in the open country, relaxed and free from Altisidora's amorous compliments, he decided to focus on chivalry again. He turned to Sancho and said:

"Freedom is one of the most precious gifts that God has bestowed upon men. The treasures locked in the earth or hidden in the depths of the sea do not compare with it. For the sake of freedom and pride, one may and should risk one's life. Captivity, on the other hand, is the greatest evil that can befall a human being. Sancho, you have seen that the castle we have just left was luxurious and full of victuals. I was besieged by delicacies and cold beverages. However, I was starving, for I did not enjoy them with the same freedom as if they had belonged to me. Since you have to repay people for their generosity, you are not free to do what you want to do. Fortunate is he to whom God gives a piece of bread, for he is not obliged to thank anybody but God!"

"However", said Sancho, "we should thank the duke's majordomo for the two hundred gold escudos he gave me in a little purse, which I now carry upon my heart. It is a kind of poultice, some money we will use if necessary, for we will not always find castles where they will entertain us. Sometimes we will come upon inns where they will beat us up."

The knight and his squire had gone a little more than a league when they caught sight of a dozen men dressed like farmworkers. They were lying on their cloaks, which they had spread out on the green grass of a small meadow. They were eating. There were a few white sheets beside them, which covered some objects that were either standing upright or lying flat, with small spaces in between. Don Quixote came closer to them, greeted them courteously and asked what was beneath the sheets.

"Sir", one of the men answered him, "these are paintings and bas-reliefs that will be placed in an altarpiece that we are putting up in our village. We have covered them to prevent them from discoloring. We carry them on our shoulders so that they will not be broken."

"I'd like to see them", said Don Quixote. "Paintings that are transported with such care must be fine ones."

"Of course they are!", said another. "They have cost a lot of money. Each one of them is worth more than fifty ducats. Wait a moment, I am going to show them to you."

He stopped eating, rose to his feet and uncovered the first painting, which represented St. George on horseback, with a dragon coiled at his feet and a lance thrust down its throat. The portrait of the saint exhibited the usual violence. It resembled gold embers, so to speak. When the knight beheld it he observed:

"This gentleman was one of the best knights-errant that the heavenly militia ever had. His name was St. George. He protected damsels. Show me that one."

The man uncovered another painting. It was the portrait of St. Martin. He was on horseback and shared his cloak with a beggar. No sooner had the knight seen it than he said:

"This knight was also one of the Christian adventurers. In my opinion, he was more generous than he was courageous. Sancho, look here; he is dividing his cloak and giving the beggar half of it. It was winter. If it had been summer, he would have given him all of it, for he was generous."

"This is not the right reason", said Sancho. "I think that he believed in the proverb that says: 'One can be generous, but one must not be extravagant.'"

Don Quixote laughed and asked them to remove another sheet, beneath which was the portrait of the patron saint of Spain. He was also on horseback and brandished a bloodstained sword as he stepped on Moors and human heads.

"Ah!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "He is a real knight and belongs to Jesus' platoon. His name is Santiago Moorslayer. He is one of the most courageous saints and knights that this world ever had and that Heaven has now."

The next sheet they lifted covered a painting representing the fall of St. Paul from his horse and all the circumstances of his conversion, which are usually painted on altarpieces. The pictures were so lifelike that it seemed that Jesus was speaking and Paul answering.

"This man", said Don Quixote, "was the greatest enemy of the Church of Our Lord and became its greatest champion. He was a knight-errant when he was alive and became a saint when he died. He was a tireless worker in the Lord's vineyard. He cured the heathens when he allowed them to attend the school of God in Heaven, where Jesus himself educated them."

There were no other paintings. Don Quixote asked them to cover the paintings again and said:

"Brothers, I regard as a good omen to have seen what I have seen today, for these saints and gentlemen are knights, like me. However, since they are saints, their war is holly, whereas mine is not, for I am a sinner. They conquered Heaven thanks to their strong arms, for Heaven is not a quiet place. Up to now, I do not know what I have conquered, though I have suffered many hardships. If Dulcinea were not enchanted, I would be luckier, saner and more successful."

"May God hear you and the Devil ignore you", said Sancho.

Don Quixote's mien and arguments surprised them. They did not understand half of what he said. Having finished their dinner, they took the paintings, bade the knight farewell and resumed their journey.

Although he knew his master very well, Sancho was amazed by his erudition. It seemed to him that he knew all the stories and events in the world. He said:

"In fact, if what happened to us today can be regarded as an adventure, it was one of the sweetest that we have had in the course of our wanderings. We were not afraid, or hurt, or hungry. We did not use our swords or fall on the ground. I thank God for having let me see such a thing!"

"You are right, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "but it is important to remember that all times are not alike; they do not result in the same situation. What people call omens, which are not based on reason, are to be regarded by the wise man as positive events. When one of those persons who believe in omens gets up in the morning, leaves his house and comes across a friar of the order of the blessed St. Francis, he turns around and goes back home, as if he had met a griffon. When a superstitious man spills salt on the table, he spills gloom over his heart at the same time, just as if nature had to announce coming misfortunes by means of the unimportant things that I have mentioned. Intelligent Christians must not split hairs about what God wants to do. When Scipio reached Africa, he stumbled as he leaped ashore. His soldiers regarded this as a bad omen, but, as he embraced the earth, he cried: 'You will not flee from me, Africa, for I hold you tight in my arms.' Hence, Sancho, the fact that we saw those paintings is a positive event."

"You are right", said Sancho. "Now I'd like you to tell me why the Spaniards, when they want to do battle against their enemies, refer to Santiago Moorslayer, crying: 'Santiago, close Spain!' Does it mean that Spain is open and has to be closed? What kind of ceremony is this?"

"You are an idiot, Sancho", replied Don Quixote. "God made that great knight of the Red Cross the patron saint and protector of Spain during a difficult time, when the Spaniards had to fight the Moors. Hence, they ask him to protect them each time they attack their enemies. Very often, in those battles, they saw him crushing, trampling, destroying and killing the Arab troops. The historians recorded this many a time in their books which deal with the true history of Spain."

Sancho changed the subject and said to his master:

"The impudence of Altisidora, the duchess's maid, surprises me. She must have been stabbed and badly wounded by the one they call Cupid, who, according to some people, is a blind boy. Although his eyes are rheumy, I mean sightless, when he takes aim at a heart, however small it may be, he always pierces it with his arrows. It is said

that the darts of love are deflected by the modesty and shyness of maidens, but, in Altisidora's case, it seems that they never miss their targets."

"Bear in mind, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "that love is disrespectful and talks nonsense. Like death, it attacks the luxurious palaces of kings and the humble huts of shepherds. When it captures a soul, the first thing it does is to render it fearless and shameless. It was shamelessness that led Altisidora to express her emotions, which bemused me; they did not really move me."

"This is sheer cruelty", cried Sancho, "profound ingratitude! If this girl uttered a single word of love, I would surrender and become her slave. Son of a whore, your heart is made of marble, bronze, or mortar! I can't imagine that this girl saw something in you which made her surrender and become your slave. Is it your elegance, or intelligence, or charm, or pretty face that made her fall in love with you? To tell you the truth, I often survey you and I see things that are more frightening than appealing. It is said that beauty is the thing that enraptures lovers. So, since you are not handsome, I don't know why the poor girl fell in love with you."

"You see, Sancho", replied Don Quixote, "there are two kinds of beauty: the beauty of the soul and the beauty of the body. That of the soul is revealed through intelligence, modesty, good behaviour, generosity and politeness. An ugly man may have these qualities. When someone beholds that kind of beauty, not that of the body, love begins violently. I know that I am not handsome, but I am not ugly either. A man who has the qualities I have listed can be loved if he is not extremely ugly."

While they were conversing in this manner, they entered a wood alongside the road. Suddenly, Don Quixote found himself entangled in a net made out of green cords that had been strung between the trees. He did not know what was happening. He said to his squire:

"I think that this is going to be a one-of-a-kind adventure. In fact, the enchanters who persecute me are trying to tie me up in order to delay me. They want to take revenge on me because I was unfriendly to Altisidora. Tell them that if these cords were made of hard diamonds instead of green hemp and were stronger than the one with which the jealous Vulcan caught Venus and Mars, I would tear them up as if they were made of rush or cotton threads."

He was about to ride on and cut the cords when two beautiful shepherdesses suddenly emerged from a thicket. Actually, the girls were dressed like shepherdesses, though their jackets and skirts were made of fine brocade, or rather silk gauze embroidered with golden threads. Their hair, which fell down loose over their shoulders, was as bright as sunbeams. Their heads were topped with garlands of laurel entwined with red amaranth leaves. They appeared to be between fifteen and eighteen years of age. This apparition surprised Sancho and Don Quixote and caused the sun to halt. The four of them fell silent. Finally, one of the girls spoke. She said to Don Quixote:

"Halt! Don't cut the net. We have hanged it not to upset you but to amuse ourselves. Since I know that you are going to ask us why we have put it there and who we are, I am going to answer you in a few words. In a village some two leagues away, where there are many rich noblemen and important personages, some friends and relatives decided to come here with their sons, wives, daughters, neighbors, acquaintances and relatives in order to amuse themselves. This spot is one of the most

pleasant in the region. We want to set up a new Arcadia here. So the maidens dress as shepherdesses and the lads as shepherds. We have learned two eclogues, one by the famous poet Garcilaso and the other by the brilliant Camoes, which is written in Portuguese. We have not recited them in public yet. We came only yesterday. We have erected tents among the trees, near a river that fertilizes all the fields. Last night we hanged those nets to catch the stupid little birds that, frightened by our shouts, fall into them. Sir, you could be our guest. We will entertain you because melancholy is banished from this place."

She stopped speaking. So Don Quixote could say:

"Beautiful lady, I feel certain that Actaeon, when he saw Diana bathing, was not more surprised or delighted than I was when I noticed your beauty. I congratulate you for this game. I will obey you. In fact, my duty is to help all sorts of people, especially important people like you. If these nets, which occupy a small space, were spread out all over the world, I would endeavor to find new continents that would enable me to pass without breaking them. What I say is a bit over the top, but it's true, for the man who tells you that is Don Quixote de la Mancha himself. You may have heard of him..."

"Good Lord!", exclaimed the other maid. "We are so lucky. According to a book I have read, which deals with his exploits, which may be true, this gentleman is the bravest, the most lovelorn and the most courteous man in the world. I assume that his traveling companion is Sancho Panza, his squire, whose jokes are incomparable."

"You are right", said Sancho. "I am that funny squire and this gentleman is my master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the main character in the book."

"Oh!", exclaimed the first maiden; "let us ask him to stay, my dear. Our fathers and brothers would like to converse with him. I, too, have heard of his qualities and his quire's jokes. Above all, they say that he is the firmest and most faithful lover in the world and that his lady friend, one Dulcinea del Toboso, is considered to be the prettiest woman in all of Spain."

"They are right", said Don Quixote, "though your breathtaking beauty may confuse them. Ladies, it is useless to urge me to stay, for I am too busy to rest."

At that moment a brother of one of the girls came up. Like them, he was wearing a shepherd's outfit that looked expensive. They told him that the valiant knight was Don Quixote de la Mancha and that the other man was Sancho, his squire. He already knew them since he had read the book that dealt with the knight's history. The elegant shepherd asked the knight to come to their tents. Don Quixote felt compelled to obey him.

Then the hunt began. The nets were soon filled with small birds which, deceived by the color, had fallen into the trap from which they were fleeing. More than thirty persons gathered there. All of them were dressed as elegant shepherds and shepherdesses. They were introduced to Don Quixote and his squire, which pleased them, for they, too, had read the book. They drew near to the tents, where the table had been laid. On beautiful tablecloths, they had placed lots of platters filled with delicacies. They handed the knight a plate filled with delicious food and stared at him in amazement. Then they cleared the tables. Don Quixote said calmly:

"Some people say that the greatest sin is arrogance, but I maintain that ingratitude is worse, for, as the saying goes, 'Hell is full of ingrates.' Ever since I reached the age of reason, I have endeavored to avoid this sin. When I cannot repay

someone, I promise him that I will repay him someday. When this is not enough, I publicize the name of those who have favored me, for a man who does that will repay his benefactors whenever he can. Most of the time, those who get help are inferior to those who help them. God is superior to us all because he helps us all. The presents from God are superior to those from man, but gratitude makes up for this problem and shyness. So, I thank you for your kindness. Since I am not rich, I am going to offer you what I possess. Accordingly, I declare that for two whole days, in the middle of this highway that leads to Saragossa, I will maintain that these ladies, who are dressed as shepherdesses, are the most polite beautiful damsels in the world, with the exception of the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole object of my affections, if you'll pardon the expression."

Sancho, who had listened most attentively to what Don Quixote had said, cried:

"Is there anybody in the world who would dare to say and swear that my master is a madman? Tell me, gentlemen, do you know any educated and wise priest who could deliver such a speech? Is there any courageous knight-errant who would be more generous than he?"

Red-cheeked with rage, the knight turned to his squire and shouted:

"Is there anybody in the world who would dare to say that you are not simple-minded, or wicked, or wild? Who told you to meddle in my affairs and decide whether I am a wise man or an idiot? Shut up and saddle Rocinante at once if this has not already been done. We are going to put my idea into effect. Since I am in the right, those who will contradict me will be in trouble."

The angry man rose from his seat, which surprised the onlookers and led them to ponder whether he was mad or sane. They tried to dissuade him from overreacting. They told him that they knew that he wanted to express his gratitude to them. So there was no need for him to prove that he was courageous, for the book contained his exploits. Nevertheless, Don Quixote did not want to change his mind. He mounted Rocinante, grasped his lance and his buckler and positioned himself in the middle of a highway that was close to the verdant meadow. Sancho, on his donkey, and the so-called shepherds joined the knight, for they wanted to see what would be the outcome of this unprecedented, misplaced undertaking. Don Quixote cleared his throat and said:

"Hey travelers, passers-by, knights, squires, walkers and horsemen who will pass along this road during the next two days! Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, is here in order to maintain that the nymphs who live in these forests and meadows are prettier than all the other women, except the lady whom I love: Dulcinea del Toboso. So, let the man who disagrees with them come up. I am awaiting him here."

He repeated these sentences twice and no adventurer heard them. However, his luck turned: shortly afterward, lots of horsemen appeared at the far end of the road. Many of them were holding lances in their hands. They were galloping along the road in close formation. No sooner did those who were near Don Quixote catch sight of the horsemen than they turned abruptly and left the main road because they were very cautious. Don Quixote alone stood his ground, while Sancho hid himself behind Rocinante's crupper.

The troop of lancers approached. One of them, who rode ahead of the others, shouted:

“Move aside, you apostle of Satan. These bulls are going to trample you!”

“Ha, rabble!”, replied Don Quixote. “If they were the fiercest bulls that are raised along the banks of the Jarama, I would not care about them! You scoundrels, tell me that you agree with what I have said or prepare to be attacked by me!”

The cattlemen did not have time to reply, nor did the knight have time to get out of the way, but he did not want to do so. The fierce bulls, oxen and all the many people who were taking the animals to a village where they would spend the night jostled Don Quixote, Sancho, Rocinante and the donkey. They all fell on the ground. Sancho got bruises, his master was frightened, the ass was battered and Rocinante was tortured! Finally, they rose to their feet. Don Quixote, stumbling here and falling there, ran after the herd as fast as he could as he shouted:

“Stop, wicked rabble! A single knight is awaiting you. I don’t agree with Gonzalo Fernández de Córdoba: I never let the enemy flee because I fear that he will cause damage.”

However, the restless scouts did not halt: they did not care about his threats. As for the knight, he stopped running because he was tired. He had not avenged himself, which filled him with rage. He sat down in order to wait for Sancho, Rocinante and the donkey to join him. Then the master and his squire mounted once again. Without turning to bid farewell to the false Arcadia, they continued on their way because they were ashamed, not because they wanted to do so.

CHAPTER LIX.

Of what happened to Don Quixote,
which can be regarded as an adventure.

It was the bright clear water of a spring, which they had come upon in the cool shade of a wood, that enabled Don Quixote and Sancho to rid themselves of the dust that covered them and the weariness they felt because of the discourtesy of the bulls. They set both the donkey and Rocinante loose, which had no headstalls or reins. The two unlucky men sat down beside the river. Sancho had taken what they call prepared food from his saddlebag. Don Quixote rinsed his mouth and washed his face, which cooled him off and cheered him up. He did not eat because he was upset. Sancho did not touch any of the victuals that were before him because he was polite. He hoped that his master would taste the food. The knight was lost in thought; he had forgotten to lift the food to his mouth. His squire disregarded the patterns of decorum: he opened his mouth and began to devour the bread and cheese that were at hand.

“Eat, my friend”, said Don Quixote, “preserve life, for this is more important to you than it is to me. Let my thoughts and misfortunes kill me. You see, Sancho, I was born to experience death throughout my life and you to die while eating. I am telling you the truth. There are books about my history, I am a famous and courteous warrior, princes respect me and damsels love me, but, as I was expecting to be rewarded for my exploits, this morning I was trampled, beaten, and kicked by rude dirty animals. Because of this, my incisors are blunt, my molars are numb, my hands are paralyzed and I don’t feel like eating. I think that I am going to starve myself to death: this is the worst way to die.”

"So", observed Sancho, who kept on munching, "you will disagree with the proverb that says: 'Let Marta eat, even if she dies of indigestion.' As for me, I am not going to kill myself. Like the shoemaker who takes his time making shoes, I will take my time living. Meanwhile, I will eat until Heaven summons me. You see, exasperation is absolute madness. Sir, you should eat and have a siesta on this green grass. You will feel better when you wake up."

Don Quixote took his advice, for it was good, and said to him:

"I would feel better and a lot more relaxed if you did what I am going to tell you. While I Sleep, as you have urged me to do, you will go over there, undress and whip yourself three or four hundred times with Rocinante's reins, for you have to whip yourself more than three thousand times to disenchant Dulcinea. The poor girl is enchanted because of your carelessness."

"That's your opinion", replied Sancho. "Anyway, let's sleep. Then God will decide what will happen. You know that cold-blooded whipping is unbearable, especially when the whip hits an undernourished man. Lady Dulcinea must be patient. When she least expects it, I'll be whipping myself until I'm as full of holes as a sieve. Where there's life, there's hope. I mean that I am alive and want to fulfill my promise."

Don Quixote thanked him for this. He ate a bit, whereas Sancho ate a lot. Then they both slept. Meanwhile, Rocinante and the donkey, the two inseparable friends, could roam around the meadow and eat the grass that covered it.

It was a bit late when the two men woke up. They mounted and resumed their journey. They could not wait to reach an inn which was about a league from where they were. I said it was an inn because Don Quixote used that word, though he used to call all inns castles.

They came up to it and asked the innkeeper if he had any rooms left. He informed them that he had one that had all the conveniences that were to be found in Saragossa. When they had dismounted, Sancho carried their store of provisions into a room. The innkeeper gave him the key. Then he took the animals to the stable, fed them and returned to ask Don Quixote if he needed anything else. The knight was seated on a stone bench that adjoined a wall. He had not mistaken this inn for a castle. So Sancho thanked Heaven for that.

Dinnertime arrived. They retired to their room. Sancho asked the landlord what they could eat. The man told him that they could eat what their mouths could swallow. They could order anything that pleased them, for, in the kitchen, there were lots of birds, fowls and fish.

"We don't need all that", said Sancho. "A couple of roast chickens will do, for my master eats like a bird and I am not an ogre."

The innkeeper replied that they had no chickens because the kites caught them.

"Well, then, sir, have them roast a tender pullet."

"A pullet!", exclaimed their host. "Actually, yesterday I sent more than fifty of them to the marketplace, but, apart from pullet, you may have what you wish."

"You must have some veal or kid."

"No, we haven't that kind of meat left, but next week we'll have plenty."

"Lucky us!", exclaimed Sancho. "I assume that when we come to the end of all the things you don't have, we will end up with plenty of bacon and eggs."

"My guest", said the innkeeper, "is quite insistent! I have just told you that I have neither pullets nor hens, and you expect me to have eggs! Ask for food that is not too fancy."

"Come to the point, sir", cried Sancho. "Stop talking and tell me what you have."

"To tell you the truth", replied their host, "I have a couple of cow-heels that look like calves' feet, or a couple of calves' feet that look like cow-heels. They have been cooked with chickpeas, onions and bacon. Right now they are saying: 'Eat me! Eat me!'"

"Set them aside right now", said Sancho. "Don't let anybody touch them. I will give you more money than anybody else, for I desire them. I don't care whether they are feet or heels."

"No one will touch them", said the innkeeper. "There are other guests here: those persons of quality have their own cook, butler and larder."

"They might be persons of quality, but my master has more qualities than they", said Sancho. "However, because of his occupation, he does not have a larder. We stretch ourselves out in the middle of a field and stuff ourselves with acorns or medlars."

This was the conversation that Sancho had with the innkeeper. He refused to answer the innkeeper's question on the knight's occupation.

When dinnertime arrived, Don Quixote retired to his room. The landlord brought him the stewpot and the knight began to eat. Suddenly, he heard voices from the next room, which was separated from his by a thin partition. Someone was saying:

"Please, Don Jeronimo, while they are bringing our supper, let us read another chapter of the *Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha*."

No sooner had he heard his name than the knight rose to his feet and pricked up his ears. Don Jeronimo answered:

"Don Juan, why should we read this stupid book? He who has read the *First Part of the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha* cannot possibly like the second part."

"Nonetheless", said Don Juan, "we should read it, for there are always good things in bad books. However, the fact that Don Quixote is no longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboso displeases me."

When he heard this, the knight flew into a rage and shouted:

"The man who said that Don Quixote has forgotten Dulcinea del Toboso is a liar, for the peerless Dulcinea cannot be forgotten, nor can he forget her: his strength of character is admirable and his duty is to protect her gently and be certain that he is right."

"Who is answering us?",asked the people in the other room.

"Who can it be?', replied Sancho. "It is I: Don Quixote de la Mancha. I will carry out that task, for the good payer does not mind pledging a large sum of money."

No sooner had he said this than the two gentlemen entered the room. One of them threw his arms around Don Quixote's neck and said:

"You are here! You are the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, North Pole and Pole Star of knight-errantry, though someone has usurped your name and belittled your achievements. That man is the author of the book which I hand to you."

He took the book from his friend's hands and gave it to Don Quixote, who, without saying a word, began to leaf through it. After a short while he gave it back and said:

"I have read only a few pages, but I have found three things which I dislike. Firstly, in the prologue, there are a few unpleasant sentences. Secondly, it is written in Aragonese: he frequently omits the linking words. Thirdly, he makes lots of mistakes and keeps lying, which proves that he is an ignoramus. For instance, he said that the name of the wife of Sancho Panza was Mari Gutierrez, though her name is Teresa Panza. An author who makes this huge mistake will make other mistakes throughout the story."

"What a bad historian!", exclaimed Sancho. "He does not know us, for he has called my wife Mari Gutierrez. Take the book again and tell me if I am in it and if he has changed my name."

"From what you have said", remarked Don Jeronimo, "I can infer that you are Sancho Panza, Don Quixote's squire."

"I am that man", said Sancho, "and I'm proud of it."

"In fact", said the gentleman, "this author does not depict you as a decent man. The book portrays you as a boring glutton and as a simpleton. You do not resemble the Sancho described in the first part of the adventures of your master."

"May God forgive him", said Sancho. "He should have ignored me. Let the good musician play music and St. Peter stay in Rome, although he has nothing to eat!"

The two gentlemen invited Don Quixote to dinner, for they knew that he would not enjoy the food that was served in this inn. The courteous knight accepted the invitation. Sancho remained in the room. He was the overlord of the stewpot! So he seated himself at the head of the table, opposite the landlord, who, like him, adored feet and heels.

In the course of the dinner Don Juan asked Don Quixote if he had heard from Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Was she married? Was she pregnant or had she given birth to a child? Was she still the modest virgin whom he loved?

"Dulcinea", replied the knight, "is still a damsel, and I love her more than ever. My relationship with her is as unsatisfactory as it was before. As for her beauty, she has been turned into an ugly peasant girl."

Then he described in minute detail how she had been enchanted, what had occurred in the Cave of Montesinos and what Merlin had said about her disenchantment, which had to do with the flagellation of Sancho. The description of the strange events that befell Don Quixote delighted them. They were amazed by the foolish remarks he made and the polished manner in which he made them. At times they regarded him as sane and at other times as insane. They were unable to ascertain the level of madness or intelligence of the knight.

Sancho finished his dinner. The landlord was drunk. So he went to the room where his master was and said:

"The author of that book does not want me to befriend you. As you said, he calls me a glutton, and I don't want him to call me a drunkard."

"In fact, he also calls you a drunkard", said Don Jeronimo, "but I don't remember the word he uses. However, I know that his arguments are specious, for your appearance shows that you are not a wino."

“Gentlemen”, said the squire, “the Sancho and the Don Quixote in that book cannot be the same as those in the book written by Cid Hamete Benengeli, for my master is courageous, intelligent and in love with Dulcinea and I am funny and good-natured. I am neither a glutton nor a drunkard.”

“I believe you", said Don Juan. “If it were possible, I would forbid anybody to recount the story of the great Don Quixote, with the exception of Cid Hamete, the author who published the first version of the tale. Wasn’t Apelles the only person who was allowed to paint the portrait of Alexander the Great?”

“Anybody can portray me”, said Don Quixote, “but I don’t want to be mistreated: when there are insults, patience buggers off!”

“No one”, said Don Juan, “can insult Don Quixote without paying dearly for it. However, he seems very patient…”

They spent a good part of the night conversing in this manner. Although Don Juan wanted Don Quixote to read other passages from the book to find things that he did not like, he could not persuade him to do so. The knight told him that he considered that he had read it and that it was completely stupid. If by chance the author learned that he had held it in his hands, he did not want him to derive pleasure from thinking that he, Don Quixote, had read this book full of obscenities from which minds and eyes had to flee. They asked him what his destination was. He replied that he was bound for Saragossa, where he would take part in the jousting tournament that was held in the city every year. Don Juan told him that this new book said that the so-called Don Quixote had participated in a tilting at the rings in Saragossa. The description was boring and nonsensical; the knights did not have mottoes or liveries.

“Consequently”, said Don Quixote, “I will not go to Saragossa. I will let people discover that this inexperienced historian lies. They will realize that I am not the Don Quixote of whom he is speaking.”

“That’s a good idea”, said Don Jeronimo. “There are other jousting tournaments in Barcelona, where you will display your courage.”

“That is what I want to do”, said the knight. “Now, if you will excuse me, it is time to go to bed. I hope that you will number me among your best friends and faithful servants.”

“Me too”, said Sancho. “Perhaps I will be of help.”

They said their goodbyes. Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their room. Don Juan and Don Jeronimo were puzzled by the strange admixture of reason and madness. They were convinced that these men were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, whereas those depicted by the Aragonese author were not.

When the knight woke up the next morning, he knocked on the partition to take leave of the two travelers. As for Sancho, he paid the landlord generously and told him not to boast about the provisions or to do the shopping more often.

CHAPTER LX.

Of what happened to Don Quixote
on his way to Barcelona.

The morning was cool, which showed that the rest of the day would be cool too. Don Quixote exited from the inn. He had inquired about the most direct route to Barcelona. He did not want to pass through Saragossa, for he was determined to demonstrate that the inexperienced historian who criticized him was a liar.

Nothing worthy of being recorded happened to him for the first six days. At the end of that time, at nightfall, he left the highway and found himself in a dense forest composed of oak or cork trees: here Cid Hamete is not as precise as he usually is. The master and his servant dismounted and made themselves as comfortable as they could at the foot of the trees. Sancho, who had had lunch, fell asleep. Don Quixote, who was more perturbed by his thoughts than by hunger, was unable to close his eyes. He was pensive. It seemed to him that he was in the Cave of Montesinos and was looking at Dulcinea, who, transformed into a peasant girl, was riding her she-ass. The words of the wise Merlin were echoing in his mind. He kept telling him what he had to do in order to disenchant Dulcinea. He was discouraged because of his squire's nonchalance and selfishness. The knight thought that Sancho had whipped himself five times, which was a very small part of the punishment. He was so upset that he said to himself:

"When Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot instead of untying it, he became the ruler of Asia. This can apply to the current situation. Whether Sancho likes it or not, I could whip him and disenchant Dulcinea. Since he must be whipped three thousand times, it does not matter whether he or someone else delivers the blows to him, for he has to be beaten up!"

With this in mind he came closer to his squire, having first taken Rocinante's reins and adjusted them in a manner that would enable him to whip him. He began to undo the buttons which, according to many people, were on the front of Sancho's galligaskins. No sooner had he approached him than the squire awakened and said:

"What is this? Who is touching and undressing me?"

"It is I", replied Don Quixote. "I have come to correct your mistakes and ease my suffering. I am going to flog you in order to discharge a part of the debt you owe. Dulcinea is dying, you are slapdash and I am lovesick. Remove your galligaskins of your own volition, for I want to whip you at least a thousand times in this isolated place."

"You won't do that", said Sancho. "Be quiet, the deaf are going to hear us. I have to whip myself of my own accord and I don't feel like doing so! I can assure you that I will whip myself when I wish to do so."

"No, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "I will not await your willingness to help, for you are selfish and wimpy, though you are a peasant."

He continued to unbutton his squire's breeches. So Sancho jumped to his feet and attacked him. He seized his arm and tripped him up. The knight fell on his back. The squire placed his right knee on the knight's chest, grasped his hands and held them in such a way that the poor fellow could neither move nor breathe.

"You traitor!", cried Don Quixote. "Are you opposing your lord and master? Are you attacking the one who feeds you?"

"I neither crown kings nor dethrone them", replied Sancho, "I just protect myself, for I am my own lord. If you promise to keep calm and not to flog me for the present, I will let you go. If you don't,

You will die here, traitor,
Lady Sancha's enemy."

Don Quixote promised that he would keep calm and swore by the one whom he worshiped that he would not touch his squire's garments. Sancho would be free to whip himself whenever he liked.

The squire rose and walked away for some distance. Just as he was about to lean on another tree, something hit his head. He raised his hands and touched a pair of feet wearing shoes and stockings. He was terrified. So he ran over to another tree and the same thing happened. He shouted at Don Quixote to come and help him. The knight did so. When he asked him what had occurred and who frightened him, the squire replied that all the trees were full of human feet and legs. The knight touched them and realized what they were.

"Calm down, Sancho", he said. "These feet and legs that you feel but do not see are undoubtedly those of some outlaws and highwaymen who have been strung up here. In this region, the police officers are used to hanging them in this manner, twenty or thirty at a time, when they capture them. From this fact I can infer that we are near Barcelona."

He was right. It was daylight now. When they lifted their eyes, they saw that these were indeed the bodies of bandits. However, the corpses frightened them less than the forty living robbers who surrounded them. They told them in Catalan that they should keep quiet and wait until their leader came up. Don Quixote was on foot. His horse was unbridled. His lance was resting against a tree. In short, he was defenseless. So he preferred to fold his arms, bow his head and await a better time and more favorable circumstances.

The bandits examined the donkey. They emptied the saddlebags and the suitcase. Sancho was relieved, for he carried in his belt the escudos that the duke had given to him and those that he had brought from home. Those nice chaps would have skinned him to find what he had hidden in his flesh if their leader had not arrived at that moment. He was thirty-four years of age, muscular and of a little more than average height. This emotionless man had brown eyes. He was riding a powerful horse, wearing a coat of mail and carrying four pistols which are called petronels in that region. When he realized that his squires (squire is the name of the men who have this kind of occupation) were about to search Sancho, he asked them to desist and was obeyed at once: they did not discover the gold coins. He was surprised to see the lance that was resting against the tree, a shield on the ground and Don Quixote, who was wearing a suit of armor and was dejected. He came up to him and said:

"Cheer up, my good man, you have not been kidnapped by the cruel Busiris, but by Roque Guinart, who is a compassionate man."

"I am not sad to be captured by you, O courageous, famous Roque", replied Don Quixote. "Actually, I am upset because I was so defenseless that your soldiers caught me, and according to the rules of knight-errantry, which I follow, I must always be on alert: I am my own sentry. I can tell you, O great Roque, that if I had been on my horse, armed with a lance and a shield, it would not have been easy for them to defeat me, for l am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the most famous knight in the world."

Roque Guinart realized that Don Quixote's disease had more to do with madness than with conceit. He had heard of the knight, but he had never regarded his deeds as true, for he could not believe that a man could be that weird. He was happy to meet him, for he could *touch a rumor*."

"Valiant knight", said he, "do not upset yourself. Don't look upon this situation as an unfortunate one, for your luck may turn thanks to this misfortune. Heaven, by means of strange and uncommon methods, is used to lifting up those who have fallen and enriching the poor."

Don Quixote was about to thank him when they heard behind them what seemed to be a herd of horses. However, it was a single horse on which a young man was galloping. He was about twenty years of age. He was wearing galligaskins and a jacket which were made of green damask and trimmed with gold embroidery. He was also wearing a Flemish hat, tight-fitting waxed boots and spurs, a sword and a dagger that had been gilded. He was holding a small shotgun and had placed two pistols in his belt. When he heard that sound, Roque turned his head to behold the handsome creature, who approached him and said:

"O courageous Roque, I am looking for you. I need your help, but I only ask you to ease my suffering. I am aware that you do not recognize me, and I don't want to keep you in suspense. So I am going to tell you who I am. I am Claudia Jeronima, daughter of Simon Forte, your very good friend and the enemy of Clauquel Torrellas, who is also your enemy since he belongs to the rival gang. As you know, this man has a son whose name is Don Vicente Torrellas. Well, it was is name two hours ago! To make a long story short, he saw me, he hit on me, I listened to him and I fell in love with him without my father's knowledge, for even shy woman and homebodies have the time to satisfy their chthonic desires. He promised to marry me and I promised to be his wife, but we did not implement our plan. Yesterday I learned that he would propose to another girl this morning. He has broken his promise, which upsets and irritates me. Since my father was not in the village at the time, I put on this outfit, galloped this horse and caught up with Don Vicente about a league or so from here. I did not complain, nor did I demand an apology. I fired this shotgun and these two pistols at him, and I think that more than two bullets embedded themselves in his body, which opened doors through which my honor emerged bathed in his blood. I left him there with his servants, who did not dare to defend him. So I have come to ask you to take me to France, where I have relatives with whom I will live. I'd like you to protect my father from Don Vicente's relatives, who might wreak vengeance on him."

Roque was bedazzled by the beauty, elegance, figure and boldness of Claudia. He said:

"Let us go to see if your enemy is dead. Then we will decide what to do."

Don Quixote had been listening attentively to Claudia's words and Roque Guinart's reply.

"There is no need for you", he observed, "to defend this lady, for this is my duty. Give me my horse and my weapons and wait for me here. I will look for this man and compel him to marry this beautiful lady be he alive or be he dead!"

"I feel certain that he will", said Sancho, "for my master is an efficient matchmaker. A few days ago he compelled a man to marry a certain damsel, though he did not want to keep his word. If the enchanters who persecuted that man had not turned him into a lackey, that damsel would have married him."

Roque ignored these remarks, for he was concerned with the beautiful Claudia's affairs. He ordered his squires to give what they had confiscated back to Sancho and to retire to the spot where they had spent the night. Then he and Claudia galloped off to look for the dead or wounded Don Vicente. When they reached the place where she had come upon her betrothed, they found fresh blood. They looked around and saw some people climbing a hill. They believed that those persons were Don Vicente and his servants, which was true. They were taking him to a place where they would cure or bury him. Roque and the young lady spurred their horses and overtook the others, who were proceeding very slowly.

When they saw Don Vicente, he was in the arms of his servants. He was beseeching them, in a faint voice, to let him die, for wound pain would not allow him to go any farther. Claudia and Roque jumped from their horses and went up to him. The servants were afraid of Roque. Claudia was embarrassed by Don Vicente's presence. She did not know which attitude to adopt. She grasped his hand and said:

"If you had married me, you would never have found yourself in such a situation."

The wounded gentleman opened his eyes, recognized her and said:

"I know, O beautiful and deceived lady, that you killed me, though I did not deserve it because I did not try or want to offend you."

"So, this morning", said Claudia, "you did not propose to Leonora, the daughter of the rich Balvastro!"

"I did not indeed", replied Don Vicente. "My ill fortune must have led you to believe that in order to infuriate you, which led you to kill me. Since you hold my fate in your hands, I consider that I am fortunate. So that you may realize that I am sincere, I beseech you to grasp my hand and marry me. There is no better way in which I may atone for the wrong you think I have done you."

Claudia did so. He embraced her. She leaned against his bloodstained chest and fainted as he had a stroke. Roque was confused. The servants brought some water and bathed their faces. The young woman regained her senses, whereas Don Vicente did not move: he was dead. Claudia realized that her beloved husband had expired. She sighed, shouted at the skies, pulled at her curls, threw them up in the air and scratched her face. She was disconsolate.

"O cruel, stupid woman", she cried, "why did you hurry to implement so evil a plan? O bloodthirsty jealousy, when you enter the hearts of people, you put them in a hopeless situation! O my husband, your misfortune, which became mine, picked you up in front of an altar in order to entomb you!"

Claudia's laments were so heart-rending that Roque began to cry, though he was not used to weeping. The servants were also crying; Claudia kept fainting; that place was filled with sorrow and misfortune. Roque Guinart ordered the servants to

take Don Vicente's body to the village where his father lived, which was not far away, in order to bury him. Claudia told him that she wished to go to a certain convent where an aunt of hers was abbess. She would spend the rest of her life there with a better husband, who would stay with her eternally. Roque said that it was a good idea. He offered to escort her to her destination and to protect her father against Don Vicente's relatives or anyone else who might try to attack him. Claudia refused to allow him to accompany her, but she thanked him heartily for his kindness. Then she burst into tears and bade him farewell. The servants bore the corpse away and Roque went over to his friends. Claudia Jerónima's love affair with this lad ended in this manner, which is not surprising because jealousy was the basis of her lamentable history.

Roque Guinart found his squires in the place to which he had ordered them to retire. Among them, seated on Rocinante, was Don Quixote. He was trying to persuade them to give up this way of life, which endangered their souls and bodies. Since most of them were Gascons, namely crude peasants, they disagreed with him. Roque asked Sancho if they had given him back the valuables which they had taken from the saddlebags. The squire replied that they had. However, three kerchiefs, which were worth a lot of money, were missing.

"What are you talking about?", said one of the gangsters. "I have them, and they are not worth three reales."

"That's true", said Don Quixote, "but my squire thinks that they are valuable because of the person who gave them to me."

Roque ordered the fellow to give them back at once, after which he lined his men up and had them produce the clothing, jewels, money and other objects that they had stolen since the last time they had divided the booty. Having valued all those items, including those that could not be divided, he took care to divide them among his men with exactness and great care: he did not trick anybody. They were all well satisfied with the payment received. Roque turned to Don Quixote and said:

"If I was not impartial, they would not live with me."

"From what I have seen here", remarked Sancho, "I can infer that justice is so good a thing that even robbers find it necessary."

When he heard this, one of the gangsters raised the butt end of a harquebus. He would undoubtedly have hit Sancho's head with it if Roque Guinart had not shouted at him to refrain from doing so. Sancho was terrified. He decided not to speak as long as he was near them.

One of the squires who had been stationed along the highway to keep watch and report what they had seen to their leader arrived and said:

"Sir, not far from here, along the road to Barcelona, there are lots of people who are approaching."

"Are they looking for us", asked Roque, "or are they people whom we are looking for?"

"We are looking for them", replied the squire.

"Well, then", said Roque, "follow them and catch them. No one must escape."

The men obeyed him. Don Quixote, Sancho and Roque wondered what the squires would bring back. Roque said to the knight:

"I assume that you regard our way of life as strange, for we embark on strange and dangerous adventures. Your opinion does not surprise me because we are always

restless. It was a strong desire to avenge myself that impelled me to lead this kind of life. This feeling can disturb the quietest hearts. I am compassionate and well meaning, but, as I say, the desire to avenge a wrong annihilates my qualities, which is why I am still a gangster, though I'd like to give up. Since there is a link between an abyss and another abyss and one sin and another sin, there is a link between my misfortune and that of other people. Hence, I have decided to take revenge on those who have harmed me and many other persons. Though I am confused, I hope that, thanks to God, I will be at peace someday."

Don Quixote was surprised by Roque's sensible arguments because he believed that thieves, killers and highwaymen could not be intelligent.

"Mr. Roque", he replied, "when a man knows the disease which affects him and that he must take a certain medicine, he is already undergoing treatment. You know the disease that affects you; God, who is our physician, will give you the medicine that will cure you little by little, not quickly or thanks to a miracle. Intelligent sinners are closer to redemption than simple-minded ones. Your arguments show that you are intelligent. So there is nothing to do but to cheer up and wait for your diseased conscience to improve. If you want to take a short cut and find salvation with ease, follow me: I will teach you to be a knight-errant. You will be exposed to so many misadventures that they will enable you to open the gates of Heaven in the blink of an eye."

Don Quixote's advice made Roque laugh, but he changed the subject and told him about the tragic outcome of Claudia Jeronima's affair, which saddened Sancho, for he had been struck by the young woman's beauty, courage and self-assurance. By this time the squires were back with their prize, which consisted of two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot and a coach full of women accompanied by two hostlers and six servants; some of them were riding horses, whereas the others were not. The squires had surrounded them. The victors and the hostages were silent: they waited for the great Roque Guinart to speak. He asked the gentlemen who they were, where they were going and whether they were carrying some money or not. One of them answered:

"Sir, we are two Spanish infantry captains; our regiment is in Naples. We are to embark on four galleys that are in Barcelona and which are bound for Sicily. We have three or four hundred escudos, which is enough to make us feel rich and happy: soldiers do not earn a lot of money."

Roque asked the pilgrims the same questions. They told him that they had planned to go to Rome and that they had about sixty reales. He also wanted to know who the women in the coach were, where they were going and how much money they were carrying. One of the horsemen replied:

"Those passengers are Lady Guiomar de Quiñones, wife of the chief magistrate of Naples, her young daughter, a maid and a duenna. Six male servants are accompanying them on their journey. Their money amounts to six hundred escudos."

"The grand total", said Roque Guinart, "is nine hundred escudos and sixty reales. So each one of my soldiers should get about sixty reales, but check my reckoning, for I am not a mathematician."

When they heard this, the highwaymen cried:

"Long live Roque Guinart in spite of the thieves who want to harm him!"

The captains were upset, the judge's wife was sad and the pilgrims were dissatisfied because of the loss of money. Roque kept them in suspense for a short while. Since their distress was palpable, he turned to the captains and said:

"Would you be kind enough to lend me sixty escudos. Madam, could you lend me eighty reales so that I may please my men, for everyone must earn their living. Then you will go: you will be free. I will give you a travel document so that the soldiers whom I have ordered to patrol this area will not do you harm, for I don't want to wrong soldiers or women, especially persons of quality.

The captains thanked Roque profusely for his kindness and generosity, for they were happy to keep their money. Lady Guiomar de Quiñones wanted to jump out of the coach so that she might kiss the great man's hands and feet, but he did not allow her to do so. In fact, he apologized for having wronged her, but his unpleasant job had compelled him to behave in this way. She ordered one of her servants to pay at once the eighty escudos that constituted her share, for the captains had already disbursed the sixty escudos they owed. The pilgrims were about to hand him the small change they had, but Roque declined politely. Turning to his men, he said:

"Give two escudos to each man. There will be twenty escudos left. Give ten escudos to the pilgrims and ten to this worthy squire in order to sweeten the pill."

Then they brought him a pen, some ink and a piece of paper. Roque could give them a travel document addressed to his lieutenants. He said his goodbyes. The travelers were free and taken aback by his magnanimity, generosity, and unusual conduct: he behaved like Alexander the Great, not like an ordinary thief. One of his men, speaking in Catalan and in Gascon, murmured:

"Our captain should be a friar, not a highwayman. He wants to be generous, but he spends our money, not his."

Roque overheard him. He drew his sword, slashed at the fellow's head and divided it almost in two parts.

"This is how", he said, "I punish those who are impudent and foul-mouthed."

All his men were stunned by this. They did not dare to argue with him, for they were obedient to him.

He took a few steps forward and wrote a letter to a friend of his who lived in Barcelona. He stated that the famous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, was with him at the moment and that he was the most amusing and sensible man in the world. Four days from then, which would be on St. John the Baptist's Day, he would be on the beach of that city, wearing his suit of armor, seated on Rocinante and accompanied by his squire, who would ride an ass. He asked his friend to inform the Niarros of this fact so that they might amuse themselves. He would have liked to deprive his enemies, the Cadells, of this pleasure, but that was impossible because Don Quixote's foolish actions and witticisms and Sancho Panza's jokes could not fail to amuse them all. He gave this letter to one of his men, who, disguised as a peasant, entered Barcelona and gave it to the man to whom it was addressed.

CHAPTER LXI.

Of what happened to Don Quixote when he entered Barcelona, along with other events that are true, but not really sensible.

Don Quixote had spent three days and three nights with Roque. If it had been three hundred years, the knight would still have wondered at the bandit's way of life: they awoke there, had lunch over there, fled from persons they did not know and waited for strangers. They slept standing up, interrupting their slumbers to move from one place to another. They spied on everybody, listened to sentries and blew on the matchlocks of their harquebuses, though there were very few, for all of them used petronels. Roque spend the night apart from his men. He did not tell them where he was, for the viceroy of Barcelona had issued many wanted notices, which endangered and frightened him. Hence, he did not trust anybody. He feared that his men would kill him or hand him over to the authorities. He led a sad, annoying life.

Taking untraveled roads, shortcuts and secret paths, Roque, Don Quixote, Sancho and six squires headed for Barcelona. They reached the beach on the night of St. John's Eve. The gang leader embraced Don Quixote and Sancho, to whom he gave the ten escudos which he had promised. They exchanged a thousand courtesies as Roque departed.

Don Quixote was on horseback; he was waiting for sunrise. It was not long before the fair dawn appeared on the balcony of the east, which pleased the grass and flowers. At this moment they rejoiced at the sound of many flageolets, drums and small bells and at the ''Look out, there! Make way! Make way!" of the runners who were coming out of the city. The sun slowly rose. It was as large as a shield.

Don Quixote and Sancho looked around. They beheld a thing they had never seen: the sea. It seemed massive, much larger than the Lakes of Ruidera in La Mancha. They caught sight of the galleys which were near the beach. The awnings had been lowered. The banners fluttered in the breeze or swept the water. Bugles, trumpets and oboes whistled marches. The boats began to move across the quiet water in order to simulate a skirmish. At the same moment a lot of men wearing showy liveries and riding handsome horses left the city. The soldiers on the galleys opened fire. The men who were on the walls and in the fortified towers returned the favor: they rained cannonballs on the ships. The sailors fired their big cannons. The sea and the earth were ecstatic. Although there was a bit of smoke, the air was clear. The circumstances led the onlookers to be happy.

Sancho could not believe that those thingummies moving over the water had so many feet. The horsemen clad in liveries came up to Don Quixote, shouting and ululating, which surprised him. One of them, the man who had received Roque's letter, said to the knight:

"Welcome to our city, mirror, lantern, star and North Pole of knight-errantry. Welcome to our city, valiant knight. You are Don Quixote de la Mancha, not the false one whose false exploits are recorded in a book that has just been published. You are the true Don Quixote de la Mancha portrayed by Cid Hamete Benengeli, the best historian in the world."

Don Quixote did not answer, nor did the horsemen enable him to do so. They began to trot around him. The knight turned to Sancho and said:

"These gentlemen have recognized us. I assume that they have read the book written by Cid Hamete and the one that has just been published by the Aragonese scribbler."

The horseman who had previously spoken to don Quixote came up to him again and said:

"Follow us, Lord Quixote. Roque Guinart is our friend. We are going to help you."

"If courtesy begets courtesy", replied Don Quixote, "the one you display, dear sir, is the daughter or a close relative of the courtesy exhibited by the great Roque. Take me wherever you want, for I agree with you and will follow you."

The horsemen replied politely. Closing in on him, they all set off for the city to the sound of drums and flageolets. As they were about to enter the city, the *Devil*, who is an *evildoer*, and children, who are more *evil* than the *Devil* himself, took a hand in the matter. Forcing their way through the crowd, two impudent, prankish boys lifted the tails of Rocinante and the donkey and inserted a bunch of furze into their anuses. When they felt these unaccustomed spurs, the poor animals pressed their tails against their bodies, which increased the pain. So they reared and threw off their riders. The angry knight ran over to the nag to take out this thorny bouquet. Sancho did the same thing. The men who were escorting them to the city wanted to punish the two boys for their impudence, but they could not do so because the lads disappeared into the crowd.

The knight and his squire mounted again. To the sound of the same music and cheers, they reached the house of their guide, which was very large and imposing. It was the house of a wealthy gentleman. Let us leave them there for the present, for Cid Hamete wants us to do so.

CHAPTER LXII.

The adventure of the enchanted head,
together with other trifling matters that must be described.

Don Antonio Moreno was the name of Don Quixote's host. He was a wealthy, intelligent gentleman. He used to amuse himself in an innocent way. Since the knight was in his house, he wanted to find a harmless means of bringing out his madness; jokes that hurt people's feelings are not jokes or acceptable pastimes.

The first thing he did was to have Don Quixote remove his suit of armor. As I have already said, he was wearing a tight-fitting chamois-skin suit. Then the gentleman led him onto a balcony overlooking one of the thoroughfares of the city so that the passers-by and children might see him. The crowd looked at him as if he was from another planet. Once again the liveried horsemen rode up and down in front of him. It seemed that they had dressed up in order to please him and not to celebrate. As for Sancho, he was over the moon: he believed that he was attending Camacho's wedding again and visiting Don Diego de Miranda's mansion or the duke's castle again.

Some of Don Antonio's friends dined with him that day. They all treated Don Quixote as a knight-errant and showed respect for him, which filled him with pride and joy. As for Sancho, he kept telling jokes, which mesmerized all the servants and the persons who were listening to him. When they were around the table, Don Antonio said to Sancho:

"We know that you adore blancmange and meatballs. When you cannot eat them all, you keep the leftovers underneath your shirt."

"No, sir, that's not true", replied Sancho. "Though I am a bit greedy, I am extremely clean. Besides, my master, who is in front of you, will tell you that we usually eat a handful of nuts or acorns every week and nothing more. In truth, I have to make do with what people give me. I mean that I adapt myself to new situations. He who said that I was a dirty glutton made a mistake. If these honorable gentlemen were not around this table, I would insult him."

"I can assure you", said Don Quixote, "that Sancho eats without making a mess and that he is not a glutton. We should engrave this piece of information on bronze tablets in order to remember it everlastingly. Of course he resembles an ogre when he is hungry, for he eats with great haste and chews his food with both cheeks, but he is always clean. When he was a governor, he became so snobbish that he used to eat grapes and pomegranate seeds with a fork."

"What?", said Don Antonio. "Has Sancho been a governor?"

"Yes, I have been a governor", replied Sancho. "The name of the island is Fraud Island. For ten days I governed it *to perfection*, though I was *perfectly hungry*. I never had a moment's peace. I learned to scorn all the governments in the world. I fled that island and fell into a pit. I believed that I was dead, but I miraculously got out of it."

Don Quixote described in minute detail what had happened during Sancho's governorship. They all enjoyed it very much. Once the table had been cleared, Don Antonio grasped the hand of his guest and led him into another room, where there was only one piece of furniture: a jasper table resting upon a jasper pedestal. It was topped with a bronze bust that resembled those of the Roman emperors. After they had walked around the table many times, Don Antonio said:

"Lord Quixote, I am certain that the door is shut and that no one can hear us. So I'd like to tell you one of the weirdest stories, but you must keep it a secret."

"I swear that I will do so", said Don Quixote. "Moreover, I will place a flagstone over my mouth. Don Antonio – he had learned of his host's name by this time – although I have ears, I have no tongue! You can rest assured that I won't reveal anything. So you can express yourself."

"I trust you", said Don Antonio. "What you will see and hear will astonish you and at the same time release me from the pain I feel: I cannot tell anybody my secrets because they are sensitive matters."

Don Quixote was puzzled: he did not know why he was so careful. Don Antonio took the knight's hand and passed it over the bronze head and over the entire table, all the way down to the jasper base.

"Lord Quixote, this head", he remarked, "was made by one of the greatest wizards in the world. He was a Pole and a disciple of the revered, famous Escotillo. He was here in my house. I gave him a thousand escudos and he sculpted this bust which can answer any question. He observed the motion of the stars, cast horoscopes and

read tarot cards in order to create a masterpiece. We will see it tomorrow, for it is mute on Fridays. Since today is Friday, we must wait. In the meantime, you will think of the questions you want to ask it. I know from past experience that it will tell the truth."

The characteristics of the head amazed Don Quixote. He did not really believe his host. Since he was about to put the matter to the test, he merely thanked Don Antonio for having revealed this great secret to him. Then they left the room. Don Antonio locked the door and went to the hall where the other gentlemen were. Sancho all the while had been recounting many of the adventures that had befallen his master.

That afternoon they showed Don Quixote around. He had removed his suit of armor in order to put on a brown coat which, in summer, could make ice sweat. The lord of the manor had ordered the servants to entertain Sancho and to prevent him from leaving the house. Don Quixote was not riding Rocinante, but a large trotter with fine trappings. They placed the coat on his shoulders. They had sewn a piece of parchment on it, but the knight did not know it. The inscription read: "this is Don Quixote de la Mancha." The letters were big. The piece of parchment attracted the attention of all those who had come to see him. As for the knight, he was surprised because all the onlookers recognized him and kept saying his name. He turned to Don Antonio, who rode alongside him, and said:

"Knights-errant are privileged people, for all the inhabitants of the earth know them. Don Antonio, although the little boys who live here have never seen me, they know me!"

"That is true, Lord Quixote", replied Don Antonio, "for virtue is like fire: it cannot remain hidden. Besides, when a virtue is gained on a battlefield, all the others are eclipsed by it."

Don Quixote was riding along. The inhabitants of the city were greeting him with thunderous applause. Suddenly, a certain Castilian who had seen what was written on the knight's back cried:

"Go to hell, Don Quixote de la Mancha! You have been beaten a great many times and you are still alive! You are a madman. You should be on your own because your madness is contagious. Look at those gentlemen; you have turned them into nuts. Go to your house, you lunatic. Attend to your own affairs and take care of your wife and children. Leave off these absurdities that make you rave."

"Brother", said Don Antonio, "mind your own business. We are not asking for advice. Don Quixote de la Mancha is sane and we are not fools. Virtue is to be admired wherever it is. Go away! We wish you bad luck! Stop interfering."

"By Jove, you are right", replied the Castilian. "This man's advice is useless. However, it grieves me to see that you think that this lunatic is sane because he is a knight-errant. If I lived longer than Methuselah and gave unsolicited advice in the course of my life, I and my descendants would agree to suffer the consequences."

The know-all went away and they resumed their ride. The children and the crowd kept looking at the knight's back. So, pretending to brush away dust, Don Antonio snatched at the piece of parchment.

At nightfall they returned home. The ladies had thrown a party. Don Antonio's wife, who was a witty, funny and pretty aristocrat, had invited some of her female friends to the party in order to honor her guest and enjoy his unusual, nonsensical

remarks. Some of them had accepted the invitation. The food was delicious. The ball began around ten o'clock. There were two mischievous ladies. Although they were respectable, they were daring. In order to make people laugh without upsetting anybody, they kept asking Don Quixote to dance with them, which tired and annoyed him. He was tall, stiff and skinny. He had a yellowish complexion. His suit was tacky and too tight. Above all, he was clumsy. The damsels made advances to him; he ignored them. Since they kept teasing him, he said:

"Back off, Satan! Leave me in peace, unwelcome temptation! Conceal your passion. She who is the owner of my heart, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, forbids me to be enslaved by other ladies' affections."

Once he had said this, he sat down in the middle of the ballroom floor, for dancing had tired him. Don Antonio asked the guests to put him to bed. The first person who helped the knight up was Sancho, who said to him:

"You shouldn't have danced. Do you think that all brave men and knights-errant can do that? If you believed that, you would be mistaken. Some people should kill giants instead of capering about. If it had been a clog dance, I would have taken your place, for I can tap my heels like a rabbit, but I don't know anything about ballroom dancing."

Sancho's remarks made the guests laugh. Then he put his master to bed and took care to cover him with a blanket so that he might recover from the cold he had caught while he was dancing.

The next day Don Antonio decided to try out the enchanted head. So, the ladies who had teased Don Quixote during the party and who had spent the night there, Sancho, the knight, Don Antonio and a couple of friends shut themselves in the room where the head was. The host told them that it was enchanted and that he was to put it to the test for the first time that day. With the exception of Don Antonio's two friends, nobody understood the crux of the matter. If these two men had not been informed of it by the lord of the manor, they would have been quite as amazed as the others, for the stratagem was breathtaking.

The first person who whispered in the ear of the magic head was Don Antonio himself. In a voice that was not that low, for the rest of them could hear him, he said:

"Tell me, O magic head, what am I thinking of at this moment?"

Without moving its lips and in a voice that was so clear that they could hear it, the head replied:

"I don't read people's thoughts."

They were dumbfounded: neither around the table nor in all the room was there any human being who could have given the answer.

"How many of us are there here?", asked Don Antonio.

The reply, uttered in the same tone of voice, was:

"There are you and your wife, two friends of yours, two female friends of hers, a famous knight named Don Quixote de la Mancha and his squire, whose name is Sancho Panza."

This astonished and terrified them.

"I am now convinced", remarked Don Antonio as he took two steps backward, "that the seller did not fool me, O wonderful head that can think, talk and answer questions. Let someone else come up and ask any question that he or she likes."

Since women are extremely curious, the first to do so was one of the friends of Don Antonio's wife.

"Tell me, O head", she inquired, "what should I do to become very pretty?"

"You should be very modest", replied the head.

"I don't want to pose another question", said she.

Then her friend said:

"I'd like to know, O head, whether my husband loves me or not."

The head replied:

"Observe the way he treats you and judge for yourself."

"I shouldn't have asked this question", said the married woman as she walked away, "for I know that the way a person treats you reveals his intentions."

One of Don Antonio's friends asked:

"Who am I?"

"You know who you are", retorted the head.

"You misunderstood me", said the gentleman. "I want you to tell me whether you know me or not."

"I know you: you are Don Pedro Noriz."

"I won't pose another question, for I am now convinced that you are omniscient."

The host's other friend asked:

"Tell me, O head, what does my son and heir desire?"

"I have already told you that I don't read people's thoughts. Nevertheless, I can tell you that he wants to bury you."

"You are stating the obvious", the gentleman replied. "I have no further questions."

Don Antonio's wife said:

"I do not know what to ask you. However, I'd like to know whether my beloved husband will live a long life or not."

"Yes, he will", answered the head, "because temperance and his good health will enable him to live a long life. Those whose lifestyle is different die young."

Then Don Quixote said:

"Tell me, creature that answers the questions, was what befell me in the Cave of Montesinos real? Will my squire whip himself? Will Dulcinea be disenchanted?"

"With respect to the cave", the head replied, "some things were real, whereas some were not. The flogging of Sancho will proceed apace. The disenchantment of Dulcinea will happen in due course."

"That's fine", said Don Quixote. "If Dulcinea were disenchanted, I would be the happiest man in the world."

Sancho was the last person who spoke to the magic head. He asked:

"Will I govern another island? Will I be promoted? Will I see my wife and children again?"

"You will govern in your house", the head answered. "If you return there, you will see your wife and children. So you will be promoted to family man!"

"I could have found the answer myself!", exclaimed Sancho. "I could have told myself as much as that. The prophet Perogrullo could not have done better."

“Stupid creature”, said Don Quixote, “what answer did you expect? The head’s answers have a bearing on the questions that are asked!”

“That’s surprising indeed”, said Sancho, “but I wanted a detailed explanation.”

They stopped asking questions, but they did not stop being surprised, with the exception of Don Antonio and his friends, who knew the secret. Cid Hamete Benengeli wished to disclose it because he did not want to keep the readers in suspense. They had to be convinced that this head was neither mysterious nor magical. So he declared that Don Antonio had seen that kind of head in Madrid. It had been made by a printer. He had had this one made and put in his house in order to entertain and astonish the ignoramuses. The object was composed of a wooden table coated with jasper-like lacquer and a pedestal made of the same material, which was reinforced with the four protruding claws of an eagle. The bronze-colored head, which looked like the bust of a Roman emperor on a coin, was entirely hollow; so was the table on which it stood and into which it fitted so exactly that there was no sign of any juncture. The base of the table was also hollow. It was a continuation of the throat and chest of the head above. The whole was connected with another room situated below it. Into the hollow base, table, throat and chest was inserted a tube made out of sheets of steel that were very nicely adjusted and invisible. The person who answered the questions was in the lower room. He placed his mouth near the tip of the tube. The sound of the voices traveled up and down it as through an ear trumpet. The words were articulated carefully. Hence, it was impossible to discover the trick. Don Antonio’s nephew, who was an intelligent student, gave the answers. Since his uncle had told him who would be in the room, he could answer the first question hastily and accurately, but he had to make educated guesses in order to answer the others. Cid Hamete stated that this marvelous contrivance lasted for ten or twelve days. However, the inhabitants of the city happened to discover that Don Antonio possessed an enchanted head that answered questions. The gentleman feared that the alert sentinels of our faith would hear the rumor. So he informed the inquisitors of the matter, who ordered him to destroy the head in order that the ignorant rabble might not be shocked. Nevertheless, Don Quixote and Sancho continued to believe that the head was enchanted and answered questions, though the knight was more satisfied with the answers that it gave than his squire.

In order to please Don Antonio, entertain Don Quixote and enable him to rave, the city councilmen arranged a tilting at the rings six days from then, but, owing to circumstances that will be related later on, this event did not take place.

In the meantime, Don Quixote wished to take a stroll round the city, for he feared that the children would follow him if he rode his horse. So, accompanied by Sancho and two of Don Antonio’s servants, he exited from the house.

As he was going down a certain street, he looked up and saw a sentence that was written in capital letters over a doorway, which said: “We print books here.” This pleased him very much, for he had never seen a printing shop: he wished to visit one. He and his retinue entered the shop. He saw people drawing proofs here, correcting them there, setting type in one place and making revisions in another. In short, he discovered how a book was printed in a large establishment of this sort. Going up to one of the cases, he inquired what was being done there. The employee answered him

and he marveled. Then he asked another employee the same question, and the man replied:

"Sir, this gentleman here" — he pointed at a handsome man who looked serious — "has translated a Tuscan book into Castilian. Now I am setting type so that it may be printed."

"What is the title of the book?", inquired Don Quixote.

The translator answered:

"Sir, it is entitled '*Le Bagatelle.*'"

"What does *le bagatelle* mean in Castilian?"

"*Le bagatelle*", replied the translator, "means 'the games' in Spanish. Although the title is ordinary, this book contains much information."

"I", said Don Quixote, "am somewhat acquainted with Tuscan and pride myself on being able to recite certain stanzas composed by Ariosto. My dear sir, I don't want to test you, but I have an inquisitive nature. So, in the course of your labors, have you come upon such a word as pignatta?"

"Yes, many times."

"How do you translate it into Castilian?"

"How should I translate it? It's a jar."

"Wahoo!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "You are a specialist in Tuscan! I assume that, when you write a text, '*piacere*' is translated as '*pleasure*', '*piu*' as '*more*', '*su*' as '*over*', and '*giu*' as '*below*.'"

"You are not mistaken", said the translator, "for those are the proper equivalents."

"I assume", Don Quixote went on, "that you are not famous. People are ungrateful. They do not praise good books or the cream of society. Competence, virtue and unknown geniuses are belittled. However, I think that translating from one language into another, unless it is from Greek and Latin, which are the most important languages, is like looking at a Flemish tapestry with the wrong side out. Even though the figures are visible, lots of threads prevent us from distinguishing the shapes, colours and smooth surfaces. Moreover, translating from easy languages does not call for either wit or eloquence: it's as easy as copying a document. I do not mean that translating is not a laudable occupation, for a man might spend much time doing things that are useless and less respectable. This does not apply to two famous translators: Dr. Cristóbal de Figueroa in his *Pastor Fido* and Don Juan de Jáurigui in his *Aminta.* Those translations are so brilliant that one cannot distinguish the adaptation from the original. Anyway, is this book self-published or have you already sold the copyright to some bookseller?"

"It is a self-published book", said the translator. "I expect to earn at least a thousand ducats by selling two thousand copies. The price is set at six reales apiece: the copies will be sold in no time at all."

"You are a good accountant", said Don Quixote, "but you are not familiar with the shenanigans of printers or the deals they make with one another. When you carry two thousand copies, *the situation will be so painful that you will be terrified, especially if the book does not sell*."

"What should I do? Sell the copyright to a bookseller who will pay me three maravedis and think that he is doing me a favor? I do not publish books to gain fame,

for I am already famous through my works. In fact, I want to make money: without it, fame is not worth a dime."

"I wish you luck", said Don Quixote.

Then he approached another case. He noticed that they were correcting the proofs of a book entitled *Light of the Soul*.

"Although there are many books of this kind", he said, "they must be published, for there are lots of sinners nowadays: those who are in darkness require many lights."

He went up to another case and saw that they were also correcting the proofs of a book. When he asked them what the title was, they answered that it was the *Second Part of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha*, a book written by a certain inhabitant of Tordesillas.

"I have heard of this book", he said. "Honestly, I believed that they had burned it because it is offensive, but Saint Martin will slay it like he does to pigs. Novels are good when they get closer to the truth or what resembles it. As for true stories, the truer they are, the better."

Saying this, he exited from the printing shop. He looked upset.

That same day Don Antonio asked someone to take the knight to the beach in order to visit the galleys. Sancho was overjoyed at this because he had never seen such ships. So their hosts informed the commander that, in the afternoon, he would come and see him. He would be accompanied by the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom that officer and everyone in the city had heard. What happened to them aboard the ships will be related in the following chapter.

CHAPTER LXIII.

The mishap that befell Sancho Panza when he visited the galleys
and the strange adventure of the beautiful Moorish girl.

Don Quixote was ruminating on the magic head's reply. He was confused, but he was also firmly convinced that Dulcinea would be disenchanted. He kept thinking about this and was very happy because he believed that he would see her soon. As for Sancho, although he hated being a governor, as has been stated, he wished to give orders again and be obeyed: people are corrupted by power, even when we make jokes.

Anyway, that afternoon, Don Antonio Moreno, his two friends, Don Quixote and Sancho headed for the beach. The commander, who knew that they would come to visit the ships, drew near to the railing to see so famous a pair. No sooner had they reached the waterfront than all the sailors lowered the awnings and the flageolets began to play. A small boat covered with costly carpets and cushions made of crimson velvet was lowered. When Don Quixote set foot in the skiff, the sailors aboard the four galleys fired the cannons. When the knight climbed the starboard ladder, the entire crew saluted him, as is the custom when an important personage comes aboard. They cried "Hu, hu, hu" three times. The admiral — we will call him by this title — was a nobleman from Valencia. He helped him up and embraced him, saying:

“I will remember this day forever, for it will be one of the best days I will ever enjoy. I am so happy to meet Don Quixote de la Mancha, the epitome of knight-errantry.”

The knight also greeted him warmly, for he was grateful to him for having treated him like an important personage. Then they all retired to the well-equipped poop and sat on benches. The boatswain went to the gangway and blew his whistle in order to have the crew remove their shirts, which was done on the spot. This surprised Sancho, who was even more surprised when he saw them raise the awning with such speed that these men resembled devils at work. However, this is a trifling matter compared to what I am about to tell you.

The squire was seated on the captain’s platform, next to the foremost rower on the right. This fellow knew what he had to do. So he put his arms around him, lifted him up and gave him to his neighbor. All the members of the crew were standing up. They proceeded to cast him from one pair of arms to another and from bench to bench so fast that Sancho closed his eyes and imagined that the devils were carrying him off. This did not stop until he had been carried through the left-hand side to the poop. The poor man was bruised, breathless and sweating. He did not know what had happened to him.

Don Quixote, who had witnessed this flight without wings, asked the admiral if it was a practical joke played on those who came aboard for the first time, for he did not want to work out in this way. If someone tried to throw him in the air, he would be kicked to death. He rose to his feet and grasped his sword.

Then they lowered the awning and let go of a sprit. The noise was so loud that Sancho thought that the sky was falling upon him. He was so frightened that he flung his head between his legs. Don Quixote’s legs began to shake; he huddled on the deck and turned pale. The crew hoisted a sail as speedily and noisily as they had lowered it, but they remained silent, as if they could not speak or breathe. The boatswain signaled them to weigh anchor. He ran over to the middle of the gangway and began to whip the backs of the rowers as the ship put to sea. When Sancho saw all those brown feet moving — for he mistook the oars for feet — he said to himself:

“Those things are magical, not those which my master considers as magical. Why do they whip these poor men? Why does this man who keeps whistling whip so many people? This is Hell or at least Purgatory.”

Don Quixote, who had noticed that his squire was watching everything, said:

“Ah, Sancho, my friend, you would disenchant Dulcinea instantly if you removed your shirt and took your place among these gentlemen! They are so many miserable men that you would be less miserable! Perhaps the wise Merlin would regard each one of these blows, lustily delivered, as equivalent to ten of those which you will have to deliver to yourself.”

The admiral was about to ask what was the meaning of the remarks he had made about Dulcinea’s disenchantment and a certain whipping when a sailor cried:

“Monjuich signals that there is a vessel with oars along the coast to the west.”

The admiral ran over to the gangway and shouted:

“Boys, we must capture it! The watchtower signals that there is some Algerian pirate brigantine in the bay.”

The three other galleys came up alongside the commander's ship. The skippers wanted to take orders from him. The admiral commanded two of them to put to sea while he and the other captain would go along the seashore: they would capture the brigantine easily. The crew began rowing so furiously that the galleys appeared to be flying over the water. When the two ships that had put to sea had gone a couple of miles, the lookouts beheld a vessel that contained fourteen or fifteen banks of oars. As soon as the Moorish captain saw the galleys, he ordered the helmsman to change direction. He thought that they could escape because the boat was swift, but the commander's galley was one of the swiftest in the world. It bore down on the brigantine: the sailors realized that they could not flee. So the captain wanted to surrender in order to soothe our commander. Unfortunately, as the galley came up, which enabled the sailors to hear the Moorish captain asking the rowers to surrender, two drunken Turks fired their muskets, killing two of our soldiers who were standing on the wale. The admiral swore that he would kill them all and ordered the sailors to attack them, but the brigantine slipped away beneath our oars. The galley overtook that ship. The Moors panicked: they hoisted all the sails, rowed the boat as quickly as they could and changed direction. This was useless because the commandant's galley overtook them after a race of a little more than half a mile. Then we threw our oars over them and captured them all.

The other two galleys came up. The four galleys and the brigantine returned to shore, where many people were awaiting them, for they wanted to see the spoils of war. The admiral cast anchor near the beach. Since the viceroy of the city was there, he had the rowboat lowered in order to take him aboard. He also ordered his men to let down the yardarm so that he might hang the captain and the other prisoners: about thirty-six rowers and the two shooters. When the admiral asked who the captain was, one of the captives answered in Castilian, for he was a Spanish renegade.

"Sir", said he, "this young man is our captain."

He pointed at one of the most handsome young men one could imagine. To all appearances, he was under twenty years of age.

"'Tell me, foolish dog", said the admiral, "why did you kill two of my soldiers when you realized that you could not flee? How dare you defy an admiral! Don't you know that courage is different from rashness? Hopes should make men brave, not foolhardy."

The captain was about to reply, but the admiral could not listen to him because he had to welcome the viceroy, who was boarding the galley, accompanied by a few servants and townspeople.

"Admiral, did you catch many people?", asked the viceroy.

"Yes, I did, Your Excellency. You will see them when I hang them on this yardarm."

"Why will you do that?"

"Because", said the admiral, "they have violated the military laws, rules and customs and killed two of my best soldiers. So I have decided to kill them all, especially this lad, who is the captain of the brigantine."

As he said this, he pointed at the young man, who was awaiting death, his hands tied together and the rope around his neck.

The viceroy looked the prisoner over and noticed that he was handsome, elegant and meek. The young man's comeliness being a kind of letter of recommendation, he wanted to spare his life.

"Tell me, Captain", he asked, "are you a Turk, or a Moor, or a renegade?"

The lad replied in Spanish:

"I am neither a Turk, nor a Moor, nor a renegade."

"Then what are you?"

"A Christian woman!"

"A Christian woman dressed like that and in such a situation! This is more surprising that credible!"

"Gentlemen", replied the girl, "delay my execution. Let me tell you the story of my life; you will not have to wait too long to take revenge on me."

These words could melt the hardest heart or at least make anybody want to listen to what the poor girl wished to say. So the admiral told her to speak, but he warned her that she would not be pardoned, for she was guilty of murder. Since she was allowed to speak, she said:

"My parents belong to a nation that is more unlucky than prudent and which is being mistreated. In the course of its history, I was taken to Barbary by an uncle and aunt of mine. I did not dare to tell them that I was a Christian. I can assure you that I am a true Catholic. To tell this to those who exiled us was to no avail. My relatives did not believe me. They thought that it was a lie that would enable me to remain in my native country. So they compelled me to go to Barbary. My mother was a Christian. As for my father, he was an intelligent man and a Christian. So I drank Catholic milk and had a good upbringing. Never did I say things or behave in a way that showed that I was a Morisco. Cultivating these virtues, for I regard them as virtues, I became pretty, if I say so myself. Although I stayed at home, a young gentleman named Don Gaspar Gregorio chanced to see me. He is the son and heir of a nobleman who is the lord of a nearby village. I don't have the time to tell you how we met, what we said and that he fell in love with me, though I was a bit circumspect... This rope is threatening to pass between my tongue and throat!... I will just say that Don Gregorio accompanied me to Northern Africa. He knew the language of the Moriscos very well. So he spoke with the Moriscos who came from other villages. On the way, he befriended my uncle and aunt. When my father, who was prudent and astute, had heard of the ordinance that compelled us to leave Spain, he had left our village to look for some place in a foreign country that would serve us as a refuge. He had buried lots of pearls, precious stones and gold coins in a spot with which I alone am acquainted. He had told me not to take this treasure if they expelled us before he returned. I obeyed him and, with my uncle and aunt, as I have said, and other friends and relatives, I went to Barbary. We settled in Algiers, which was hell on earth. The king heard of my beauty and wealth, which was good news to me. He summoned me and asked me what part of Spain I was from and what money and jewels I had brought with me. I told him the name of my village and informed him that the jewels and the money were still buried there. However, I could easily recover them if I returned to Spain. As I said this, I feared that he would be impressed by my wealth rather than by my beauty. While we were conversing in this manner, someone told him that I was accompanied by one of the most courageous and handsome lads that could be imagined. I knew at once that they were speaking of

Don Gaspar Gregorio because he was extremely beautiful. The fact that Don Gregorio was in a difficult situation disturbed me, for those cruel Turks prefer handsome lads or young men to the prettiest women. The king said that he wanted to meet the young man and asked me if what he had heard was true. As if I had been forewarned by Heaven, I assured him that it was. However, he was not a man but a woman like me. So I begged him to allow me to dress her in clothes that women usually wear so that she might be less ashamed to display her beauty to him. He allowed me to do so and added that, some other day, we would discuss the means by which I could return to Spain to get the treasure. I spoke to Don Gaspar and told him that he would be in a dangerous situation if he disclosed that he was a man. Hence, he dressed up as a Moorish woman and, that same afternoon, I introduced him to the king, who was surprised at his beauty when he beheld him. He declared that he would keep the 'girl' in order to offer her to the sultan. Since the harem was not a safe place and he was distrustful of himself, he sent her to a certain house where important Moorish ladies would take care of her. The king and I grew sad when he left, for I am willing to admit that I love him. Then the king had me go to Spain aboard this brigantine, accompanied by two Turks, who were the ones who killed the soldiers. This Spanish renegade" — she pointed at the man who had spoken first — "also accompanied me, and I can assure you that he is a Christian and that he would rather remain in Spain than go back to Barbary. The other members of the brigantine's crew are Moors and Turks: they are rowers. The greedy, insolent Turks disregarded the orders: they had to send me and this renegade ashore when we reached Spain, wearing the Christian clothes we had. However, they insisted on skirting the coast and capturing a few ships. In fact, they feared that the brigantine would be captured by some galley if we went ashore and were interrogated by the coast guards. Last night we reached this beach. We did not see the galleys. We were discovered, and you know the end of the story. To make a long story short, Don Gregorio, dressed as a woman, still lives among women, and his life is in danger. As for me, my hands are tied together and I am waiting to lose the life which I already detest. Gentlemen, I have finished recounting this sad, true story. I'd like you to let me die like a Christian woman, for, as I have said, I am not guilty of the offense that the Moriscos have committed."

She fell silent and began to cry. Almost all the sailors began to weep too. The viceroy was deeply moved. Without uttering a word, he went up to her and untied her beautiful hands.

As she recounted the story, an old pilgrim who had come aboard with the viceroy observed her. No sooner had she finished speaking than he threw himself down at her feet and embraced them. Sobbing and sighing, he said:

"O Ana Félix, my poor daughter! I am Ricote, your father. I have come to take you home, for I cannot live without you: you are my raison d'être."

Sancho opened his eyes and looked up. He had been sitting all the while with his head bowed, brooding over his misfortunes. As he gazed at Ricote, he recognized him: he was the pilgrim whom he had met on the day he left Fraud Island. He felt certain that the girl was the old man's daughter. Then she embraced her father. They wept in unison. The old man turned to the admiral and the viceroy and said:

"Gentlemen, this is my daughter. She is *unfortunate*, though she is *fortunate* to see me again. Her name is Ana Félix Ricote. She is renowned for her beauty and my

wealth. I left Spain to find a country that would admit us. Since the Germans allowed me to stay in their country, accompanied by some of them and dressed as a pilgrim, I returned to Spain in order to look for my daughter and dig up my treasure. I found the treasure, which I carry with me, but I did not find my daughter. Thanks to this strange turn of events which you have witnessed, I have come upon the most valuable thing I possess: my beloved daughter. We are almost blameless and genuinely repentant. So, without impairing the integrity of justice, you could show mercy. We did not want to harm you. Moreover, we do not agree with those who have been rightly expelled from Spain."

At this point Sancho said:

"I know Ricote well and I know that Ana Félix is his daughter. As to his comings and goings and his good or evil intentions, I will not meddle in such matters."

All those present were amazed by this strange case.

"In truth", said the admiral, "your tears have prevented me from implementing my plan. May you live as many years as Heaven has allotted you, beautiful Ana Félix, but these two rash, insolent fellows must be punished for the crime they have committed."

He ordered his men to hang the Turks who had killed the soldiers on the yardarm, but the viceroy urged him to spare their lives, for they were in the grip of madness. The admiral acceded to his request: revenge is a dish best served cold. Then they discussed how they would rescue Don Gaspar Gregorio. Ricote offered to put up more than two thousand ducats in the form of pearls and jewels. They put forward many plans, but the best one was that of the above-mentioned Spanish renegade, who volunteered to go to Algiers in a small ship with about six banks of oars and Christian rowers. He knew where, how and when he could and should land. He also knew the house where Don Gaspar was kept. The admiral and the viceroy thought that they should not trust the renegade or allow him to take charge of the Christian rowers, but Ana Félix vouched for him and her father promised that he would ransom all the Christians if they were captured.

This decision having been reached, the viceroy went ashore and Don Antonio Moreno took the girl and her father to his house. The viceroy told him to treat them like royalty and informed them that they could go to his house and take whatever they wished: Ana Félix's beauty had led him to be kind and generous.

CHAPTER LXIV.

The adventure that saddened Don Quixote the most.

According to Cid Hamete, Don Antonio Moreno's wife was happy to lodge Ana Félix in her house. So she greeted her warmly. Actually, she was bedazzled by the extreme beauty and intelligence of the girl. She was so attractive that all the inhabitants of the city came to have a look at her, as if they had been summoned.

Don Quixote told Don Antonio that the decision reached with regard to rescuing Don Gregorio was not a good one inasmuch as the expedition was risky. In fact, they should send him to Barbary with his weapons and steed. He would rescue the lad in

spite of all the Moors in the world, just as Don Gaiferos had done in the case of his wife, Melisendra.

"It is important to remember", said Sancho, "that Don Gaiferos's wife was in the interior of the country and that he crossed it when he took her to France. If we rescued Don Gregorio, we could not take him to Spain, for there is an ocean in between."

"There are no problems, only solutions", said Don Quixote. "If we anchored the boat in the bay, we could embark easily: nobody could prevent us from doing so."

"That seems a good idea", replied Sancho, "but that's easier said than done. Honestly, the renegade can handle that: he seems a courageous, honest fellow."

Don Antonio said that if the renegade did not succeed, they would send the great Don Quixote to Barbary.

A couple of days later, the rescue team set off aboard a light ship with six oars on each side. Two days after that, the galleys headed eastwards, for the viceroy had asked the admiral to deal with Don Gregorio's escape and Ana Félix's problems.

One morning, Don Quixote donned his suit of armor because, as he often said, he looked more handsome and enjoyed fighting, which is why he kept wearing it. He went for a ride and saw a horseman approaching him. He was also wearing a suit of armor. There was a white moon on his shield. When the man was so close that Don Quixote could hear him, he shouted:

"O Don Quixote de la Mancha! O famous knight who is not praised enough! I am the Knight of the White Moon. Maybe you remember my incomparable exploits. I have come to challenge you to a duel and face your strong arms. Listen to me: my lady friend is prettier than yours! If you acknowledge this, I will not take the trouble to kill you. If you chose to fight, I would defeat you. So I would ask you to lay down your weapons, stop seeking adventure and retire to your village. You would be at peace, which would enable you to earn money and save your soul. If you defeated me, you would decide my fate, take my horse and weapons and derive fame from my exploits. Consider what is best for you and give me an answer at once, for I must deal with that today."

The knight's arrogance and the nature of the challenge surprised Don Quixote, but he said calmly:

"Knight of the White Moon, I have not heard of your exploits. I feel certain that you have never met the famous Dulcinea del Toboso. If you knew her, you would not venture to provoke me, for you would acknowledge that she is the prettiest creature on earth. I am not saying that you are a liar, but you are mistaken. Hence, I agree to fight you under the conditions you have set, and we will do this right away. However, I don't want to derive fame from your exploits because I do not know what you did. Besides, I content myself with mine. Take the side of the field you like. Then I will position myself opposite you… What cannot be cured must be endured!"

Some of the townspeople had seen the Knight of the White Moon. They informed the viceroy that he was talking to Don Quixote de la Mancha. Believing that it was a new adventure planned by Don Antonio Moreno or another inhabitant of the city, the viceroy hurried to the beach. He was accompanied by Don Antonio and many people. They arrived just as Don Quixote was riding towards one side of the field in order to take a run-up.

When the viceroy saw that they were about to spur their horses forward, he interposed himself between them and asked them why they had decided to joust. The Knight of the White Moon replied that it was a matter of beauty. He briefly repeated what he had said to Don Quixote and added that they had reached an agreement. The viceroy went up to Don Antonio and asked him if he knew the other knight and if they were playing a trick on Don Quixote. Don Antonio replied that he had never met him. Moreover, he did not know whether this was a real duel or not. These answers perplexed the viceroy: should he let them proceed? Since he was convinced that it was a joke, he moved aside and said:

"Gentlemen, you must confess or die. Since you do not want to change your minds, you may proceed. God will recompense the victor."

The two knights thanked the viceroy most courteously for allowing them to joust. As usual, Don Quixote implored God and Dulcinea to protect him. Then he rode backwards a little farther down the field as he saw his adversary doing the same. Although nobody sounded the trumpet or the bugle, both turned their steeds and bore down at the same instant. Since the Knight of the White Moon's horse was lighter, it passed Don Quixote when it had gone two-thirds of the way. The Knight of the White Moon did not want to lower his lance. In fact, the wind caused by his horse made both Rocinante and Don Quixote fall to the ground. The victor jumped from his mount and placed the tip of his lance on Don Quixote's visor. He said:

"Sir, I have vanquished you! I will kill you if you do not say that my girlfriend is prettier than yours."

Bruised and stunned and without raising his visor, Don Quixote said in a weak voice that seemed to come from the grave:

"Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world and I am the saddest knight on earth. My weakness must not alter the truth. Run your lance through my body and kill me, for you have ruined my reputation."

"I will never do that", said the Knight of the White Moon, "for I want nations to remember forever that Dulcinea del Toboso is the fairest woman on earth! However, I'd like you to retire to your village and stay there for a year or until another time, as we decided before the beginning of the duel."

The viceroy, Don Antonio and many other people heard this. They also heard Don Quixote's response. The latter declared that since he did not compel him to prejudice Dulcinea's situation, he would really comply with his wishes. The Knight of the White Moon turned his steed, nodded at the viceroy and headed for the city at a canter.

The viceroy asked Don Antonio to follow him and try to find out who he was. They helped Don Quixote up and removed his helmet. His face was pale and covered in sweat. Rocinante ached all over: it could not move. Sancho was grief-stricken over this; he did not know what to say or do. It seemed to him that all this was a dream or an enchantment. A knight had defeated his master and forbidden him to use his sword for a year! So he would become less famous! As for the privileges which his master had promised him, they were slowly disappearing into thin air! He believed that Rocinante would be maimed for life and that his master would be *physically handicapped and not mentally handicapped anymore*, which would be miraculous. Finally, a sedan chair took

our knight to the town. The viceroy went there too, for he wanted to ascertain who was the man who had pulverized Don Quixote.

CHAPTER LXV.

The identity of the Knight of the White Moon,
Don Gregorio's escape and other events.

The knight of the White Moon was followed not only by Don Antonio Moreno but also by a horde of children, who spied on him until he had entered one of the city's hostelries. A squire welcomed him and proposed to remove his armor. So the squire and the knight, who was followed by Don Antonio, went into a room that was on the ground floor. Don Antonio was growing impatient. The Knight of the White Moon knew that the gentleman wanted to question him. So he said:

"Sir, I assume that you have come to find out who I am. Seeing that I wish to answer you, while the squire removes my armor, I will tell you the truth about this. I am Sansón Carrasco, a student who lives in Don Quixote de la Mancha's village. He is so crazy that those who know him, especially me, feel pity for him. Since we are certain that he will get better if he goes back home and stays in his house, I devised a plan in order to compel him to do so. Three months ago, I disguised myself as a knight-errant, called myself the Knight of the Mirrors and left my house in order to fight and defeat him without harming him. The loser had to agree to obey the victor. I knew that I would vanquish him. So I had planned to ask him to go back home and stay in his village for a whole year, in the course of which time he would be cured. However, fate was annoying: Don Quixote made me fall to the ground and defeated me. My plan failed. So he resumed his journey and I returned home, defeated, humiliated and bruised: I had fallen badly. However, I did not give up all hope of finding and defeating him, as you have seen today. Since he always follows the rules of knight-errantry, I feel certain that he will keep his promise and obey me. That's what happened. I have nothing more to say. So I beg you not to disclose my secret or reveal my identity to Don Quixote, for I must implement my well-intentioned plan so that he may recover his sanity. This will happen if he rids himself of the chivalric nonsense."

"Dear sir", said Don Antonio, "you should not try to cure the most amusing madman in the world, for the benefit we will derive from his sanity will not equal the pleasure we derive from his vagaries. I assume that all your efforts will not suffice to cure this raving maniac. Pardon my frankness, but don't try to cure Don Quixote, for if you do so, neither he nor Sancho will be able to make us laugh. You see, their jokes can turn melancholy into joy. Nevertheless, I will keep silent and tell you nothing so that I may prove that your efforts are useless."

The student replied that he was on the right track and hoped to succeed. Then a servant led him into the stables. When Don Antonio offered to do whatever he might require, Sansón Carrasco bade him farewell, had his armor tied on to a mule, mounted the horse he had ridden during the duel, left the city and headed for his village. The things that happened to him are not worthy to be recounted now.

Don Antonio informed the viceroy of what Carrasco had told him. The viceroy was quite upset because Don Quixote's retirement would displease those who had heard of his tomfoolery.

Don Quixote stayed in bed for six days. He was sad, pensive and upset. He ruminated on his defeat. Sancho tried to console him; he said:

"Sir, raise your head and cheer up if you can. May I remind you that although you fell, you did not get injured. You reap what you sow; the world is full of illusion. You are healthy: you don't need to see a physician. Let's return home and give up traveling the world in order to embark on adventures. Although you are bruised, I am more unfortunate than you. Even though I don't want to be a governor again, I'd like to be a count, which will never happen if you quit and don't become a king. I am growing pessimistic."

"Calm down, Sancho", said his master. "My retirement and confinement will not exceed a year, after which time I will be an honorable knight-errant again. I will surely conquer a kingdom and bestow an earldom upon you."

"May God hear you and sin be deaf!", exclaimed Sancho. "It is said that hopes must not be fulfilled through deception."

Don Antonio entered the room. He was extremely happy.

"Lord Quixote, I am bringing good news", he said. "Don Gregorio and the renegade are on the beach! What am I saying? They are already at the viceroy's house and will be here any moment."

Don Quixote cheered up and said:

"To tell the truth, I would have been happier if this had not happened, for I would have been obliged to go to Barbary, where my strong arms would have enabled me to free Don Gregorio and all the Christian captives detained there. But what am I saying? Am I not the vanquished one? Am I not the one who was defeated? Am I not the one who cannot grasp a sword for an entire year? What am I promising? I should not boast because I must let go of my sword in order to spin wool!"

"Stop talking like that", said Sancho. "Let the hen live even though it may be sick: I will help you, for I am your friend. Those duels and blows are unimportant matters, for he who falls today may get up tomorrow, unless he prefers to stay in bed. I mean that he will not fight his enemies if they discourage him. So, get up in order to welcome Don Gregorio; there is some noise: he must be in the house."

This was true. Don Gregorio and the renegade had informed the viceroy of their crossing. They had come to Don Antonio's house because Don Gregorio wanted to see Ana Félix. He dressed up as a woman when he was in Algiers, but he had swapped clothes on the boat with another captive who had also fled from that place. Whatever the clothes he wore, people liked, served and respected him, for he was young (about seventeen or eighteen years of age) and extremely handsome. Ricote and his daughter went out to welcome him. The father was crying. The girl blushed. The boy did not embrace the girl, for when love is in the air, decency must prevail. All those present were very impressed by their beauty. Silence spoke for the lovers and their eyes showed that they were happy and honest.

The renegade described how he had rescued Don Gregorio, and the latter told them that many perils had befallen him when he was among the Moorish women. He made a short speech, which showed that he was wise, though he was very young.

Ricote recompensed the renegade and the rowers for their efforts. The renegade became a Catholic again. The repentant did penance for his sins and fled from evil.

A couple of days later the viceroy and Don Antonio talked about what should be done to enable Ana Félix and her father to remain in Spain. Since the girl was a good Christian and her father was well-intentioned, they thought that they could live in Spain. Don Antonio had to go to Madrid to settle a matter. So he offered to get an authorization from the government: friends and bribes could solve many problems.

"No friend at court", said Ricote, who was present, "or bribe will influence Don Bernardino de Velasco, the count of Salazar, whom His Majesty ordered to expel us. He never succumbs to pressure. He is honest and merciful, but my nation is sick and rotten. So he uses a cautery that sears tissue rather than an ointment that soften the skin. He was able to carry out that important task because he is prudent, sagacious, diligent and intimidating. Our plots and requests did not blind Argus, who is always on alert because the Moriscos are lying in ambush. We are weeds: we keep growing and fruiting. We are trying to poison a country frightened by hordes of Moriscos. But this is over: Spain has been rid of that pestilence by Don Bernardino de Velasco. Philip III is so wise that he passed an heroic ordinance and entrusted that task to him."

"When I am in Madrid", said Don Antonio, "I will strive to solve that problem. Don Gregorio will come with me because his parents miss him. Ana Félix will stay at my house or in a convent. I know that the viceroy will be pleased to lodge Ricote in his house until I inform him of the outcome of the negotiations."

The viceroy gave his consent to everything, but Don Gregorio declared that he neither could nor would leave Ana Félix. Nonetheless, since he wished to visit his parents and come back, he accepted the proposal. So Ana Félix stayed with Don Antonio's wife and Ricote remained in the viceroy's house.

Two days after Don Antonio's departure Don Quixote and Sancho prepared to leave. The injuries which the knight had sustained in his fall had prevented him from setting off any sooner. There were tears, sighs, sobs and faints as Don Gregorio said goodbye to Ana Félix. Ricote offered Don Gregorio a thousand escudos. He declined politely and asked Don Antonio to lend him five escudos. He promised to reimburse him when they reached Madrid. The two of them set off, followed shortly afterward by Don Quixote and Sancho, as I have said. The knight was unarmed. He was wearing travel clothes. Sancho was walking because the donkey was carrying the suit of armor on its back.

CHAPTER LXVI.

You will see what you will read
or hear what the narrator will say!

As they left Barcelona, Don Quixote turned around to look at the spot which had witnessed his downfall.

"Troy was here", he said. "Here my ill fortune, not my cowardice, deprived me of the glory I had achieved. Here fortune tortured me. Here my exploits faded out. Here Lady Luck abandoned me."

"Sir", said Sancho when he heard this, "brave men should not look back nostalgically on their achievements. For instance, I was happy when I was a governor and I am still happy now that I am a squire and walk. Some people say that Lady Luck is a greedy blind wino. She cannot see what she is doing. So she keeps praising strangers, or *knocking them down, or overthrowing unknown governments*."

"You are a philosopher, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "and you speak words of wisdom. Who was your teacher? Anyway, Lady Luck does not exist. Whatever happens, whether it be good or bad, does not occur by chance: God is the puppeteer. Consequently, each man is the architect of his own fortune. I was the architect of mine, but I was careless: I failed because I was arrogant. I refused to acknowledge that Rocinante was much weaker than the Knight of the White Moon's steed. In short, I was too bold. I did my best, but he knocked me down. However, although I was shamefaced, I did not break my word. When I was a bold, courageous knight-errant, what I did and my strong arms enabled me to publicize my exploits. Now that I am a barefooted squire, I will keep my word and publicize my good intentions in this way. Proceed, then, Sancho. We resemble apprentices and we will stay in our village for a year. We will get stronger, which will enable us to return to the profession of arms, one that I will never forget"

"Sir", replied Sancho, "I don't like to walk. I am not a great fan of long walks. We could hang this armor on a tree in place of a hanged man. I could ride my donkey again. With my feet off the ground, we could go very far. If I keep walking, I will never be able to do it."

"That is a good idea, Sancho", said Don Quixote. "Let us hang my suit of armour on a tree. It will be a trophy. On the foot of the trunk, we will carve the sentence that is always carved on Orlando's trophies. It says:

'Don't move this, or else Orlando
will challenge you to a duel.'"

"Fine" said Sancho. "If we did not need Rocinante, we could also hang it on a tree!"

"If I hanged Rocinante and my armor on a tree", remarked Don Quixote, "this would lead people to believe that I am ungrateful. I don't want this to happen."

"Well said!", exclaimed Sancho. "According to some sages, the fault of the donkey is not to be attributed to the packsaddle. Since you are to blame for what has happened, punish yourself. Do not scold that battered, bloody suit of armor, or the docile Rocinante, or my tender feet, which do not want to walk a lot."

They conversed in this manner for the whole afternoon and the four days that followed. Nothing led them to interrupt their journey. On the fifth day, as they entered a village, they beheld a crowd: many people were partying in front of an inn. As Don Quixote approached them, a peasant cried:

"One of those two gentlemen, who don't know us, will tell us what we must do with regard to our wager."

"I'll be glad to do so", said Don Quixote. "I will offer impartial advice to you if I can understand the matter."

“Well, sir”, said the peasant, “one of the inhabitants of this village, who weighs 162 kg, challenged a neighbor of his, who does not weigh more than 73,5 kg, to run a race. They had to run a hundred paces, their weights being equalized. When the challenger was asked how this was to be done, he replied that the other had to carry blocks of iron weighing 88,5 Kg in total: the fat man would weigh the same as the slim one.”

Before Don Quixote could reply, Sancho said:

“No, this will not happen. As everybody knows, a few days ago I quit my job as a governor and a judge. So I am used to solving such problems and giving my opinion about all sorts of cases.”

“Answer them, then, Sancho”, said Don Quixote, “for I am not good at judging people: I am a bit crazy.”

Since the knight had allowed Sancho to speak to the peasants, who were standing around open-mouthed, waiting to hear his opinion, he said:

“Brothers, what the fat man asked for is absurd and unjust, for, according to the code of honor, the person who is challenged to a fight has the right to choose the weapons. The man who challenges someone to a duel must not choose the weapons because he will choose the ones that will enable him to win. Hence, the fat challenger must trim, prune, sand, dissolve and season his flesh until he has lost 88,2 Kg. He will weigh 73,5 Kg and will weigh the same as his opponent. Consequently, they will have the same chance of winning.”

“I just want to say”, declared one of the peasants, who was listening to Sancho, “that this gentleman has spoken like a saint and delivered his verdict like a canon. However, I can assure you that the fat man does not want to lose 88,2 Kg, nor does he want to lose a single ounce.”

“In fact, those men should not run”, said another partygoer, “for there is no need for the slim man to get injured because of the blocks of iron or for the fat man to lose weight. I don’t care about that race: let’s spend half the wager on wine and take these gentlemen to this fancy tavern.

“I thank you, gentlemen”, replied Don Quixote, “but I cannot pause for a moment. It is impolite to decline an invitation, but worries and problems compel me to hurry.”

He spurred Rocinante forward. The crowd marveled at the knight’s strange mien and his servant’s intelligence, for they regarded Sancho as a wise man.

“If the servant”, said one of the peasants, “is that wise, his master must be a genius! It’s my bet that they will become judges in the blink of an eye if they go to Salamanca. You know, most things are unimportant, except studies, luck and support. When a man least expects it, he becomes a judge or a bishop.”

The master and his servant spent that night in the fields, underneath the clear skies. The next day, as they were riding along the road, they beheld a man who was walking towards them. He had saddlebags around his neck and was holding a javelin in his right hand. He looked like a messenger. As he approached Don Quixote, he broke into a trot. He came up to him and embraced his right thigh, for he could not reach another part of his body.

“O Don Quixote de la Mancha!”, he exclaimed joyfully. “The duke will be glad to hear that you are returning to the castle! He and the duchess are still there.”

"I do not recognize you, my friend", said Don Quixote. "Would you mind telling me who you are?"

"I am Tosilos", replied the messenger, "His Grace's lackey, the man who refused to fight you when we talked about the marriage of Lady Rodriguez's daughter."

"Oh Lord!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "You are the man whom the enchanters, my enemies, turned into a lackey in order to cheat me out of the honor of winning that battle!"

"That's not true", said the messenger. "There was no enchantment, nor any transformation. I was Tosilos the lackey when I entered and came out of the lists. I liked the girl and thought that I could get her without fighting, but things did not turn out that way. Actually, no sooner had you left the castle than the duke had them whip me a hundred times because I had disobeyed the orders he had detailed before the combat. The girl has become a nun. Lady Rodriguez has returned to Castile. I am going to Barcelona. I am bringing a packet of letters from my master to the viceroy. May I offer you a bit of wine? I have a gourd filled with vintage wine. It is a bit warm. I also have a few slices of cheese. If you don't feel like drinking, they will make you thirsty."

"That's very king of you", said Sancho. "Let's eat and drink. Dear Tosilos, ignore all the enchanters in the Indies and pour me a drink."

"Sancho, you are the greediest man on earth", remarked Don Quixote. "You are also an ignoramus, for you are not able to see that this messenger is enchanted: Tosilos is not Tosilos! Stay with him and booze. I will ride on very slowly. You will catch up with me."

The lackey laughed, grasped his gourd and took the cheese and a piece of bread from the saddlebags. He and Sancho sat on the greensward. The jolly fellows devoured all the provisions. They even licked the package of letters because it smelled of cheese!

"Your master, my friend", said Tosilos, "*owes a great deal to madness."*

"He owes much to nobody", replied Sancho, *"for he always repays his debts, especially when madness is the lender.* I have told him this many times, but it's useless, all the more so because he has just been defeated by the Knight of the White Moon."

Then Tosilos begged him to recount what had happened, but Sancho replied that it would be impolite to let his master wait. If he chanced to meet him again, he would tell him the story. He got up, shook out his jacket, brushed the crumbs from his beard and said goodbye to Tosilos as he grasped his donkey's bridle. He soon reached the tree under which the knight was sitting.

CHAPTER LXVII.

How Don Quixote decided to become a shepherd
and lead a rustic life for a year,
along with other events that are enjoyable and interesting.

Don Quixote was upset before his downfall; he was even more upset afterward. As I have said, he was sitting in the shade of a tree. Like flies whirling around a honeypot, his mind was whirling. He was thinking about Dulcinea's disenchantment and his forced retirement. Sancho reached that spot. He began to praise Tosilos for his generosity, which led Don Quixote to say:

“You are still convinced that he is a real lackey! You have forgotten that the enchanters who persecute me turned Dulcinea into a peasant girl and the Knight of the Mirrors into a student named Sansón Carrasco. Tell me, did you ask the man you call Tosilos what happened to Altisidora? Did she cry over my absence? Has she already forgotten the love thoughts that consumed her when I was present?”

“I did not feel like asking stupid questions”, replied Sancho. “Are you well-placed to inquire into people’s thoughts, especially love thoughts?”

“You see, Sancho”, said Don Quixote, “actions that are performed out of love are much different from those that are motivated by gratitude. Knights can be aromantic, but they cannot be ungrateful. Altisidora loved me. She gave me the three bonnets, as you know. She wept when I departed. She even scolded and insulted me in public, which proves that she adores me: when lovers are angry, they curse each other. I could not give her hopes or jewels, for I love Dulcinea and knights-errant give only tat. All I can do is remember her without forgetting Dulcinea, the poor lady whom you wrong because you delay whipping the flesh that should be eaten by wolves. You want to keep it in order to feed the worms instead of helping her!”

“To tell you the truth”, responded Sancho, “I am convinced that whipping my backside has nothing to do with breaking spells. It’s like saying that you must rub ointment on your knees when you have a headache. In all the books of chivalry you have read, is there a single example of a spell broken in that way? However, I will whip myself when I feel like doing so and have an opportunity to do it.”

“May God compel you to do so”, said Don Quixote. “May Heaven enable you to be grateful and help my lady, who is also your lady since you are my squire.”

They conversed in this manner as they rode along the highway. They reached the place where they had been trampled by the bulls. Don Quixote recognized it.

“This”, he observed, “is the meadow where we met the elegant shepherdesses and handsome shepherds who were trying to restore the Arcadia of old, which was a clever new idea. Sancho, we should become shepherds, at least for the duration of my retirement. I will purchase a few sheep and all the other things that herdsmen need. I will become the shepherd Quixotiz and you will become the shepherd *Bigbelly*. We will roam the hills, woods and meadows, singing sad and happy songs and drinking the crystal-clear water of the springs, brooks and mighty rivers. The oaks will give us lots of sweet acorns. We will sit on the hard trunks of the cork trees. We will be shaded by the willows. We will smell the roses, cross the multicolored plains, breathe clean air and contemplate the moon and the stars despite the darkness of the night. We will be happy to cry and hear songs. Apollo will recite poems and love will render us intelligent. We will achieve eternal glory!”

“By Jove”, exclaimed Sancho, “I’d like to lead that kind of life. When Sansón Carrasco and Master Nicolás hear of it, they will want to become shepherds and will follow us. I hope the priest does not decide to become a shepherd too, for he enjoys having fun.”

“You are right", said Don Quixote. “If Sansón Carrasco became a shepherd, which will happen, he would be called Sansonino or Carrascón. Master Nicolás could be called Niculoso, just as Boscán was known as Nemoroso. I do not know what name the priest could bear, unless it is a name derived from his title, such as Reverendro. We will pick the names of the shepherdess whom we will love like we pick pears. Since my

lady friend's name befits a princess and a shepherdess, I will not take the trouble to look for a better one. Sancho, you will call your lover by the name you will have chosen."

"I will call her Teresafat", said Sancho, "because she is corpulent and her real name is Teresa. Moreover, when I praise her in my poems, I will reveal my chaste desires, for I don't want to get into trouble. Of course, the priest will not have a girlfriend: he must set a good example. As for the student, it is up to him to have one."

"What a life we are going to lead, Sancho, my friend!", cried Don Quixote. "We will hear flutes, oboes, tabors, timbrels and rebecs! If the albogues [finger cymbals] sounded, we would hear almost all the musical instruments played by shepherds."

"What are albogues?", inquired Sancho. "I have never heard that name, nor have I ever seen them."

"Albogues", replied Don Quixote, "are brass castanets. When the top part strikes against the lower one, the hollow surfaces make a noise that is quite pleasing, though it is not that harmonious. It goes well with the rustic character of the oboe and tabor. The word is a Moorish one, as are all those that, in Castilian, begin with 'al', such as almohaza, almorzar, alfombra, alguacil, alhucema, almacén, alcancía, and a few other similar ones. In Castilian, there are only three words that end in 'i': borceguí, zaquizami and maravedi. As for alheli and alfaqui, both the prefix 'al' and the last letter 'i' show that they are Arabic. It is the word Albogue that led me to mention this. Since I am a good poet, as you know, and Sansón Carrasco is a very good one, this will enable us to become good shepherds. I don't know the priest well, but I assume that he must be something of a poet. Master Nicolás must be a poet too, for all barbers, or most of them, compose songs and play the guitar. So, I will lament my separation from my loved one. You will pride yourself on being a reliable lover. Carrascón will be the rejected swain. Reverendro will choose whatever theme. We will behave in this manner and be happy!"

"Ah, master", said Sancho, "I am so unlucky that I may never lead that kind of life… Anyway, I will make fine spoons when I am a shepherd. I will eat fried breadcrumbs and garlic and crème caramel. I will wear a wreath and enjoy a great many other rustic things. If they don't look upon me as a sage, they will regard me as a resourceful man at least. Sanchica, my daughter, will bring us food when we are in the sheepfold… Wait a minute, she is good-looking and the shepherds are not that simple-minded… In fact, they are wicked! I don't want them to mistreat her. Love and evil passions are everywhere: in the fields, cities, shepherds' huts and royal palaces. When one removes the cause, the sin disappears. Out of sight, out of mind. Go away, don't wait for the righteous men to give you advice."

"Stop quoting proverbs, Sancho", said Don Quixote. "A single one enables us to understand you. I keep telling you that you must stop quoting them, but I am a lone voice in the wilderness. When fools make mistakes, they lay the blame on providence!"

"People who live in glass houses should not throw stones", remarked Sancho. "You scold me for quoting proverbs, but you have just uttered two."

"Sancho", replied Don Quixote, "mine are relevant to the conversations, whereas yours are always off-topic. If I remember correctly, I have told you that proverbs are short sentences that reflect the wisdom and experience of sages. Irrelevant sayings are not proverbs but stupid remarks. Let us change the subject, for darkness is falling. Let

us leave the main road to find a place where we will spend the night. God knows what will happen tomorrow."

They did so and ate late at night. The food was disgusting, which upset Sancho. He was well aware of the problems encountered by knights-errant in the forests and in the bush. However, sometimes they were treated like royalty in mansions and castles, as in the house of Don Diego de Miranda and that of Don Antonio Moreno and at the wedding of the rich Camacho. Since one must not see things in black and white, he decided to spend the night sleeping, while his master kept vigil.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

The porcine adventure that befell Don Quixote.

The night was somewhat dark. The moon was in the sky, but it was invisible! Sometimes Diana goes to the Antipodes and the valleys and mountains are plunged into darkness. Don Quixote complied with nature's rites and slept for a few hours. As for Sancho, he slept all night long because he was relaxed and had a robust constitution. Don Quixote's anxieties awoke him. So he awakened his squire and said:

"Your nonchalance amazes me, Sancho. You must be made of marble or bronze. You are unconcerned with the world. I keep vigil while you sleep. I weep while you sing. I feel dizzy because of hunger while you are listless because you have stuffed yourself with ham and cheese. Good servants ought to be as sad as their masters and care for them, for the sake of decorum. This isolated place is so quiet that it moves us to wake up and keep guard. So, get up, go over there, try to be brave and whip yourself three or four hundred times, which is a part of the flogging that will allow Dulcinea to be disenchanted. I beseech you to do so because I don't want to fight you as I did the other time: I know that you are strong. After you have done that, we will spend the rest of the night singing. I will complain about my separation from Dulcinea and you will pride yourself on being a reliable lover. Actually, we will begin to lead the rustic life we must lead when we reach our village."

"Sir", replied Sancho, "I am not a monk; I don't get up in the middle of the night in order to whip myself. Besides, I feel certain that those who do that ache so much that they don't feel like singing. So, let me sleep, and stop telling me to whip myself. I swear that I will never hurt myself."

"O fierce soul!", cried Don Quixote. "O pitiless squire! I shouldn't have given you food; I shouldn't have favored you, nor should I favor you now. Thanks to me, you became a governor, and it is I who will soon enable you to become a count or obtain the same kind of title. Once this year has passed, I may fulfill this promise; after darkness, I hope for light!"

"I don't understand what you are talking about", said Sancho. "You know, when I sleep, I don't fear, or hope for, or boast about anything. I am relaxed. I congratulate the person who invented sleep, the cloak that covers all human thoughts, the food that relieves hunger, the water that quenches thirst, the fire that turns cold into heat and the cold that tempers heat. Sleep is the currency with which all things are bought, the weight and pair of scales that enable shepherds, kings, fools and wise men to be equal in every way. However, there is one defect in sleep: according to what I have heard, it

resembles death. In fact, there is very little difference between a sleeping man and a dead one."

"You have never been so eloquent", said Don Quixote, "which leads me to acknowledge that, as you sometimes say, birds of a feather flock together!"

"Good heavens!", exclaimed Sancho, "I'm not the only one who keeps saying proverbs. They also drop from your mouth in pairs and faster than they do from mine. However, yours are relevant to the conversation, whereas mine are off-topic. That being said, you keep quoting proverbs!"

They heard a kind of subdued roar that echoed across the valleys. Don Quixote jumped to his feet and grasped his sword while Sancho crouched down underneath the donkey. He placed the suit of armor on one side of him and the packsaddle on the other. He was terrified, whereas his master was trembling with excitement. The noise grew louder as it got closer to the two fearful men. The fearful man, I mean, for we all know that the other one was courageous.

In fact, some men were driving more than six hundred pigs to a livestock show, although it was early in the morning. The din of grunts and snorts deafened Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not make out what this was. The herd of pigs rushed onward, fanning out far and wide, and, lacking respect for Don Quixote and Sancho, passed over both of them. The vile pigs knocked down Sancho's walls and made Rocinante, the knight, the donkey, the squire, the suit of armor and the packsaddle fall down. The two men were confused by the grunts, the pigs and their speed.

Sancho struggled to his feet and asked his master to lend him his sword. He told him that he wished to kill half a dozen of these gentlemen and impolite… pigs: by this time he had realized what they were. Don Quixote said to him:

"Don't kill them. Heaven is punishing me for my sin. A knight-errant who has been defeated must be eaten by jackals, stung by wasps and trampled by swine."

"I assume", said Sancho, "that Heaven deprives the squires of vanquished knights of food and have them bitten by flies and lice. If we were the children or close relatives of those we serve, our descendants would be punished all the way to the fourth generation. But what do the Panzas have to do with the Quixotes? Let's settle ourselves on the ground and sleep until daybreak. God will favor us."

"Sleep, Sancho", said Don Quixote, "for you were born to be a slacker. As for me, I was born to keep vigil. In the time that remains between now and daybreak, I will ruminate on an unfinished madrigal which I began to compose secretly last night."

"I think", replied Sancho, "that the feelings that impel people to compose verses are unimportant. Compose whatever you want; I will sleep as long as I can."

He stretched out on the ground. Then he curled into a ball and fell asleep. He slept the sleep of the just. Leaning against the trunk of a beech tree or a cork tree – Cid Hamete Benengeli did not mention the species – Don Quixote began to sigh and sing what follows.

Love, when I think of the great pain
I suffer because of you,
I run over to death, for I think that
I may end my suffering in that way.

When I approach the harbor
That wishes to put an end to my torments,
I am so happy that
Life prevents me from mooring.

Life kills me,
For death compels me to live.
Both life and death want to make a deal with me:
What an unusual situation!

Each of these verses was accompanied by many sighs and sobs; the knight missed Dulcinea and was grieving over his defeat.

The sun rose. A sunbeam warmed Sancho's eyes, who awoke. He shook himself and stretched his limbs, which felt numb. When he saw what the pigs had done to the food stored in his saddlebags, he cursed them all. Then the two men took to the road again. When the sun began to set, they saw about ten horsemen and four or five walkers coming toward them. Don Quixote and Sancho jumped with fright. The men who were approaching carried lances and bucklers and were about to fight a battle. The knight turned to his squire and said:

"I have promised not to use my weapons, but if I could grasp my sword, I would defeat this army easily. Perhaps this is not an army..."

The horsemen came up to them and, without saying a word, they surrounded Don Quixote, pointing their spears at his back and chest. Their lives were at stake. One of the walkers put a finger to his mouth to signify that they had to remain silent. He seized Rocinante's bridle and led it off the road. His companions drove Sancho and the donkey before them. They kept silent as they followed Don Quixote and his guide. Two or three times, the knight opened his mouth in order to ask them where they were taking him and what they wanted, but no sooner had he begun to move his lips than the man placed the tip of his lance on the knight's mouth. The same thing happened to Sancho: when he opened his mouth to speak, one of the walkers goaded him and his donkey with a spear, as if the animal wished to speak! As darkness closed in, they quickened their pace. The two prisoners were more afraid than ever, especially when they heard the men saying every now and then:

"Hurry up, *troglodytes*! Shut up, *barbarians*! You *cannibals*, you must be punished! Stop complaining, you *Scythians*! Keep your eyes shut, you murderous Polyphemuses, you predatory lions!"

These and other epithets tortured the ears of the wretched men. Sancho said to himself:

"We are not *tortillas*! We are not *librarians* or *cannonballs*! We don't have *simian* faces! I don't like those names at all. We are in a difficult situation; I only hope this misadventure will lead to nothing worse than blows."

Don Quixote was dumbstruck. He could not make out what the purpose of this name-calling was. He did not hope for the best. So he prepared for the worst! At one o'clock in the morning they arrived at a castle which Don Quixote recognized. It was the place where he had stayed a short while before: it was the duke's castle.

“Good Lord!”, he cried as soon as he recognized the edifice. “In this house, courtesy and moderation reign, but when someone is defeated, good turns into evil and evil into something worse.”

They entered the main courtyard of the castle. It was decorated in such a manner as to increase their astonishment and double their fear, as will be seen in the following chapter.

CHAPTER LXIX.

The strangest and most extraordinary adventure
that befell Don Quixote.

The horsemen dismounted. With the help of the walkers, they lifted Sancho and Don Quixote up and carried them into the courtyard. About a hundred torches, fixed in their sconces, were flaring. The adjoining galleries were illuminated by more than five hundred lamps. Although the sky was dark, nobody noticed the absence of daylight. In the middle of the courtyard was a catafalque about two yards high. It was topped by an enormous black velvet canopy. More than a hundred white candles in silver candlesticks lit the flight of steps that led to the top of the catafalque upon which the corpse of a damsel lay. She was so pretty that death itself seemed beautiful. Her head rested on a brocade pillow and was covered with a scented wreath. Her arms were folded over her breasts. A yellow palm branch had been placed in her hands.

At one side of the patio was a stage with two chairs on which were seated two personages who seemed to be real or false kings, for they wore crowns and held scepters. There was also a flight of steps in front of the stage. Beside it were two other armchairs in which those who were carrying the prisoners seated Don Quixote and Sancho. They were silent as they did so. They signaled to the knight and his squires that they, too, had to remain silent, but this was useless, for they did not dare to speak. In fact, they were dumbstruck.

Two important personages accompanied by many servants ascended the steps. Don Quixote recognized them as the duke and the duchess. They sat in two richly adorned armchairs alongside the two individuals who seemed to be kings. This was surprising, all the more so because the knight had realized that the dead woman on the catafalque was the beautiful Altisidora.

As the duke and duchess ascended the steps, Don Quixote and Sancho rose and nodded. The two aristocrats bowed their heads slightly.

An official crossed the courtyard, went up to Sancho, placed on him a black buckram robe with flames painted on it, removed the squire’s cap and set a miter on his head. It was a pointed hat which was worn by those who had been sentenced by the Holy Office. The man whispered that they would gag or kill him if he spoke. Sancho looked at himself from head to foot. He was under the impression that he was burning. Since they did not move, he plucked up courage to take off his miter. He saw that there were devils painted on it. He put it on again and muttered:

“So far so good. They haven’t burned me alive yet or carried me off.”

Don Quixote observed him. Although he was petrified, Sancho’s figure amused him. Sweet sounds of flutes seemed to come from beneath the catafalque. Since

nobody was talking (*silence itself prevented itself from speaking*), all those present perceived this music as moving. Suddenly, beside the pillow where the head of the corpse was resting, a handsome lad appeared. He was dressed as an ancient Roman. He was playing a harp. In a gentle, clear voice, he began to sing the two stanzas that follow:

Don Quixote's cruelty murdered Altisidora.
I will sing about her beauty and plight
Better than the Thracian bard
As long as she is dead,
The female courtiers wear
Clothes made of goat hair,
And her chaperones are clad
In gauze and serge garments.

I know that when
My tongue is cold and dead,
I will continue
To praise her qualities.
My soul will free itself from its stiff corset and
Cross the River Styx, congratulating you.
The sound of my voice
Will make the stream of oblivion stop.

"You may stop, delightful singer", said one of the kings at this point. "It would take too long to describe the death and all the qualities of the peerless Altisidora. Ignorant people believe that she is dead. Actually, she continues living thanks to the tongues of fame and the punishment which Sancho Panza, who is here, must endure in order to bring her back to life. Rhadamanthus, you sit in judgment with me in Pluto's dark cavern and know what the mysterious fates have decided to do in order to bring this damsel back to life. So, inform us of it so that what we are expecting may happen right now."

No sooner had Minos, the other judge and his friend, said this than Rhadamanthus rose to his feet and said:

"Servants and officials who work in this castle, come here. Tickle his chin twenty-four times, pinch his arms twelve times and scratch his back six times, for this rite will cure Altisidora."

As he heard this, Sancho broke his silence and said:

"You won't tickle my chin or touch my face, for this has nothing to do with the resurrection of this damsel. He who does not refrain from eating… They enchant Dulcinea and whip me to disenchant her! Altisidora is dying because God made her get sick, and they think that they will bring her back to life because they will tickle my chin twenty-four times, pierce my body, scratch my back and bruise me! Tell someone else this joke: you won't fool me!"

"You are going to die!", shouted Rhadamanthus. "Behave yourself, tiger! Bow your head, haughty Nimrod! Suffer and shut up; we are not asking for the moon! Stop

complaining about the pain you may suffer: they will tickle your chin, scratch your back and pinch your arms until you groan with pain. Servants, I command you to carry out my instructions, or else I will chastise you!"

Six duennas walking in a line crossed the courtyard. Four of them wore spectacles. They all raised their right hands and straightened four fingers in order to make them seem longer, as is the current fashion. As soon as he caught sight of them, Sancho began bellowing like a bull.

"Nobody will touche me", he said, "let alone duennas… I will not allow you to do what you did to my master in this castle. You will not scratch my face, or stab me with sharpened daggers, or burn my arms. I am going to shut up to please these gentlemen, but I will never allow those duennas to touch me!"

Don Quixote also began to speak. He said:

"Be patient, Sancho. Obey these gentlemen and thank Heaven for having enabled you to be so courageous. You are going to sacrifice yourself in order to disenchant enchanted people and resurrect the dead."

As the duennas approached him, Sancho became quieter and more compliant. He settled into his chair and raise his head. The first duenna tickled his chin and curtsied profoundly.

"Don't be so courteous, and speak", he said. "Your hands are to feeble!"

To make a long story short, all the duennas tickled his chin and many members of the household pinched him. When they began to scratch him, the angry squire rose from his chair, seized a lighted torch that was nearby and chased after the duennas and all his tormentors, crying:

"Go away, devils! I am not made of bronze; I feel this sharp pain."

Altisidora, who must have been tired of lying on her back for so long a time, turned over. All the bystanders shouted in unison:

"Altisidora is alive! Altisidora is alive!"

Rhadamanthus asked Sancho to calm down, for they had accomplished their goal.

When Don Quixote saw Altisidora moving, he kneeled before Sancho and said:

"My son, for I will not call you squire anymore, it is high time that you whipped yourself in order to disenchant Dulcinea. It is high time that you did what we want you to do."

"That", said Sancho, "is a trick, not a piece of cake. After the pinches, the tickle and the scratches, I should whip myself! Why don't you attach a big stone to my neck and throw me into a well? I don't care whether I am the butt of the joke because I have helped people. Leave me alone, or else I will break everything."

Altisidora was sitting on the bier. The flutes and flageolets began to play. Those present cried:

"Long live Altisidora! Long live Altisidora!"

The duke and duchess and the kings Minos and Rhadamanthus rose. Accompanied by Don Quixote and Sancho, they went to greet the girl and take her down from the catafalque. Pretending to regain her senses, she bowed to the duke, the duchess and the kings, glanced sideways at Don Quixote and said:

"May God forgive you, aromantic knight. Because of your cruelty, I have been in the other world for a period that appears to have lasted for more than a thousand

years. Sancho, you are the most compassionate squire in the world; I thank you for having saved my life. Dear friend, I offer you six blouses. You can get some alterations done to them so that you may wear them. Some of them are a bit ragged, but all of them are clean."

Sancho took off his miter, kneeled down and kissed her hand in return for this present. The duke ordered them to relieve him of this pointed hat and the flame-covered robe and to give him back his cap and jacket. However, the squire begged the duke to allow him to keep the accouterments. He wished to take them to his village as a memento of this most extraordinary event. The duchess replied that her good friend could do so. The duke ordered his servants to clear the courtyard. Then he asked all those present to retire to their rooms. A footman led Don Quixote and Sancho to the ones they had formerly occupied.

CHAPTER LXX.

Which follows the sixty-ninth chapter
and deals with clarifications.

That night Sancho slept on a truckle bed, in Don Quixote's bedroom. He would have liked to avoid this, for he knew that his master would prevent him from sleeping. He would bombard him with questions and he did not feel like conversing for hours. His aching body forbade him to speak. Hence, he would have preferred to be alone in a hovel rather than have company and sleep in this sumptuous room. His apprehensions turned out to be justified, for as soon as his master was in bed, he said:

"Sancho, what do you think of what happened this evening? Feelings of rejection are so strong! You noticed that Altisidora was dead and that no arrow, or sword, or weapon, or poison killed her. I fact, I killed her because I rejected her!"

"Let her die", replied Sancho, "and leave me alone. I did not make her fall in love, nor did I reject her. As I have said, the condition of Altisidora, who is more capricious than intelligent, has nothing to do with Sancho Panza's ordeal. Now I begin to acknowledge that enchanters and enchantments exist. May God protect me from them since I cannot protect myself. Please, stop talking and let me sleep, or else I will throw myself out of the window."

"You can try to sleep", said Don Quixote, "but they have scratched, pinched and tickled you a lot..."

"No pain", said Sancho, "can equal the humiliation of being tickled by those duennas who came from nowhere. I beg you again to let me sleep, for sleep alleviate the pain felt by those who are not asleep."

"So be it", said Don Quixote. "God be with you."

The two men fell asleep. Here Cid Hamete, the author of this great book, tells us what moved the duke and duchess to devise the elaborate plan that has been described.

Actually, Sansón Carrasco had not forgotten the day when the Knight of the Mirrors had been defeated by Don Quixote, an event that had upset all his plans. He wanted to revenge himself on the knight and hoped to be luckier. The page who brought the letter and gift to Teresa Panza had told him where the knight was. So he

borrowed weapons and a horse and painted a white moon on his shield. He had placed all the weapons on the back of a mule led by a peasant, not by Bartholomew Smokedsalmon, his ex-squire, who might be recognized by Sancho or his master. He reached the duke's castle. The aristocrat told him which road Don Quixote had taken in order to go to Saragossa and participate in the jousting tournament. He also informed him of the trick that had been played on the knight, which related to Dulcinea's disenchantment. This would happen if Sancho was whipped. Finally, the duke told him that Sancho had made his master believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and had been turned into a peasant girl. However, the duchess had convinced the squire that he was mistaken since Dulcinea was really enchanted. All this surprised the student and made him laugh, pondering Sancho's wits and stupidity and Don Quixote's ravings. The duke asked him, whether he defeated the knight or not, to come back and tell him about this event. The student promised to do so and left. He reached Saragossa, but he did not find Don Quixote. So he resumed his journey. What happened to him next has already been recounted. He returned to the duke's castle, told him what had happened and informed him of the agreement which the victor and the loser had reached. Since Don Quixote was a good knight-errant and wanted to keep his word, he was already on his way to his village, where he had to remain for a year. During this time his madness might be cured, which was the reason why he had disguised himself, for so learned a man could not remain insane. He took leave of the duke and returned to the village to wait for Don Quixote, who was following the same road as he. The duke took advantage of this opportunity to play a joke, so great was the pleasure he derived from everything that had to do with Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. So he ordered some of his servants to walk or ride along all the roads that were near the castle or far from it and which the knight would follow if he came to this place. If the servants found him, they would have to take him to the castle by hook or by crook. When they met him, the servants informed their master of this fact. Since he had planned what he had to do, he asked the footmen to light the torches and lamps in the courtyard and place Altisidora on the catafalque with all the pomp and circumstance that has been described. It was done so skillfully and in so lifelike a manner that it was more real than reality itself. Cid Hamete added that the jokers were as crazy as their victims and that the duke and duchess were quite insane, for they spent much time and energy mocking two idiots.

Sancho was fast asleep, while Don Quixote was awake. He was lost in thought. The sun rose; he felt like rising too, for whether he was the victor or the loser, he did not like sleeping.

Altisidora carried out her employers' instructions: she entered the room. The knight believed that she had come back from the dead. She was wearing the same wreath as when she lay on the bier and a tunic made of white taffeta covered with gold flowers. Her hair was hanging loose over her shoulders. She was leaning on a cane made of high-quality ebony. Her presence in his bedroom embarrassed Don Quixote. So he huddled in his bed and covered most of his body with the sheets and bedspread. He was speechless. Hence, he could not pay his respects to her. She sat on a chair that was close to the head of his bed and heaved a sigh. Then, in a faint voice filled with emotion, she said:

"When noblewomen and damsels who live in seclusion become shameless and reveal what their hearts conceal, they are in a hopeless situation. Lord Quixote, I am

one of those women. I am stressed and overwhelmed by love, but I am also so hurt and modest that silence broke my heart and I died. You have mistreated me. You cruel man;

You are harder than marble!

I was dead for two whole days, judging from what I was told by those who saw me. If love, which had taken pity on me, had not cured me by means of this worthy squire's ordeal, I would have remained in the other world."

"If love", said Sancho, "had chosen to torture my donkey, I would have been quite content. May Heaven provide you with a kinder lover than my master. Madam, what did you see in the other world? What is there in Hell? I assume that desperate people end up in that place when they die."

"To tell you the truth", replied Altisidora, "I think that I was not completely dead, for I did not enter Hell. If I had done so, I wouldn't have been able to leave that place. In fact, I reached the gate and saw twelve devils playing jai alai. They were wearing breeches, doublets and Walloon collars trimmed with Flemish lace. Their cuffs were also made of Flemish lace. They had stuck out four inches of their arms in order to make their hands, which carried blazing chisteras, appear longer than they were. What amazed me more than this was the fact that, in place of balls, they used books filled with verbiage and nonsense, which was surprising and new. I was more surprised when I realized that all the players kept complaining and scolding and insulting one another, though winners usually jump for joy."

"That's not surprising", said Sancho, "for, whether or not they play games or whether they win or lose, devils are never satisfied."

"That's true", agreed Altisidora, "but something else surprises… surprised me: the ball was used once. Then they threw new and old books. One of these books, which was brand new and very well bound, was destroyed when they hit it. The leaves flew in all directions. 'What's this?', asked a devil. The other devil replied: 'This is the *Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha.* It was not written by Cid Hamete, the original author, but by an Aragonese man who, according to him, was born in Tordesillas.' 'Take it away', said the first devil. 'Throw it into the deepest part of Hell so that I will not see it.' 'Is it that bad?', asked the second one. 'It is so bad', said the first devil, 'that I could not write something that bad!' Then they went on with their game, throwing other books against the wall. As for me, when I heard the name of Don Quixote, whom I adore, I decided to remember this apparition.''

"It was an apparition indeed',' said Don Quixote, "for nobody else bears that name. *This story goes from one place to another, but it never halts, for everybody kicks it down.* I don't care whether they say that my soul wanders the allays of Hell or the plains which are illumined by the sun, for that book does not deal with my history. Should this account be good and accurate, it would live forever, but it is bad! So it will die soon."

Altisidora wished to keep on complaining about Don Quixote's behavior, but he said:

"Madam, I keep telling you that I don't want you to love me, for I don't love you. I was born to adore Dulcinea del Toboso. If the fates exist, I am fated to marry her.

Hence, I cannot be bewitched by another beauty. My frankness should impel you to be shier. Don't ask me to do what I cannot do."

Those remarks infuriated Altisidora. She cried:

"Good Lord, you are a piece of salt fish, a mortar, a date pit! You are harder and more stubborn than a peasant who does not want to help others. I am going to attack you and pluck out your eyes! Don Vanquished, Don Cudgeled, do you think that I died for you? What you saw last night was a pretense. I will never die for an idiot like you!"

"I do believe you", said Sancho, "for lovers do not behave in this manner. They may talk about it, but they never take the plunge."

While they were conversing, the man who had sung the aforementioned verses came in.

"Sir", he said as he bowed low to Don Quixote, "I am your most faithful servant. I revere you and am very impressed by your exploits."

"Would you mind telling me who you are?", asked the knight. "I need your name in order to thank you."

The lad told him that he was the panegyrist who had sung the night before.

"You have", replied Don Quixote, "a beautiful voice, but what you sang was quite inappropriate: what do stanzas by Garcilaso have to do with this lady's death?"

"This is not surprising", said the musician. "Nowadays apprentice poets write as they please and plagiarize other people's verses, whether the quotations be relevant or not. You see, any piece of nonsense can be attributed to poetic license."

Don Quixote wanted to reply, but he could not do so because the duke and duchess entered the room to talk with him. In the course of this agreeable long conversation, Sancho told so many jokes that his stupidity and wits amazed them. Don Quixote beseeched them to allow him to leave that same day, for vanquished knights like him had to dwell in hovels rather than in royal palaces. His hosts acceded to his request. Then the duchess inquired if he was on good terms with Altisidora.

"Your Grace", he replied, "I can assure you that this damsel's affliction is solely due to idleness. She will get better if she occupies herself. She has just told me that they use lace trimmings in Hell. I guess that she can make lace. When she is busy *moving* the bobbins back and forth, nothing will *move* her to *imagine* what is *unimaginable*. This is true; this is my opinion; this is what I advise you to do."

"I agree with you", added Sancho, "for I have never heard of a lace-maker who died because she was in love. Young ladies who are busy concentrate on their work, not on their lovers. For instance, when I plough a field, I never think of my spouse — I mean Teresa Panza — although I adore her."

"You are right, Sancho", said the duchess. "I will have Altisidora make lace, for she is good at it."

"Madam, there is no need to do that", said Altisidora, "for this cruel tramp has hurt me so much that I will easily forget him without recourse to any other means. Would you mind allowing me to leave this room, for I don't want to see his ugly body anymore."

"That", observed the duke, "reminds me of the proverb that says:

'He who insults others
Is close to forgiving them.'"

Altisidora dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief as if to wipe the tears away. Then she rose, curtsied to the two aristocrats and exited from the room.

"Girl, I wish you bad luck", said Sancho. "Well, she was unlucky because she had to deal with a soul of esparto and a heart of holm oak. If it had been me, things would have turned out differently."

The conversation ended. Don Quixote got dressed, had lunch with his hosts and left in the afternoon.

CHAPTER LXXI.

Of what befell Don Quixote and Sancho
on the way to their village.

Don Quixote, the vanquished knight, was riding along the highway. He was very happy and lost in thought too. His defeat upset him, but he was blown away by his squire's exploit: he had resuscitated Altisidora. However, he was almost convinced that the lovelorn maiden had not really been dead. As for Sancho, he was not happy because the damsel had not kept her word: she had not given him the blouses. He was obsessed with this. He turned to his master and said:

"Sir, I am the most unlucky physician in the world. Many of them kill their patients, yet they insist on being paid, though all they do is prescribe medicines which an apothecary makes up. As for me, I must bleed and be tickled, pinched, scratched and spanked. I never get paid! If someone wants me to cure him, he will have to pay me before I treat him, for even abbots get paid when they sing. I feel certain that Heaven has bestowed this power on me in order to enable me to earn money."

"You are right, Sancho", replied Don Quixote. "Altisidora should have given you the blouses she promised you. You did not have to study to have that gift; you just had to be mistreated. I can assure you that I would have paid you an indemnity for the blows you received in order to disenchant Dulcinea if you had asked me to do so. Nevertheless, I think that if I paid you in advance, you would never whip yourself. Anyway, let's try. Sancho, name your price, whip yourself and take the money, for my purse is in your pocket."

This proposal surprised Sancho, but he was willing to whip himself! He said:

"Sir, I am ready to obey you for my wife and children's sake. Tell me, how much is each lash worth to you?"

"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "if I had to pay you in accordance with the great value of the remedy, all the riches of Venice and the mines of Potosi would not suffice. So, think about this and put a price on each blow."

"I must whip myself", said Sancho, "more than three thousand three hundred times. I have already whipped myself five times… Well, let's forget these blows. I value each blow at a quarter-real. Three thousand three hundred blows make three thousand three hundred quarter-reales… or fifteen hundred half-reales. The three hundred blows amount to... seventy-five reales, which added to the seven hundred and fifty make… eight hundred and twenty-five reales altogether. So I am going to take this

money from your purse. When I return home, I will be rich, happy and badly bruised. Everything has a price..."

"O blessed Sancho!", cried Don Quixote, "O kind Sancho! Dulcinea and I will have to serve you for the rest of our lives. If she resumes her shape, which seems probable, her misfortune will turn into good luck and my defeat into a triumph. Sancho, when will you begin to whip yourself? If you do this right now, I will add one hundred reales."

"When?", asked Sancho. "Tonight without fail. We will have to spend the night in the open, in the fields, so that I will split my flesh open!"

Don Quixote was awaiting sunset anxiously. It seemed to him that the wheels of Apollo's chariot had broken off and the day was being prolonged: lovers are always impatient. At last darkness fell. They entered a pleasant grove a short distance off the highway. They dismounted and stretched themselves out on the green grass. Then they ate some of the food that was stored in Sancho's saddlebags. Having made a strong, flexible whip out of the donkey's halter, the squire took twenty steps backward and neared a clump of beech trees. His courage and spirit led Don Quixote to say:

"Don't break yourself into pieces. Don't hurry, and don't halt in the middle of the run in order to get your breath back. I mean to say the flogging must be gentle: you must not die before the end. So that you may stay alive, I will hide behind a tree and keep count thanks to my rosary. May Heaven favor you as your good intentions deserve."

"The good payer does not mind pledging a large sum of money", answered Sancho. "I will whip myself in such a way that I will feel the lashes, yet I won't kill myself, which will be a miracle."

He removed his shirt, grasped the whip and began to flagellate himself. So Don Quixote started to count the blows.

He had whipped himself six or eight times when he began to think that the joke was painful and the price very cheap. He paused for a moment and told his master that he had made a mistake. In fact, each blow was worth a half-real, not a quarter-real."

"Go on, Sancho", said Don Quixote; "cheer up: I am going to double your pay."

"Well, in that case", said the squire, "blows are going to rain on me."

However, the rascal stopped whipping himself. Actually, he started to whip the trees. He screeched every now and then: it seemed as if each blow was tearing his heart out of his chest. Don Quixote took pity on him. He feared that Sancho would die. His carelessness would prevent Dulcinea from being disenchanted.

"My friend", said the knight, "stop flagellating yourself, for this medicine seems tart. We will have to be patient: Rome wasn't built in a day. If I am not mistaken, you have already whipped yourself more than a thousand times, and that will do for the present: don't overestimate your strength."

"Sir, there is no need to say to me", Sancho protested: "'Don't pay the workmen in advance, or else they will not work.' Stay where you are for a while and let me whip myself more: around a thousand times. We will carry out this task in two shakes of a lamb's tail."

"Well, then", said Don Quixote, "since you want to proceed, may Heaven help you. Whip yourself; I am going to stand apart from you."

So Sancho resumed his task. He was so diligent that before long he had stripped the bark from many trees: he whipped himself violently! As he delivered a heavy blow to a beech tree, he shouted:

"I am going to kill you, Samson and all the Philistines who are near you."

This shout and the sharp sound of the blow startled Don Quixote. He rushed over to the place where Sancho was, snatched the whip from his hand and said:

"Dear Sancho, destiny will not have you die to please me, for you must support your wife and children. Dulcinea will wait for a better opportunity. As for me, I will wait until you have recuperated. Then you will conclude this business, which will satisfy everybody."

"That's a good idea", said Sancho. "Would you mind covering my shoulder with your cloak. I am sweating and I don't want to catch a cold, which is a risk that inexperienced flagellants run."

Don Quixote did so. Half-naked, he covered Sancho with is cloak. The squire slept until the sun awakened him. They then resumed their journey, which, for the time being, lasted until they had reached a village three leagues from there. They dismounted in front of a hostelry. The knight did not mistake it for a castle with a deep moat, turrets, a portcullis and a drawbridge. Ever since he had been defeated, he had talked more rationally on all subjects, as you will see hereinafter.

They were given lodging in a room that was at ground level. The walls were covered with old paintings which one usually finds in villages. They replaced the pieces of embossed leather. One of these ugly paintings depicted the abduction of Helen, when the bold guest kidnapped the wife of Menelaus. Another one depicted the history of Dido and Aeneas. The queen was standing on a tall tower. She was waving a handkerchief at a guest who was on the run. The lad was aboard a frigate or brigantine. Helen seemed happy to be abducted, for her lips were spread in a sly smile. As for the beautiful Dido, she was crying her eyes out. When Don Quixote beheld the paintings, he said:

"Fortunately, these two ladies are not our contemporaries. Unfortunately, I was not born in their time. Had I met those gentlemen, Troy would not have been burned nor Carthage destroyed. In fact, if I had killed Paris, all the ensuing disasters would have been avoided."

"My bet is that before long", said Sancho, "the history of our exploits will be painted on the walls of all the restaurants, inns, taverns and barbershops. I hope those paintings will be masterpieces, not daubs like these."

"You are right, Sancho", said Don Quixote. "The man who painted this is like Orbaneja, a native of Ubeda. When someone asked him what he was painting, he used to reply: 'Whatever it turns out to be'. When he painted a rooster, he would write 'This is a rooster' beneath it. Hence, people did not mistake it for a fox. I assume that the painter or writer (it is the same thing) who recently published that book about a new Don Quixote is that kind of person: he painted or wrote whatever came out. One can compare him to a poet named Miaolion. He was at court some years ago. He used to answer offhand all the questions which people asked him. One day, someone asked him what 'Deum de Deo' meant [God from God]; *he replied: 'at random.'* Anyway, will you whip yourself tonight? Will this take place indoors or outdoors?"

"This task", said Sancho, "can be performed indoors or outdoors. However, I wish it took place among trees, for they share my pain and help me to carry out my task."

"This cannot happen", said Don Quixote. "First, you must get some rest. So you will do that when we are in our village, which will be the day after tomorrow at the latest."

Sancho replied that he preferred to conclude this business while his blood was warm and he was in good shape. He added:

"Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today. God helps those who help themselves. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"No more proverbs, Sancho, for God's sake", cried Don Quixote. "You are reverting to your old habits! As I have told you many times, get to the point! This will be of benefit to you."

"I don't know why", said Sancho, "I keep quoting proverbs, which I regard as arguments, but I'll mend my ways if I can."

Then their conversation ended.

CHAPTER LXXII.

How Don Quixote and Sancho
reached their village.

Don Quixote and Sancho spent the entire day at the inn. They were waiting for darkness to fall in order that the squire might go out into the fields and complete his task, which was what Don Quixote wanted. Meanwhile, a horseman accompanied by three or four servants arrived at the inn. One of them said to the horseman:

"Lord Tarfe, you can have a siesta here, for the hostelry seems clean and cool."

"Sancho", said Don Quixote when he heard this, "when I was leafing through the book that deals with the second part of my history, I saw that name."

"You may be right", replied Sancho, "but let him dismount. Then we will ask him his name."

The landlady gave the gentleman a room on the ground floor, opposite Don Quixote's. It was also decorated with paintings. The newcomer put on a summer suit. He drew near to the portico of the inn, which was wide and airy. He saw the knight pacing around this place.

"Sir, what is your current destination?", inquired the newcomer.

"I am bound for a nearby village of which I am a native. May I ask you the same question?"

"I am on my way to Granada, which is my hometown."

"That's a nice place. With whom do I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"My name is Don Álvaro Tarfe."

"Well, then", said Don Quixote, "you must be the Don Álvaro Tarfe who is mentioned in the *Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha,* a book written by a living writer who published it a few weeks ago."

"I am this Don Álvaro Tarfe indeed", the gentleman assured him. "Don Quixote, who is the main character, was a good friend of mine. It was I who took him away from

his village or, at least, persuaded him to attend a tournament that took place in Saragossa, which was my destination. Actually, I helped him a lot. Thanks to me, he was not punished for his misdemeanors: the torturer did not spank him!"

"Tell me, Don Álvaro, do I resemble the Don Quixote of whom you are speaking?"

"No, certainly not."

"Did this Don Quixote of yours have a squire named Sancho Panza?"

"Yes, he did. Although the fellow was regarded as a joker, I never heard him tell jokes."

"I do believe you", said Sancho at this point, "for very few people can tell jokes. Sir, that fellow must be a barbarian, a killjoy and a thief, for I am the real Sancho Panza, the man who keeps telling jokes. If you don't believe me, then travel with me for at least a year: you will see that I keep cracking jokes. Most of the time, when I speak, people burst into laughter! The real Don Quixote de la Mancha, my master, is the gentleman who is in front of you. He is famous, courageous, intelligent and always in love. He rights wrongs, protects children, orphans and widows, kills a few damsels and worships the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso. The other Don Quixotes and Sancho Panzas are frauds and illusions."

"I do believe you", said Don Álvaro, "for the few remarks you have just made are much more amusing than the many sentences said by the other Sancho and which were heard by me. He was a stupid glutton, not a well-spoken joker. I feel certain that the enchanters who persecute the good Don Quixote wanted to persecute me because I had befriended the bad one. But what am I saying? I took him to the Toledo psychiatric hospital so that they might cure him, and now another Don Quixote appears, though he is quite different from mine."

"I do not know", said Don Quixote, "whether I am good or not, but I can assure you that I am not 'the bad one.' In order to make you believe me, I must tell you that I have never visited Saragossa. When I heard that the imaginary Don Quixote had taken part in a tournament in that city, I resolved not to go there so that I might demonstrate that he was a fraud. So I went straight to Barcelona, the storehouse of courtesy, a haven for foreigners, a hospital for the poor, the fatherland of the brave, the avenger of all the victims, the tunnel that enables the faithful friends to see one another, and a beautiful place. Though what happened to me there was very unpleasant, I am glad that I visited that town. In short, Don Álvaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the famous knight, not the wretch who usurped my name or stole my ideas. Since you are a nobleman, I beseech you to tell the municipal judge that you don't know me, that I am not the Don Quixote mentioned in the *Second Part*, and that my squire is not the Sancho with whom you are acquainted."

"I will be happy to do so", said Don Álvaro, "though I am surprised to see two Don Quixotes and two Sanchos who bear the same names although they are completely different. So I declare that I did not see what I saw. Besides, what happened to me did not happen!"

"Sir", said Sancho, "you are as enchanted as Dulcinea del Toboso. If I had to whip myself more than three thousand times to disenchant you, I would do that for free."

"Why should you whip yourself?", asked Don Álvaro.

Sancho replied that it was a long story. However, he would recount it if the gentleman accompanied them to their village.

When dinnertime came, Don Quixote and Don Álvaro sat down at the table. Suddenly, the municipal judge and a notary entered the inn. The knight told the judge that he wanted to file an affidavit in order to assert his rights. Don Álvaro Tarfe, the gentleman who was next to him, had to declare that he did not know Don Quixote de la Mancha, the gentleman who was in front of His Worship. He had to state that the aforementioned gentleman was not the knight mentioned in a book entitled *Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, which had been written by a certain Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. The municipal judge acceded to the knight's request. The affidavit they made contained all the usual legal terms, which filled Don Quixote and Sancho with joy. The two men cared about such formalities, though their actions and the words they used showed that they were different from those impostors. Then Don Álvaro and Don Quixote exchanged courtesies. The intelligence displayed by the great Manchegan knight made Lord Tarfe realize that he was enchanted.

When evening came, they all left the hostelry. At a distance of half a league, they reached an intersection. Don Quixote took the road that led to his village and Don Álvaro the other one. In this short space of time the knight told his companion how he had been defeated and how Dulcinea had to be disenchanted, for she had been enchanted! All this surprised Don Álvaro. He said goodbye to the two men and continued on his way. Don Quixote and Sancho resumed their journey. They spent the night in a wood so that the squire might carry out his task. He did what he had done the night before: he gave the beech trees a whipping. He also whipped himself gently: if a fly had been near him, he would not have disturbed it.

Don Quixote, who was firmly convinced that Sancho was honest, counted all the blows. He added them to those of the previous night, which made a total of three thousand twenty-nine blows. That morning the sun rose earlier than usual in order to witness the sacrifice. The two men took to the road again. They talked about the mistake Don Álvaro had made. They were happy because they had filed an affidavit in the presence of a judge who could vouch for the accuracy of the matter.

They traveled all that day and night. Nothing important happened. However, Sancho completed his task. Don Quixote was overjoyed at this. He was waiting for daylight in order to scan the scenery and catch sight of the disenchanted Dulcinea. When he encountered a woman, he would go up to her in the hope of recognizing Dulcinea del Toboso, for he believed that Merlin would keep his word.

They ascended a hill and beheld their village. When Sancho saw it, he kneeled down and said:

"Open your eyes, O beloved fatherland, and look at your son, Sancho Panza. I am back! I am not rich, but my back is lacerated! Open your arms and welcome your other son: Don Quixote. He has been defeated by a knight. However, he has overcome his feelings, which, according to him, is a great achievement. I bring money with me: they whipped me, but I haven't lost everything.''

"Stop talking nonsense", said Don Quixote. "Let us go straight to our village, where we will imagine and plan the pastoral life that we are going to lead."

They descended the hill and headed for their village.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Of what Don Quixote sensed when he entered his village,
along with other events that embellish
and lend credence to this great story.

Cid Hamete tells us that, as they neared the village, Don Quixote caught sight of the municipal threshing floor. Two lads were having an argument. One of them said to the other:

"Periquillo, you will never see it again."

When he heard this, Don Quixote turned to Sancho and said:

"Did you hear what that boy said? He said that he would never see her again!"

"So what?", replied Sancho.

"Don't you see that they are speaking of Dulcinea: I will never see her again!"

Sancho was about to answer him when a hare crossed a field. It was pursued by many hunters and greyhounds. The frightened animal hid beneath the donkey. Sancho caught it easily and gave it to his master.

"Bad omen, bad omen", the knight was saying to himself. "A hare flees; the greyhounds pursue it... Dulcinea is absent!"

"You look puzzled", said Sancho. "Perhaps this hare is Dulcinea del Toboso. Perhaps the dogs that are pursuing it are the wicked enchanters who turned her into a peasant girl. She flees; I catch her; I turn her over to you; you hold her close to you and caress her… Is that a bad omen?'

The two lads who had been quarreling came up to have a look at the hare. Sancho asked them why they were having an argument. The boy who had said "you will never see it again" replied that he had stolen a cricket cage from the other boy and had no intention of returning it. Sancho took four quarter-reales from his pocket and gave them to the lad in exchange for the cage, which he placed in Don Quixote's hands.

"The 'she' was an 'it'", he said; "there are no bad omens anymore. Although I am an idiot, I think that they have no more to do with what is going to happen to us than the clouds of yesteryear. If I remember correctly, I have heard the parish priest say that intelligent Christians must disregard such childish antics. Moreover, not so long ago, you hinted that the Christians who were guided by omens were idiots. Let's change the subject and head for our village."

The hunters came up and asked for the hare. Don Quixote gave it to them. As they continued on their way, they encountered the priest and Mr. Carrasco, who were chanting prayers and crossing a small meadow that was near the village. I must tell you that Sancho had covered the back of his donkey and the weapons with the flame-covered buckram robe which he wore when he was in the duke's castle, on the night that witnessed Altisidora's resurrection. He used it as a saddle blanket. He had placed the miter on the donkey's head. No ass in the world had ever been transformed in this manner: this caparison was so weird.

The priest and the student recognized them at once. They came up to them and opened their arms. Don Quixote dismounted and embraced them. Meanwhile, the little boys had caught sight of the miter; they are like lynxes: they see everything. They ran over to the ass to scrutinize the pointed hat.

"Come here, boys", they cried. "You will see Sancho Panza's ass. It is more elegant than Mingo. *As for the old animal [Don Quixote or Rocinante], he is skinnier than ever!"*

Finally, surrounded by the children and accompanied by the priest and the student, they entered the village and headed for Don Quixote's house, where they found the housekeeper and the niece standing in the doorway, for the two women had heard that they had returned home. Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, had also got news about this. Half-naked and disheveled, holding her daughter's hand, she ran over to her husband to greet him. She was disappointed when she saw him, for he was not dressed like a governor. She said:

"Oh dear, you are walking and there are holes in your shoes! *Have you been dethroned?*"

"Hush, Teresa", Sancho admonished her. "Don't judge a book by its cover! Let's go to our house; I will tell you fantastic stories! I am bringing money with me, which is the only thing that matters. I earned it honestly."

"You can bring along the money, my dear husband", said Teresa. "I don't know how you earned it; I just know how I am going to spend it."

Sanchica embraced her father and asked him if he had brought her anything, for she had been waiting impatiently for his coming. With his wife taking him by the hand while his daughter kept one arm around his waist and led the donkey at the same time, Sancho went home. Don Quixote remained in his house, together with his niece, the housekeeper, the priest and the student.

The knight rushed his guests into a quiet room, where he told them briefly that he had been defeated by a warrior and had promised not to leave his village for a year. He would keep his word most scrupulously, for he was a knight-errant and had to follow the laws of chivalry. He wanted to become a shepherd. He would spend the year in the quiet fields, where he would thing about Dulcinea and watch over his sheep. If the two gentlemen were not busy, they could come with him. He would purchase lots of sheep, for they were real shepherds. Moreover, he had already solved the biggest problem: the names! He had found names which they would love. When the priest asked him what these names were, Don Quixote replied that he himself would be known as "the shepherd Quixotiz", the student as "the shepherd Carrascón", the priest as "the shepherd Reverendro", and Sancho Panza as "the shepherd Bigbelly."

This new piece of nonsense dumbfounded them. Since they feared that he would embark on a new adventure and hoped that in the course of the year he would be cured, they decided to accept his new plan. Actually, this *piece of nonsense made sense*. So they agreed to become his colleagues.

"Besides", remarked Sansón Carrasco, "I am a renowned poet, as everyone knows. I will compose pastoral verses, or love poems, or whatever may come to mind. This will entertain us when we cross the solitudes. Gentlemen, we must do something important: choose the name of the shepherdesses whom we will praise in our verses. We will strip the bark from all the trees in order to engrave the names on their trunks, as lovelorn shepherds always do."

"That's exactly what we will do", replied Don Quixote. "However, I don't have to rename an imaginary shepherdess, for the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, pride of these

shores, adornment of these meadows, fairest one of them all, crème de la crème of fashion victims and perfect human being lives here!"

"That is true", said the priest. "As for us, we will look for easy-going shepherdesses, who will upset us if we don't like them."

"If we run out of names", added Sansón Carrasco, "we will give them those that are printed on the many pages of the many books that have been published all over the world. For instance, we will call them Filida, Amarilis, Diana, Flerida, Galatea, or Belisarda. *Since they are sold [the girls or the books] in marketplaces, we can buy them [the girls or the books] and marry them!* Should my girlfriend, or rather my shepherdess, be called Ana, I would nickname her Anarda. Francisca would become Francenia, and Lucia would become Luscinda. We would create the new names in this way. If Sancho joined this brotherhood, he would nickname is wife Teresaina and praise her in his verses."

This name made Don Quixote laugh. The priest assured him that he had had a very good idea. Once again he offered to keep the knight company when he did not work. Then they took leave of him, telling him that he had to eat well and take care of his health.

Fortunately, the niece and the housekeeper had heard this conversation. No sooner had the visitors left than the two women entered the room and began to criticize him. His niece said:

"What is the meaning of this? We believed that you had come home to lead a quiet and respectable life.

Young shepherd who comes here,
Young shepherd who goes there,

are you going to get into trouble? In truth, you are too old to do this."

"Will you", asked the housekeeper, "put up with the midday heat in summer, the winter cold and the howling of the wolves? You won't, for you are not a strong man. You have not been trained since childhood to endure this. Frankly, it is better to be a knight-errant than a shepherd. You know, I am almost fifty and I am not drunk or nauseous. So, take my advice: stay at home, attend to your affairs, go to confession and help the poor. I swear to God that you will be safe."

"Be quiet, girls", said Don Quixote. "I know very well what I must do. Put me to bed, for I do not feel very well. I can assure you that, whether I am a *knight-errant or an errant shepherd*, I will always support you, as you will see later on."

The good girls – for they were good girls – put him to bed and gave him something to eat and a few other things.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

The disease, will and death
of Don Quixote.

Human matters are not eternal. They decline from the beginning until the end. Man's life follows this pattern. Since Heaven had not allowed Don Quixote to slow the course of his life, his death happened when he least expected it. Because of the depression caused by his defeat or Heaven's volition, he had a high fever that forced him to stay in bed for a week. During this time, the priest, the student and the barber visited him frequently. Sancho Panza, his faithful squire, never left his bedside.

They believed that the knight's condition was due to the sorrow engendered by his defeat and his failure to disenchant and liberate Dulcinea. So they endeavored to make him less miserable. The student urged him to take heart and get up in order to begin his pastoral life. He had already composed an eclogue that would eclipse those written by Sannazaro and purchased with his own money two sheepdogs. One of them was named Dappled and the other Ventilator. A herdsman from Quitanar has sold them to him. However, all this did not cheer Don Quixote up.

So his friends fetched a physician, who took his pulse and was not satisfied with it. He told them to take care of his soul, for his body was in danger. This piece of news did not alarm Don Quixote. His housekeeper, niece and squire began weeping bitterly, as if he were already lying dead in front of them. According to the physician, depression and worry were putting an end to his patient's life. The knight asked them to leave him alone, for he wished to sleep a bit. They complied. He slept for more than six hours at a stretch and so soundly that the housekeeper and niece thought that he would never wake. However, he woke up and cried:

"I thank the Almighty God who has favored me. His mercy is boundless. Men's sins do not prevent Him from being compassionate."

The niece listened attentively to what her uncle said. It seemed to her that he spoke more rationally during his illness. She asked:

"Sir, what are you saying? What's up? What did you mean by 'mercy' and 'men's sins'?"

"I mean", replied Don Quixote, "that God has forgiven me for my sins. In fact, I am sane now! My brain is free from the misty shadows of ignorance that confused me because I kept reading those noxious books of chivalry. I know that they are full of nonsense and illusion. Unfortunately, I realized this too late. Hence, I don't have the time to make amends by reading those that are the light of the soul. Child, I am about to die. I'd like to do this in such a way as not to lead people to believe that I was a lunatic. I was one, but I don't want to confirm this when I die. Girl, let the priest, Sansón Carrasco and Master Nicolás in, for I wish to confess my sins and write my will."

The niece did not have to open the door because the three of them entered the room. As soon as he saw them, he said:

"Gentlemen, you are going to congratulate me: I am not Don Quixote de la Mancha anymore but Alonso Quijano, whose demeanor has led people to regard him as a good man. I am the enemy of Amadís of Gaul and all the members of his family. I

detest all those profane stories that deal with knight-errantry. I realize that I was stupid and that those books endangered me. Thanks to God's kindness, I have learned my lesson: I loathe them now."

When they heard this, the three men were convinced that he was under the influence of a new kind of madness.

"Why have you changed your mind?", asked Sansón. "We have learned that Dulcinea has been disenchanted! That's very disappointing. We are about to become shepherds and spend the rest of our lives singing, as prince do, and you choose to become a hermit! Please, keep quiet, recover your sanity and stop telling lies!"

"Up to now", said Don Quixote, "I have only told true stories about my misadventures. Since I am dying, God is going to turn them into exploits. I will die soon. So stop joking and fetch a confessor and a notary. In such a situation, one cannot neglect one's soul. While the priest hears my confession, fetch the notary."

Amazed by his words, they looked at one another. Although they were perplexed, they believed him. One of the signs that led them to think that he was dying was this brief moment of lucidity. He added many arguments that were so Christian, compelling and clear that they ended up believing that he was sane.

The priest asked his friends to leave the room. Then he heard the knight's confession.

The student, the notary and Sancho Panza entered the house. Sancho had been informed of his master's condition. He found the housekeeper and the niece weeping. So he burst into tears. When the confession was over, the priest exited from the room and said:

"Alonso Quijano the Good is dying, and he is sane! We should go in now while he writes his will."

The housekeeper, niece and squire's sob redoubled. Alonso Quijano the Good, alias Don Quixote de la Mancha, had always been a gentle man. Hence, the members of his household and those who knew him liked him.

The notary and the others entered the room. The notary wrote the preamble. Don Quixote commended himself to God with all the Christian formalities that are required in such a case. Then they had to deal with the bequests. Don Quixote said:

"Sancho Panza, whom, when I was mad, I appointed as my squire, carries my purse. *I must take account of what I owe him and what he owes me. I don't want him to account for this sum of money. Since I owe him a lot, he will get paid and will keep the small change*. Much good may it do him. When I was mad, I wanted to give him an island. Now that I am sane, I'd like to give him a kingdom. If I had one, I would do so, for he is kind and loyal."

At this point he turned to Sancho and said:

"Forgive me, my friend, for having forced you to appear as mad as I. In fact, I convinced you that knights-errant existed; you were as confused as I."

"Your Lordship", cried Sancho, "don't die! Take my advice and go on living for many years to come. You must not let yourself die; depression must not kill you. You are so lazy. Get up and let's go to the countryside dressed as shepherds, as we agreed to do. Behind some bush, we may encounter the disenchanted Dulcinea, which would be awesome. If you want to die because of your defeat, you can blame me and say that I had not properly fastened Rocinante's girth, which made you fall. Besides, you have

read in your books of chivalry that knights are used to defeating one another. He who is defeated today will be the victor tomorrow."

"That's true", said Sansón, "the worthy Sancho is telling the truth."

"Wait a minute!", said Don Quixote. "In last year's nests, there are no birds. I was mad and now I am sane. I was Don Quixote de la Mancha and now I am, as I have said, Alonso Quijano the Good. I hope that the repentance I show and the truth I am telling will lead you to respect me as much as you did. Now, let the notary proceed:

"I bequeath my entire estate to my niece, Antonia Quijana. However, some nice pieces of furniture will be sold in order to pay my housekeeper's wages on a pro rata basis. She will also receive twenty ducats, which will be used to purchase a dress. I hereby appoint the priest and Sansón Carrasco as my executors. If my niece, Antonia Quijana, wanted to get married, she would have to marry a man who does not know what books of chivalry are. If that man was acquainted with this genre and my niece insisted on marrying him, she would be disinherited. My executors would bestow my estate upon charities. If the aforementioned gentlemen, my executors, chanced to meet the man who has written a book entitled *Second Part of the Exploits of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they would have to apologize on my behalf, for it was I who unintentionally led him to write such nonsense. I am about to leave this world and I sorely regret having been the root of such nonsense."

The will ended here. Don Quixote felt dizzy. So he stretched out in his bed. This fit alarmed them. They hastened to help him. The same thing happened very frequently in the course of the three days that followed that one. The household was in disarray. However, the niece continued to eat, the housekeeper continued to toast Don Quixote and Sancho rejoiced at his inheritance: heirs are never as sad as they should be.

Finally, Don Quixote died after he had received all the sacraments and criticized, with many forceful arguments, the books of chivalry. The notary was present. He remarked that, in the books he had read, knights-errant never died peacefully in their beds in so Christian a manner. Amid the tears and lamentations of those present, he crossed the Styx. I mean that he died. When he noted this, the priest asked the notary to testify that Alonso Quijano the Good, commonly known as Don Quixote, had died of natural causes. This would prevent any plagiarist from resuscitating him and writing endless stories about his exploits.

Such was the death of the Ingenious Gentleman of La Mancha. Cid Hamete did not want to reveal the name of his village so that all the towns and villages of La Mancha might contend for the right to adopt him, just as the seven cities of Greece did in the case of Homer.

The lamentations of Sancho, those of Don Quixote's niece and his housekeeper and the original inscriptions on his gravestone will not be recorded here. On a side of the tomb, Sansón Carrasco wrote this:

Here lie the mortal remains
Of a brave gentleman.
Let it be known that
Death did not defeat him
When it killed him.

He despised everybody.
He was a bogeyman, a scarecrow.
Destiny compelled him
To live in lunacy
And die in sanity.

Cid Hamete, the wise historian, wrote:

"You will remain here, attached to this rack by this wire. I don't know whether my quill was well cut or not, but you will live forever if haughty, wicked historians do not grasp you to desecrate you. Before they come up to you, you can say to them as best you can:

Hands off, troublemakers!
Don't touch this book,
Your Majesty, for it
Belongs to me.

Don Quixote was born because I begot him. He acted and I wrote on his deeds. He is my son. You must not believe the plagiarist from Tordesillas who dared and may dare to write with a rude imprecise ostrich quill on the deeds of my valiant knight. He is too stupid to do such a thing. If you meet him, tell him to let Don Quixote's tired, rotten bones rest in their sepulcher. Do not contravene the laws of death. Do not take him to Old Castile. He lies in a grave which he cannot escape. Hence, he cannot embark on a third adventure. You see, the two journeys he made, which delighted the Spanish and foreign readers, are sufficient to make a mockery of knight-errantry. If you obeyed me, you would fulfill your obligations, as a Christian, by helping your enemies. I want to be the first person to rejoice at the result of his true adventures, for I want people to hate the nonsensical stories recorded in the books of chivalry, which, thanks to the adventures of the genuine Don Quixote, are already staggering. They are doomed to fall. Farewell."